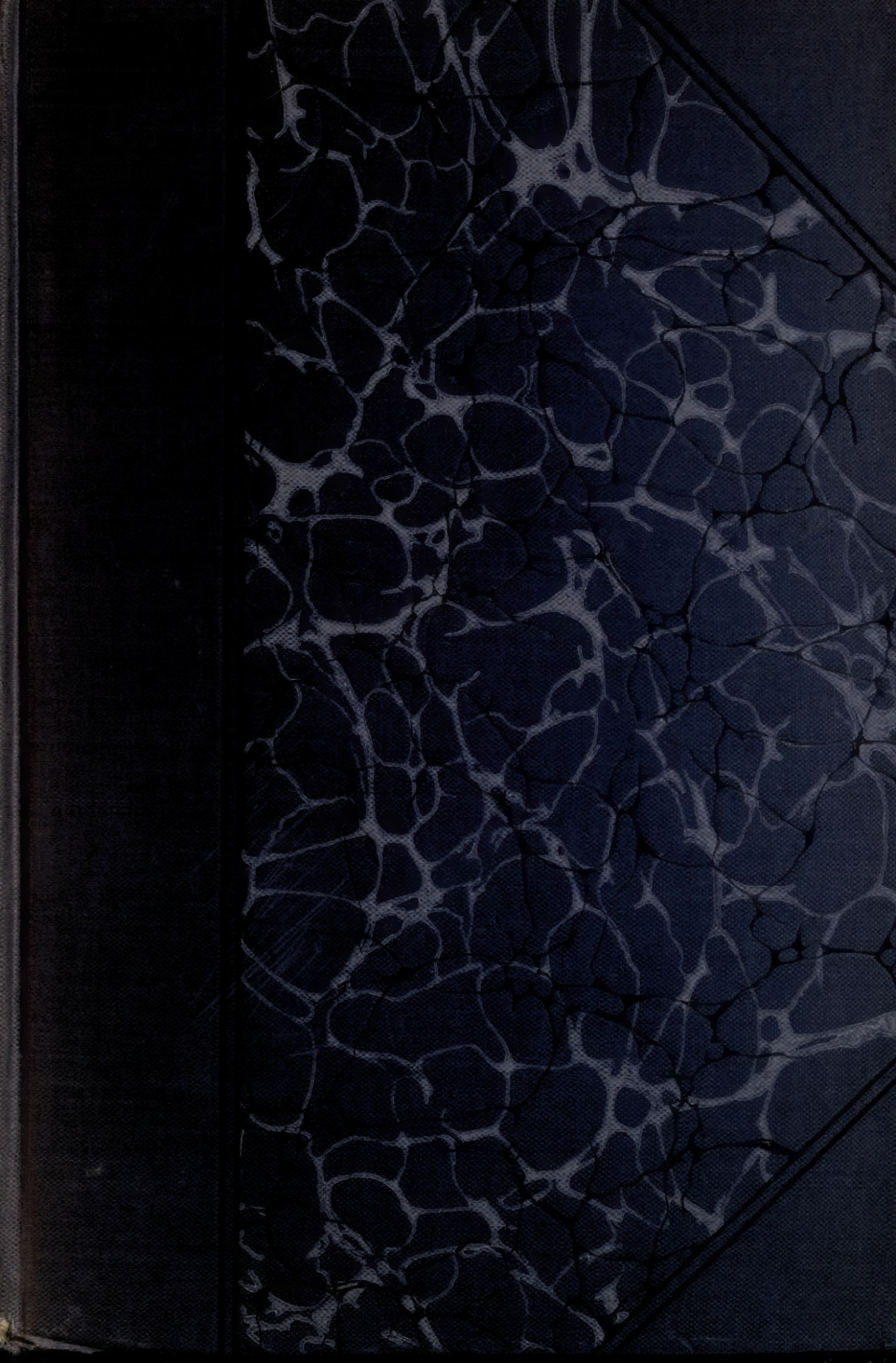
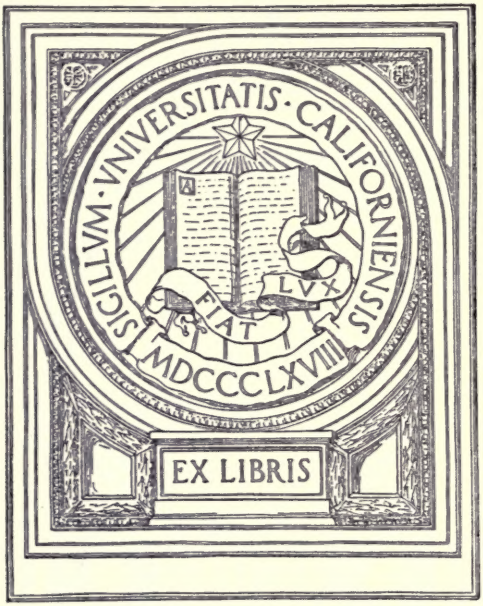
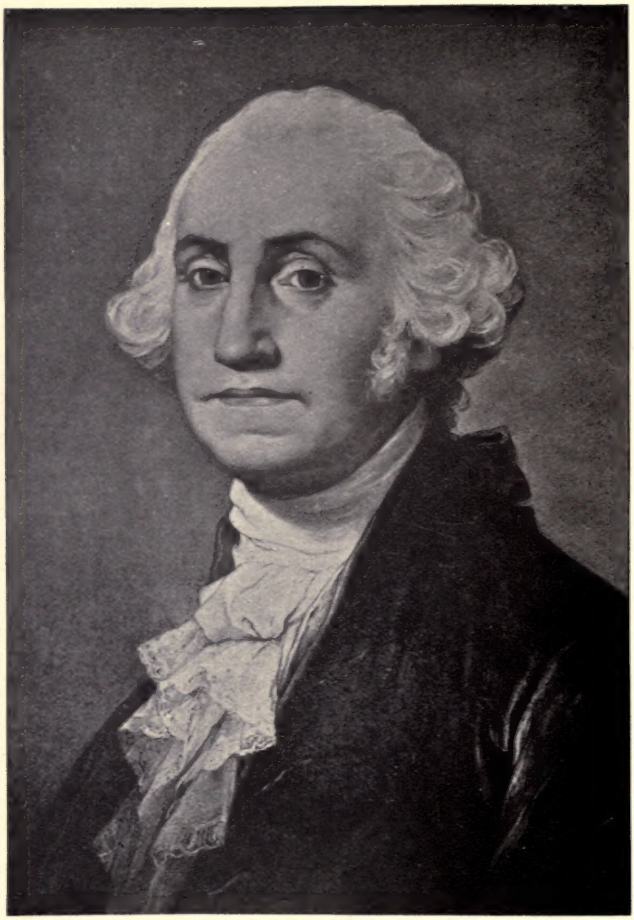


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(See page 50.)

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1896.

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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

FITZHUGH LUDLOW.

[The minutely-detailed and poetically-conceived description of the famous Yosemite Valley given below is from "The Heart of the Continent," an eloquently-written narrative of travel in the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific States, by Fitzhugh Ludlow. His other works are "The Hasheesh-Eater," "The Opium Habit," and "Little Brother." The visions described in "The Hasheesh-Eater" are brilliantly delineated, and seem rather the work of an ardent imagination than actual happenings. Mr. Ludlow was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1837. He died in Switzerland, in 1870, a victim of opium-eating. He wrote a number of very popular student songs.]

IMMEDIATELY after leaving the meadow where we dined, we plunged again into the thick forest, where every now and then some splendid grouse or the beautiful plume-crowned California quail went whirring away from before our horses. Here and there a broad grizzly "sign" intersected our trail. The tall purple deer-weed, a magnificent scarlet flower of name unknown to me, and another blossom like the laburnum, endlessly varied in its shades of roseate, blue, or the compromised tints, made the hill-sides

gorgeous beyond human gardening. All these were scentless; but one other flower, much rarer, made fragrance enough for all. This was the "Lady Washington," and much resembled a snowy day-lily with an odor of tuberoses. Our dense leafy surrounding hid us from the fact of our approach to the Valley's tremendous battlement, till our trail turned at a sharp angle, and we stood on "Inspiration Point."

That name had appeared pedantic, but we found it only the spontaneous expression of our own feelings on the spot. We did not so much seem to be seeing from that crag of vision a new scene on the old familiar globe, as a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed. I hesitate now, as I did then, at the attempt to give my vision utterance. Never were words so beggared for an abridged translation of any Scripture of Nature.

We stood on the verge of a precipice more than three thousand feet in height,—a sheer granite wall, whose terrible perpendicular distance baffled all visual computation. Its foot was hidden among hazy green *spiculæ*,—they might be tender spears of grass catching the slant sun on upheld aprons of cobweb, or giant pines whose tops that sun first gilt before he made gold of all the Valley.

There faced us another wall like our own. How far off it might be we could only guess. When Nature's lightning hits a man fair and square, it splits his yardstick. On recovering from this stroke, mathematicians have ascertained the width of the Valley to vary between half a mile and five miles. Where we stood, the width is about two.

I said a wall like our own; but as yet we could not know that certainly, for of our own we saw nothing. Our eyes seemed spell-bound to the tremendous precipice which stood smiling, not frowning at us, in all the serene

radiance of a snow-white granite Boodh,—broadly burning, rather than glistening, in the white-hot splendors of the setting sun. From that sun, clear back to the first *avant-courier* trace of purple twilight flushing the eastern sky-rim,—yes, as if it were the very butment of the eternally blue Californian heaven,—ran that wall, always sheer as the plummet, without a visible break through which squirrel might climb or sparrow fly,—so broad that it was just faint-lined like the paper on which I write by the loftiest water-fall in the world,—so lofty that its very breadth could not dwarf it, while the mighty pines and Douglas firs which grew all along its edge seemed like mere lashes on the granite lid of the Great Valley's upgazing eye. In the first astonishment of the view, we took the whole battlement at a sweep, and seemed to see an unbroken sky-line; but as ecstasy gave way to examination, we discovered how greatly some portions of the precipice surpassed our immediate *vis-à-vis* in height.

First, a little east of our off-look, there projected boldly into the Valley from the dominant line of the base a square stupendous tower that might have been hewn by the diamond adzes of the Genii for a second Babel experiment, in expectance of the wrath of Allah. Here and there the tools had left a faint scratch, only deep as the width of Broadway and a bagatelle of five hundred feet in length; but that detracted no more from the unblemished four-square contour of the entire mass than a pin-mark from the symmetry of a door-post. A city might have been built on its grand flat top. And, oh, the gorgeous masses of light and shadow which the falling sun cast on it,—the shadows like great waves, the lights like their spumy tops and flying mist, thrown up from the heaving breast of a golden sea! In California, at this season, the dome of heaven is cloudless; but I still dream of what must be

done for the bringing out of Tu-toch-anula's coronation-day majesties by the broken winter sky of fleece and fire. The height of his precipice is nearly four thousand feet perpendicular; his name is supposed to be that of the Valley's tutelar deity. He also rejoices in a Spanish *alias*, —some Mission Indian having attempted to translate by "*El Capitan*" the idea of divine authority implied in Tu-toch-anula.

Far up the Valley to the eastward there rose high above the rest of the sky-line, and nearly five thousand feet above the Valley, a hemisphere of granite, capping the sheer wall, without an apparent tree or shrub to hide its vast proportions. This we immediately recognized as the famous To-coy-æ, better known through Watkins's photographs as the Great North Dome. I am ignorant of the meaning of the former name, but the latter is certainly appropriate. Between Tu-toch-anula and the Dome, the wall rose here and there into great pinnacles and towers, but its sky-line is far more regular than that of the southern side, where we were standing.

We drew close to the edge of the precipice and looked along over our own wall up the Valley. Its contour was a rough curve from our stand-point to a station opposite the North Dome, where the Valley dwindles to its least width, so that all the intermediate crests and pinnacles which topped the perpendicular wall stood within our vision like the teeth of a saw, clear and sharp-cut against the blue sky. There is the same plumb-line uprightness in these mighty precipices as in those of the opposite side; but their front is much more broken by bold promontories, and their tabular tops, instead of lying horizontal, slope up at an angle of forty-five degrees or more from the spot where we were standing, and make a succession of oblique prism-sections whose upper edges are between three and

four thousand feet in height. But the glory of this southern wall comes at the termination of our view opposite the North Dome. Here the precipice rises to the height of nearly one sheer mile, with a parabolic sky-line, and its posterior surface is as elegantly rounded as an acorn-cup. From this contour results a naked semi-cone of polished granite, whose face would cover one of our smaller Eastern counties, though its exquisite proportions make it seem a thing to hold in the hollow of the hand. A small pine-covered *glacis* of detritus lies at its foot, but every yard above that is bare of all life save the palæozoic memories which have wrinkled the granite Colossus from the earliest seethings of the fire-time. I never could call a Yo-Semite crag *inorganic*, as I used to speak of everything not strictly animal or vegetal. In the presence of the Great South Dome that utterance became blasphemous. Not living, was it? Who knew but the *débris* at its foot was merely the cast-off sweat and *exuviæ* of a stone life's great work-day? Who knew but the vital changes which were going on within its gritty cellular tissue were only imperceptible to us because silent and vastly secular? What was he who stood up before Tis-sa-ack and said, "Thou art dead rock!" save a momentary sojourner in the bosom of a cyclic period whose clock his race had never yet lived long enough to hear strike? What, too, if Tis-sa-ack himself were but one of the atoms in a grand organism where we could see only by monads at a time,—if he, and the sun, and the sea, were but cells or organs of some one small being in the fenceless *vivarium* of the Universe? Let not the ephemeron that lights on a baby's hand generalize too rashly upon the non-growing of organisms! As we thought on these things, we bared our heads to the barer forehead of Tis-sa-ack. . . .

Let us leave the walls of the Valley to speak of the Valley itself, as seen from this great altitude. There lies a sweep of emerald grass turned to chrysoprase by the slant-beamed sun,—chrysoprase beautiful enough to have been the tenth foundation-stone of John's apocalyptic heaven. Broad and fair just beneath us, it narrows to a little strait of green between the butments that uplift the giant domes. Far to the westward, widening more and more, it opens into the bosom of great mountain-ranges,—into a field of perfect light, misty by its own excess,—into an unspeakable suffusion of glory created from the phœnix-pile of the dying sun. Here it lies almost as treeless as some rich old clover-mead; yonder, its luxuriant smooth grasses give way to a dense wood of cedars, oaks, and pines. Not a living creature, either man or beast, breaks the visible silence of this inmost paradise; but for ourselves, standing at the precipice, petrified, as it were, rock on rock, the great world might well be running back in stone-and-grassy dreams to the hour when God had given him as yet but two daughters, the crag and the clover. We were breaking into the sacred closet of Nature's self-examination. What if, on considering herself, she should of a sudden, and usward unawares, determine to begin the throes of a new cycle,—spout up remorseful lavas from her long-hardened conscience, and hurl us all skyward in a hot concrete with her unbosomed sins? Earth below was as motionless as the ancient heavens above, save for the shining serpent of the Merced, which silently to our ears threaded the middle of the grass and twinkled his burnished back in the sunset wherever for a space he glided out of the shadow of woods.

To behold this Promised Land proved quite a different thing from possessing it. Only the *silleros* of the Andes, our mules, horses, and selves, can understand how much

like a nightmare of endless roof-walking was the descent down the face of the precipice. A painful and most circuitous dug-way, where our animals had constantly to stop, lest their impetus should tumble them headlong, all the way past steeps where the mere thought of a side-fall was terror, brought us in the twilight to a green meadow, fringed by woods, on the banks of the Merced. . . .

Just before I started after supplies, our party moved its camp to a position five miles up the Valley, beyond Camp Rattlesnake, in a beautiful grove of oaks and cedars, close upon the most sinuous part of the Merced margin, with rich pasture for our animals immediately across the stream, and the loftiest cataract in the world roaring over the bleak precipice opposite. This is the Yo-Semite Fall proper, or, in the Indian, "Cho-looke." By the most recent geological surveys this fall is credited with the astounding height of twenty-eight hundred feet. At an early period the entire mass of water must have plunged that distance without break. At this day a single ledge of slant projection changes the headlong flood from cataract to rapids for about four hundred feet; but the unbroken upper fall is fifteen hundred feet, and the lower thirteen hundred. In the spring and early summer no more magnificent sight can be imagined than the tourist obtains from a stand-point right in the midst of the spray, driven, as by a wind blowing thirty miles an hour, from the thundering basin of the lower fall. At all seasons Cho-looke is the grandest mountain-water-fall in the known world.

While I am speaking of water-falls, let me not omit "Po-ho-nó," or "The Bridal Veil," which was passed on the southern side in our way to the second and about a mile above the first camp. As Tis-sa-ack was a good, so is Po-ho-nó an evil spirit of the Indian mythology. This

tradition is scientifically accounted for in the fact that many Indians have been carried over the fall by the tremendous current both of wind and water forever rushing down a cañon through which the stream breaks from its feeding-lake twelve or fifteen miles before it falls. The savage lowers his voice to a whisper and crouches trembling past Po-ho-nó; while the very utterance of the name is so dreaded by him that the discoverers of the Valley obtained it with great difficulty. This fall drops on a heap of giant boulders in one unbroken sheet of a thousand feet perpendicular, thus being the next in height among all the Valley cataracts to the Yo-Semite itself, and having a width of fifty feet. Its name of "The Bridal Veil" is one of the few successes in fantastic nomenclature; for, to one viewing it in profile, its snowy sheet, broken into the filmy silver lace of spray and falling quite free of the brow of the precipice, might well seem the veil worn by the earth at her granite wedding, —no commemorator of any fifty years' bagatelle like the golden one, but crowning the one-millionth anniversary of her nuptials.

On either side of Po-ho-nó the sky-line of the precipice is magnificently varied. The fall itself cuts a deep gorge into the crown of the battlement. On the southwest border of the fall stands a nobly bold, but nameless, rock, three thousand feet in height. Near by is Sentinel Rock, a solitary truncate pinnacle, towering to thirty-three hundred feet. A little farther are "Eleachas," or "The Three Brothers," flush with the front surface of the precipice, but their upper posterior bounding-planes tilted in three tiers, which reach a height of thirty-four hundred and fifty feet.

One of the loveliest places in the Valley is the shore of Lake Ah-wi-yah,—a crystal pond of several acres in ex

tent, fed by the north fork of the Valley stream, and lying right at the mouth of the narrow strait between the North and South Dome. By this tranquil water we pitched our third camp, and when the rising sun began to shine through the mighty cleft before us the play of color and *chiaroscuro* on its rugged walls was something for which an artist apt to oversleep himself might well have sat up all the night. No such precaution was needed by ourselves. Painters, sages, and gentlemen at large all turned out by dawn; for the studies were grander, the grouse and quail plentier, and the butterflies more gorgeous than we found in any other portion of the Valley. After passing the great cleft eastward, I found the river more enchanting at every step. I was obliged to penetrate in this direction entirely on foot,—clambering between squared blocks of granite dislodged from the wall beneath the North Dome, any one of which might have been excavated into a commodious church, and discovering, for the pains cost by a reconnoissance of five miles, some of the loveliest shady stretches of singing water and some of the finest minor water-falls in our American scenery.

Our last camp was pitched among the crags and forests behind the South Dome,—where the Middle Fork descends through two successive water-falls, which, in apparent breadth and volume, far surpass Cho-looke, while the loftiest is nearly as high as Po-ho-nó. About three miles west of the Domes, the south wall of the Valley is interrupted by a deep cañon leading in a nearly southeast direction. Through this cañon comes the Middle Fork, and along its banks lies our course to the great "Pi-wi-ack" (senselessly Englished as "Vernal") and the Nevada Falls. For three miles from our camp, opposite the Yo-Semite Fall, the cañon is threaded by a trail practicable for horses. At its termination we dismounted, sent back our animals,

and, strapping their loads upon our own shoulders, struck nearly eastward by a path only less rugged than the trackless crags around us. In some places we were compelled to squeeze sideways through a narrow crevice in the rocks, at imminent danger to our burden of blankets and camp-kettles; in others we became quadrupedal, scrambling up acclivities with which the bald main precipice had made but slight compromise. But for our light marching order,—our only dress being knee-boots, hunting-shirt, and trousers,—it would have been next to impossible to reach our goal at all.

But none of us regretted pouring sweat or strained sinews, when, at the end of our last terrible climb, we stood upon the oozy sod which is brightened into eternal emerald by the spray of Pi-wi-ack. Far below our slippery standing steeply sloped the walls of the ragged chasm down which the snowy river charges roaring after its first headlong plunge; an eternal rainbow flung its shimmering arch across the mighty caldron at the base of the fall; and straight before us in one unbroken leap came down Pi-wi-ack from a granite shelf nearly four hundred feet in height and sixty feet in perfectly horizontal width. Some enterprising speculator, who has since ceased to take the original seventy-five cents' toll, a few years ago built a substantial set of rude ladders against the perpendicular wall over which Pi-wi-ack rushes. We found it still standing, and climbed the dizzy height in a shower of spray, so close to the edge of the fall that we could almost wet our hands in its rim. Once at the top, we found that Nature had been as accommodating to the sight-seer as man himself; for the ledge we landed on was a perfect breastwork, built from the receding precipices on either side of the cañon to the very crown of the cataract. The weakest nerves need not have trembled, when once within the parapet, on the

smooth, flat rampart, and looking down into the tremendous boiling chasm whence we had just climbed.

Above Pi-wi-ack the river runs for a mile at the bottom of a granite cradle, sloping upward from it on each side at an angle of about forty-five degrees, in great tabular masses slippery as ice, without a crevice in them for thirty yards at a stretch where even the scraggiest *manzanita* may catch hold and grow. This tilted formation, broken here and there by spots of scanty alluvium and stunted pines, continues upward till it intersects the posterior cone of the South Dome on one side and a colossal castellated precipice on the other,—creating thus the very typical landscape of sublime desolation. The shining barrenness of these rocks, and the utter nakedness of that vast glit tering dome which hollows the heavens beyond them, cannot be conveyed by any metaphor to a reader knowing only the wood-crowned slopes of the Alleghany chain.

Climbing between the stunted pines and giant blocks along the stream's immediate margin,—getting glimpses here and there of the snowy fretwork of churned water which laced the higher rocks, and the black whirls which spun in the deep pits of the roaring bed beneath us,—we came at last to the base of "Yo-wi-ye," or Nevada Fall.

This is the most voluminous, and, next to Pi-wi-ack, perhaps the most beautiful, of the Yo-Semite cataracts. Its beauty is partly owing to the surrounding rugged grandeur which contrasts it, partly to its great height (eight hundred feet) and surpassing volume, but mainly to its exquisite and unusual shape. It falls from a precipice the highest portion of whose face is as smoothly perpendicular as the wall overleapt by Pi-wi-ack; but invisibly beneath its snowy flood a ledge slants sideways from the cliff about a hundred feet below the crown of the fall, and at an angle of about thirty degrees from the plumb-line. Over this

ledge the water is deflected upon one side, and spread like a half-open fan to the width of nearly two hundred feet.

At the base of Yo-wi-ye we seem standing in a *cul-de-sac* of Nature's grandest labyrinth. Look where we will, impregnable battlements hem us in. We gaze at the sky from the bottom of a savage granite *barathrum*, whence there is no escape but return through the chinks and over the crags of an old-world convulsion. We are at the end of the stupendous series of Yo-Semite *effects:* eight hundred feet above us, could we climb there, we should find the silent causes of power. There lie the broad, still pools that hold the reserved affluence of the snow-peaks; thence might we see, glittering like diamond lances in the sun, the eternal snow-peaks themselves. But these would still be as far above us as we stood below Yo-wi-ye on the lowest valley bottom whence we came. Even from Inspiration Point, where our trail first struck the battlement, we could see far beyond the Valley to the rising sun, towering mightily above Tis-sa-ack himself, the everlasting snow forehead of Castle Rock, his crown's serrated edge cutting the sky at the topmost height of the Sierra. We had spoken of reaching him,—of holding converse with the King of all the Giants. This whole weary way have we toiled since then,—and we know better now. Have we endured all these pains only to learn still deeper life's saddest lesson,—"Climb forever, and there is still an Inaccessible"?

Wetting our faces with the melted treasure of Nature's topmost treasure-house, Yo-wi-ye answers us, ere we turn back from the Yo-Semite's last precipice toward the haunts of men:

"Ye who cannot go to the Highest, lo, the Highest comes down to you!"

THE PARISIAN "PENSION."

JOHN SANDERSON.

[John Sanderson was born in Pennsylvania in 1785, and died in 1844. About 1836 he was appointed Professor of Latin and Greek in the Philadelphia High School. He visited France in 1835, and published after his return the work by which he is principally known, "Sketches of Paris," afterwards enlarged and entitled "The American in Paris." This work is full of genial humor, and was very favorably received. The appended extract will serve as an illustration of its amusing method of conveying information.]

If a gentleman comes to Paris in the dog-days, when his countrymen are spread over Europe, at watering-places and elsewhere, and when every soul of a Frenchman is out of town,—if he is used to love his friends at home, and to be loved by them, and to see them gather around him in the evenings,—let him not set a foot in that unnatural thing, a bachelor's apartment in a furnished hotel, to live alone, to eat alone, and to sleep alone! If he does, let him take leave of his wife and children and settle up his affairs. Nor let him seek company at the Tavern Ordinary: here the guest arrives just at the hour, hangs up his hat, sits down in his usual place, crosses his legs, runs his fingers through his hair, dines, and then disappears, all the year round, without farther acquaintance. But let him look out a "Pension" having an amiable landlady, or, which is the same, amiable lodgers. He will become domiciliated here, after some time, and find some relief from one of the trying situations of life. You know nothing yet, happily, of the solitude, the desolation, of a populous city to a stranger. How often did I wish, during the first three months, for a cot by the side of some hoar hill of the Mahanoy! Go to a "Pension," es-

pecially if you are a sucking child, like me, in the ways of the world; and the lady of the house, usually a pretty woman, will feel it enjoined upon her humanity to counsel and protect you, and comfort you, or she will manage an acquaintance between you and some countess or baroness who lodges with her or at some neighbor's. I live now with a most spiritual little creature; she tells me so many obliging lies, and no offensive truths, which I take to be the perfection of politeness in a landlady; and she admits me to her private parties,—little family "reunions,"—where I play at loto with Madame Thomas and her three amiable daughters, just for a little cider, cakes, or chestnuts, to keep up the spirit of the play; then we have a song, a solo on the violin or harp, and then a dance; and finally we play at little games which inflict kisses, embraces, and other such penalties. French people are always so merry, whatever be the amusement; they never let conversation flag, and I don't see any reason it should. One, for example, begins to talk of Paris, then the Passage Panorama, then of Mrs. Alexander's fine cakes, and then the pretty girl that sits behind the counter, and then of pretty girls that sit anywhere; and so one just lets one's self run with the association of ideas, or one makes a digression from the main story, and returns or not, just as one pleases. A Frenchman is always a mimic, an actor; and all that nonsense which we suffer to go to waste in our country, he economizes for the enjoyment of society.

I am settled down in the family; I am adopted; the lady gives me, to be sure, now and then "a chance," as she calls it, of a ticket in a lottery ("the only one left") of some distinguished lady now reduced, or some lady who has had three children, and is likely for the fourth, where one never draws anything; or "a chance" of con-

ducting her and a pretty cousin of hers, who has taken a fancy to me, who adores the innocency of American manners, and hates the dissipation of the French, to the play. Have you never felt the pleasure of letting yourself be duped? Have you never felt the pleasure of letting your little bark float down the stream when you knew the port lay the other way? I look upon all this as a cheap return for the kindnesses I have so much need of; I am anxious to be cheated; and the truth is, if you do not let a French landlady cheat you now and then, she will drop your acquaintance. Never dispute any small items overcharged in her monthly bill, or she that was smooth as the ermine will be suddenly bristled as the porcupine; and why, for the sake of limiting some petty encroachment upon your purse, should you turn the bright heaven of her pretty face into a hurricane? Your actions should always leave a suspicion you are rich, and then you are sure she will anticipate every want and wish you may have with the liveliest affection; she will be all ravishment at your successes; she will be in an abyss of chagrin at your disappointments. *Hélas! oh! mon Dieu!* and if you cry, she will cry with you. We love money well enough in America, but we do not feel such touches of human kindness, and cannot work ourselves up into such fits of amiableness, for those who have it. I do not say it is hypocrisy: a Frenchwoman really does love you if you have a long purse; and if you have not (I do not say it is hypocrisy neither), she really does hate you.

A great advantage to a French landlady is the sweetness and variety of her smile,—a quality in which Frenchwomen excel universally. Our Madame Gibou keeps her little artillery at play during the whole of the dinner-time, and has brought her smile under such a discipline as to suit it exactly to the passion to be represented, or the

dignity of the person with whom she exchanges looks. You can tell any one who is in arrears as if you were her private secretary, or the wealth and liberality of a guest better than his banker, by her smile. If it be a surly knave who counts the pennies with her, the little thing is strangled in its birth; and if one who owes his meals, it miscarries altogether; and for a mere visitor she lets off one worth only three francs and a half; but if a favorite, who never looks into the particulars of her bill and takes her lottery-tickets, then you will see the whole heaven of her face in a blaze, and it does not expire suddenly, but, like the fine twilight of a summer evening, dies away gently on her lips. Sometimes I have seen one flash out like a squib, and leave you at once in the dark; it had lit on the wrong person; and at other times I have seen one struggling long for its life; I have watched it while it was gasping its last: she has a way, too, of knocking a smile on the head; I observed one at dinner to-day, from the very height and bloom of health fall down and die without a kick.

THE FATE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

[The reputation of Hamilton rests essentially upon his high abilities as a statesman, and the very important part he played in the early political history of the United States. He also took a prominent part as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and, though not twenty years of age at its outbreak, he became the special confidant of Washington, and was intrusted with secret commissions of high importance. As a writer he is the author of numerous letters and papers on public affairs which are perspicuous in style and convincing in argument. His letter to Laurens on the capture and death of Major André is a fine speci-

men of his handling of a more general subject, and this interesting event has never been more clearly, justly, and pathetically treated. Hamilton was born on the West India island of Nevis, in January, 1757, being the son of a Scottish merchant. He was sent to New York in 1772, and from that time forward took a very prominent part in American affairs. In 1804 he opposed the election of Aaron Burr to the Governorship of New York, on the ground that Burr was unfit to be trusted with power. In consequence Burr challenged him. Hamilton accepted the challenge, and was mortally wounded in the duel that ensued. He died on July 12, 1804.]

September, 1780.

SINCE my return from Hartford, my dear Laurens, my mind has been too little at ease to permit me to write to you sooner. It has been wholly occupied by the affecting and tragic consequences of Arnold's treason. My feelings were never put to so severe a trial. You will no doubt have heard the principal facts before this reaches you; but there are particulars to which my situation gave me access, that cannot have come to your knowledge from public report, which I am persuaded you will find interesting.

From several circumstances, the project seems to have originated with Arnold himself, and to have been long premeditated. The first overture is traced back to some time in June last. It was conveyed in a letter to Colonel Robinson, the substance of which was, that the ingratitude he had experienced from his country, concurring with other causes, had entirely changed his principles; that he now only sought to restore himself to the favor of his king by some signal proof of his repentance, and would be happy to open a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for that purpose. About this period he made a journey to Connecticut; on his return from which to Philadelphia, he solicited the command of West Point, alleging that the effects of his wounds had disqualified

him for the active duties of the field. The sacrifice of this important post was the atonement he intended to make. General Washington hesitated the less to gratify an officer who had rendered such eminent services, as he was convinced the post might be safely intrusted to one who had given so many distinguished specimens of his bravery. In the beginning of August he joined the army and renewed his application. The enemy, at this juncture, had embarked the greatest part of their forces on an expedition to Rhode Island, and our army was in motion to compel them to relinquish the enterprise, or to attack New York in its weakened state. The General offered Arnold the left wing of the army, which he declined, on the pretext already mentioned, but not without visible embarrassment. He certainly might have executed the duties of such a temporary command; and it was expected from his enterprising temper that he would gladly have embraced so splendid an opportunity. But he did not choose to be diverted a moment from his favorite object; probably from an apprehension that some different disposition might have taken place, which would have excluded him. The extreme solicitude he discovered to get possession of the post would have led to a suspicion of treachery, had it been possible, from his past conduct, to have supposed him capable of it.

The correspondence thus begun was carried on between Arnold and Major André, Adjutant-General to the British army, in behalf of Sir Henry Clinton, under feigned signatures, and in a mercantile disguise. In an intercepted letter of Arnold's, which lately fell into our hands, he proposes an interview, "to settle the risks and profits of the copartnership;" and, in the same style of metaphor, intimates an expected augmentation of the garrison, and speaks of it as the means of extending their traffic. It

appears, by another letter, that André was to have met him on the lines, under the sanction of a flag, in the character of Mr. John Anderson. But some cause or other, not known, prevented this interview.

The twentieth of last month, Robinson and André went up the river in the Vulture sloop-of-war. Robinson sent a flag to Arnold with two letters,—one to General Putnam, enclosed in another to himself, proposing an interview with Putnam, or, in his absence, with Arnold, to adjust some private concerns. The one to General Putnam was evidently meant as a cover to the other in case, by accident, the letters should have fallen under the inspection of a third person.

General Washington crossed the river, on his way to Hartford, the day these despatches arrived. Arnold, conceiving he must have heard of the flag, thought it necessary, for the sake of appearances, to submit the letters to him, and ask his opinion of the propriety of complying with the request. The General, with his usual caution, though without the least surmise of the design, dissuaded him from it, and advised him to reply to Robinson, that whatever related to his private affairs must be of a civil nature, and could only properly be addressed to the civil authority. This reference fortunately deranged the plan, and was the first link in the chain of events that led to the detection. The interview could no longer take place in the form of a flag, but was obliged to be managed in a secret manner.

Arnold employed one Smith to go on board the Vulture, the night of the twenty-second, to bring André on shore, with a pass for Mr. John Anderson. André came ashore accordingly, and was conducted within a picket of ours to the house of Smith, where Arnold and he remained together in close conference all the night and the day fol-

lowing. At daylight in the morning, the commanding officer at King's Ferry, without the privity of Arnold, moved a couple of pieces of cannon to a point opposite to where the Vulture lay, and obliged her to take a more remote station. This event, or some lurking distrust, made the boatmen refuse to convey the two passengers back, and disconcerted Arnold so much that, by one of those strokes of infatuation which often confound the schemes of men conscious of guilt, he insisted on André's exchanging his uniform for a disguise, and returning in a mode different from that in which he came. André, who had been undesignedly brought within our posts in the first instance, remonstrated warmly against this new and dangerous expedient. But, Arnold persisting in declaring it impossible for him to return as he came, he at length reluctantly yielded to his direction, and consented to change his dress and take the route he recommended. Smith furnished the disguise, and in the evening passed King's Ferry with him, and proceeded to Crompond, where they stopped the remainder of the night, at the instance of a militia officer, to avoid being suspected by him. The next morning they resumed their journey, Smith accompanying André a little beyond Pine's Bridge, where he left him. He had reached Tarrytown, when he was taken up by three militia-men, who rushed out of the woods and seized his horse.

At this critical moment his presence of mind forsook him. Instead of producing his pass, which would have extricated him from our parties, and could have done him no harm with his own, he asked the militia-men if they were of the *upper* or *lower* party, distinctive appellations known among the enemy's refugee corps. The militia-men replied, they were of the lower party; upon which he told them he was a British officer, and pressed them

not to detain him, as he was upon urgent business. This confession removed all doubts; and it was in vain he afterwards produced his pass. He was instantly forced off to a place of greater security; where, after a careful search, there were found, concealed in the feet of his stockings, several papers of importance delivered to him by Arnold. Among these were a plan of the fortifications of West Point; a memorial from the engineer on the attack and defence of the place; returns of the garrison, cannon, and stores; copy of the minutes of a council of war held by General Washington a few weeks before. The prisoner at first was inadvertently ordered to Arnold; but, on recollection, while still on the way, he was countermanded and sent to Old Salem. The papers were enclosed in a letter to General Washington, which, having taken a route different from that by which he returned, made a circuit that afforded leisure for another letter, through an ill-judged delicacy, written to Arnold, with information of Anderson's capture, to get to him an hour before General Washington arrived at his quarters, time enough to elude the fate that awaited him. He went down the river in his barge to the Vulture with such precipitate confusion that he did not take with him a single paper useful to the enemy. On the first notice of the affair he was pursued, but much too late to be overtaken.

There was some color for imagining it was part of the plan to betray the General into the hands of the enemy. Arnold was very anxious to ascertain from him the precise day of his return, and the enemy's movements seemed to have corresponded to this point. But if it was really the case, it was very injudicious. The success must have depended on surprise; and, as the officers at the advanced posts were not in the secret, their measures might have given the alarm, and General Washington, taking the com-

mand of the post, might have rendered the whole scheme abortive. Arnold, it is true, had so dispersed the garrison as to have made a defence difficult, but not impracticable, and the acquisition of West Point was of such magnitude to the enemy that it would have been unwise to connect it with any other object, however great, which might make the obtaining of it precarious.

Arnold, a moment before his setting out, went into Mrs. Arnold's apartment, and informed her that some transactions had just come to light which must forever banish him from his country. She fell into a swoon at this declaration; and he left her in it to consult his own safety, till the servants, alarmed by her cries, came to her relief. She remained frantic all day, accusing every one who approached her with an intention to murder her child (an infant in her arms), and exhibiting every other mark of the most genuine and agonizing distress. Exhausted by the fatigue and tumult of her spirits, her frenzy subsided towards evening, and she sank into all the sadness of affliction. It was impossible not to have been touched with her situation; everything affecting in female tears, or in the misfortunes of beauty, everything pathetic in the wounded tenderness of a wife, or in the apprehensive fondness of a mother, and, till I have reason to change the opinion, I will add, everything amiable in suffering innocence, conspired to make her an object of sympathy to all who were present. She experienced the most delicate attentions, and every friendly office, till her departure for Philadelphia.

André was, without loss of time, conducted to the headquarters of the army, where he was immediately brought before a board of general officers, to prevent all possibility of misrepresentation or cavil on the part of the enemy. The board reported that he ought to be considered as a

spy, and, according to the laws of nations, to suffer death; which was executed two days after.

Never, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took, after his capture, was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed due to a person who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for in the whole progress of the affair he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed everything that might involve others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself, and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behavior towards him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never

been illiberal, but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during his confinement), he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the General for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and, though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness; I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collected himself enough afterwards to add, "I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked that, since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application, by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the customs of

war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed, and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of André. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said, he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem; they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome:

his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity: the clouds that surround him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of André's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit André, while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this, a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great. Let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton, and others,

were received in the course of the affair, feebly attempting to prove that André came out under the protection of a flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service, and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation, composed of Lieutenant-General Robinson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the true state of Major André's case. General Greene met Robinson, and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged André's release as a personal favor to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered any friend of ours, in their power, in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was, that, beside the time, manner, object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags; and the passport was not to Major André, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there been, on the contrary, all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say that the sanction of a flag for corrupting an officer to betray a trust ought to be respected. So unjustifiable a purpose would not only destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation.

André himself has answered the argument, by ridiculing and exploding the idea, in his examination before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it.

There was, in truth, no way of saving him. Arnold, or he, must have been the victim: the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected, Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner that if the interview had been discovered in the act it might have been in his power to sacrifice André to his own security. This surmise of double treachery made them imagine Clinton might be induced to give up Arnold for André; and a gentleman

took occasion to suggest this expedient to the latter, as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it. The moment he had been capable of so much frailty, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct previous to his desertion is only equalled by his baseness since. Beside the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton, assuring him that André had acted under a passport from him, and according to his directions, while commanding officer at a post, and that therefore he did not doubt he would be immediately sent in, he had the effrontery to write to General Washington in the same spirit, with the addition of a menace of retaliation if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is in every sense despicable. Added to the scene of knavery and prostitution during his command in Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded, the history of his command at West Point is a history of little, as well as great, villanies. He practised every dirty art of peculation, and even stooped to connection with the sutlers of the garrison, to defraud the public.

To his conduct, that of the captors of André formed a striking contrast. He tempted them with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation; and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory, to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and an honest sense of their duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence the names of Van Wart, Paulding, and Williams.

I congratulate you, my friend, on our happy escape from the mischiefs with which this treason was big. It is a new comment on the value of an honest man, and, if it were possible, would endear you to me more than ever. Adieu.

A GALE OFF CAPE HORN.

R. H. DANA.

[Richard Henry Dana, the author of the following selection, is probably the best-descended man who ever shipped "before the mast" and served on a long voyage as a common sailor. He was the son of Richard Henry Dana the poet, author of "The Buccaneer," one of the most striking of American poems. The father of the latter, Francis Dana, was chief-justice of Massachusetts, and *his* father, Richard Dana, an able lawyer and judge, and a prominent mover in the events leading to the Revolution. The present writer was obliged to suspend his studies at Harvard from an affection of the eyes, and shipped as a sailor on a voyage to California, which he has admirably described in his "Two Years Before the Mast," a work which attained wide celebrity. It is noted for the minuteness and accuracy of its descriptions of life at sea, and of a seaman's life on shore, in the merchant-service of fifty years ago, as well as for the general vividness of the narrative. On leaving the sea Mr. Dana studied law, and attained eminence as an advocate. In addition to the work mentioned, he wrote "To Cuba and Back," "Letters on Italian Unity," and numerous legal works. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1815, and died in 1882. In our selection—which is a fair example of the manner of the whole work—is portrayed the romance of sea-life as seen from the sailor's point of view. In situations like that described, life becomes a bitter "struggle for existence," which is made strikingly evident in the simple directness and minuteness of the author's narrative.]

Monday, June 27th. During the first part of this day the wind continued fair, and, as we were going before it,

it did not feel very cold, so that we kept at work on deck in our common clothes and round jackets. Our watch had an afternoon watch below for the first time since leaving San Diego; and, having inquired of the third mate what the latitude was at noon, and made our usual guesses as to the time she would need to be up with the Horn, we turned in for a nap. We were sleeping away "at the rate of knots," when three knocks on the scuttle and "All hands, ahoy!" started us from our berths. What could be the matter? It did not appear to be blowing hard, and, looking up through the scuttle, we could see that it was a clear day overhead; yet the watch were taking in sail. We thought there must be a sail in sight, and that we were about to heave-to and speak her; and were just congratulating ourselves upon it,—for we had seen neither sail nor land since we left port,—when we heard the mate's voice on deck (he turned in "all-standing," and was always on deck the moment he was called) singing out to the men who were taking in the studding-sails, and asking where his watch were. We did not wait for a second call, but tumbled up the ladder; and there, on the starboard bow, was a bank of mist, covering sea and sky, and driving directly for us. I had seen the same before in my passage round in the Pilgrim, and knew what it meant, and that there was no time to be lost. We had nothing on but thin clothes, yet there was not a moment to spare, and at it we went.

The boys of the other watch were in the tops, taking in the top-gallant studding-sails, and the lower and top-mast studding-sails were coming down by the run. It was nothing but "haul down and clew up," until we got all the studding-sails in, and the royals, flying jib, and mizzen top-gallant-sail furled, and the ship kept off a little, to take the squall. The fore and main top-gallant sails were

still on her, for the "old man" did not mean to be frightened in broad daylight, and was determined to carry sail till the last minute. We all stood waiting for its coming, when the first blast showed us that it was not to be trifled with. Rain, sleet, snow, and wind enough to take our breath from us, and make the toughest turn his back to windward! The ship lay nearly over upon her beam-ends; the spars and rigging snapped and cracked; and her top-gallant-masts bent like whip-sticks. "Clew up the fore and main top-gallant-sails!" shouted the captain, and all hands sprang to the clew-lines. The decks were standing nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ship going like a mad steed through the water, the whole forward part of her in a smother of foam. The halyards were let go, and the yard clewed down, and the sheets started, and in a few minutes the sails smothered and kept in by clew-lines and buntlines. "Furl 'em, sir?" asked the mate. "Let go the topsail halyards, fore and aft!" shouted the captain in answer, at the top of his voice. Down came the topsail yards, the reef-tackles were manned and hauled out, and we climbed up to windward, and sprang into the weather rigging. The violence of the wind, and the hail and sleet, driving nearly horizontally across the ocean, seemed actually to pin us down to the rigging. It was hard work making head against them. One after another we got out upon the yards. And here we had work to do; for our new sails had hardly been bent long enough to get the stiffness out of them, and the new earings and reef-points, stiffened with the sleet, knotted like pieces of iron wire. Having only our round jackets and straw hats on, we were soon wet through, and it was every moment growing colder. Our hands were soon numbed, which, added to the stiffness of everything else, kept us a good while on the yard. After we had got the sail hauled upon

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the yard, we had to wait a long time for the weather earing to be passed; but there was no fault to be found, for French John was at the earing, and a better sailor never laid out on a yard; so we leaned over the yard and beat our hands upon the sail to keep them from freezing. At length the word came, "Haul out to leeward," and we seized the reef-points and hauled the band taut for the lee earing. "Taut band—knot away," and we got the first reef fast, and were just going to lay down, when—"Two reefs—two reefs!" shouted the mate, and we had a second reef to take, in the same way. When this was fast we went down on deck, manned the halyards to leeward, nearly up to our knees in water, set the topsail, and then laid aloft on the main topsail yard, and reefed that sail in the same manner; for, as I have before stated, we were a good deal reduced in numbers, and, to make it worse, the carpenter, only two days before, had cut his leg with an axe, so that he could not go aloft. This weakened us so that we could not well manage more than one topsail at a time, in such weather as this, and, of course, each man's labor was doubled. From the main topsail yard we went upon the main yard, and took a reef in the mainsail. No sooner had we got on deck than—"Lay aloft there, and close-reef mizzen topsail!" This called me; and, being nearest to the rigging, I got first aloft, and out to the weather earing. English Ben was just after me, and took the lee earing, and the rest of our gang were soon on the yard, and began to fist the sail, when the mate considerately sent up the cook and steward to help us. I could now account for the long time it took to pass the other earings, for, to do my best, with a strong hand to help me at the dog's ear, I could not get it passed until I heard them beginning to complain in the bunt. One reef after another we took in, until the sail was close-reefed, when

we went down and hoisted away at the halyards. In the mean time, the jib had been furled and the staysail set, and the ship under her reduced sail had got more upright, and was under management; but the two top-gallant-sails were still hanging in the buntlines, and slatting and jerking as though they would take the masts out of her. We gave a look aloft, and knew that our work was not done yet; and, sure enough, no sooner did the mate see that we were on deck than—"Lay aloft there, four of you, and furl the top-gallant-sails!" This called me again, and two of us went aloft up the fore rigging, and two more up the main, upon the top-gallant yards. The shrouds were now iced over, the sleet having formed a crust round all the standing rigging, and on the weather side of the masts and yards. When we got upon the yard, my hands were so numb that I could not have cast off the knot of the gasket if it were to save my life. We both lay over the yard for a few seconds, beating our hands upon the sail, until we started the blood into our fingers' ends, and at the next moment our hands were in a burning heat. My companion on the yard was a lad (the boy, George Somerby) who came out in the ship a weak, puny boy, from one of the Boston schools,—"no larger than a spritsail-sheet knot" nor "heavier than a paper of lamp-black," and "not strong enough to haul a shad off a gridiron," but who was now "as long as a spare topmast, strong enough to knock down an ox, and hearty enough to eat him." We fisted the sail together, and, after six or eight minutes of hard hauling and pulling and beating down the sail, which was about as stiff as sheet-iron, we managed to get it furled; and snugly furled it must be, for we knew the mate well enough to be certain that if it got adrift again we should be called up from our watch below, at any hour of the night, to furl it.

I had been on the lookout for a chance to jump below and clap on a thick jacket and southwester; but when we got on deck we found that eight bells had been struck, and the other watch gone below, so that there were two hours of dog watch for us, and a plenty of work to do. It had now set in for a steady gale from the southwest; but we were not yet far enough to the southward to make a fair wind of it, for we must give Terra del Fuego a wide berth. The decks were covered with snow, and there was a constant driving of sleet. In fact, Cape Horn had set in with good earnest. In the midst of all this, and before it became dark, we had all the studding-sails to make up and stow away, and then to lay aloft and rig in all the booms, fore and aft, and coil away the tacks, sheets, and halyards. This was pretty tough work for four or five hands, in the face of a gale which almost took us off the yards, and with ropes so stiff with ice that it was almost impossible to bend them. I was nearly half an hour out on the end of the fore yard, trying to coil away and stop down the topmast studding-sail tack and lower halyards. It was after dark when we got through, and we were not a little pleased to hear four bells struck, which sent us below for two hours, and gave us each a pot of hot tea with our cold beef and bread, and, what was better yet, a suit of thick, dry clothing, fitted for the weather, in place of our thin clothes, which were wet through and now frozen stiff.

This sudden turn, for which we were so little prepared, was as unacceptable to me as to any of the rest; for I had been troubled for several days with a slight toothache, and this cold weather and wetting and freezing were not the best things in the world for it. I soon found that it was getting strong hold, and running over all parts of my face; and, before the watch was out, I went aft to the

mate, who had charge of the medicine-chest, to get something for it. But the chest showed like the end of a long voyage, for there was nothing that would answer but a few drops of laudanum, which must be saved for an emergency: so I had only to bear the pain as well as I could.

When we went on deck at eight bells, it had stopped snowing, and there were a few stars out, but the clouds were still black, and it was blowing a steady gale. Just before midnight, I went aloft and sent down the mizzen royal yard, and had the good luck to do it to the satisfaction of the mate, who said it was done "out of hand and ship-shape." The next four hours below were but little relief to me, for I lay awake in my berth the whole time, from the pain in my face, and heard every bell strike, and, at four o'clock, turned out with the watch, feeling little spirit for the hard duties of the day. Bad weather and hard work at sea can be borne up against very well if one only has spirit and health; but there is nothing brings a man down, at such a time, like bodily pain and want of sleep. There was, however, too much to do to allow time to think; for the gale of yesterday, and the heavy seas we met with a few days before, while we had yet ten degrees more southing to make, had convinced the captain that we had something before us which was not to be trifled with, and orders were given to send down the long top-gallant-masts. The top-gallant and royal yards were accordingly struck, the flying jib-boom rigged in, and the top-gallant-masts sent down on deck, and all lashed together by the side of the long-boat. The rigging was then sent down and coiled away below, and everything made snug aloft. There was not a sailor in the ship who was not rejoiced to see these sticks come down; for, so long as the yards were aloft, on the least sign of a lull,

the top-gallant-sails were loosed, and then we had to furl them again in a snow-squall, and shin up and down single ropes caked with ice, and send royal yards down in the teeth of a gale coming right from the south pole. It was an interesting sight, too, to see our noble ship, dismantled of all her top-hamper of long tapering masts and yards, and boom pointed with spear-head, which ornamented her in port; and all that canvas, which a few days before had covered her like a cloud, from the truck to the water's edge, spreading far out beyond her hull on either side, now gone; and she stripped, like a wrestler for the fight. It corresponded, too, with the desolate character of her situation,—alone, as she was, battling with storms, wind. and ice, at this extremity of the globe, and in almost constant night.

Friday, July 1st. We were now nearly up to the latitude of Cape Horn, and, having over forty degrees of easting to make, we squared away the yards before a strong westerly gale, shook a reef out of the fore topsail, and stood on our way, east-by-south, with the prospect of being up with the Cape in a week or ten days. As for myself, I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours; and the want of rest, together with constant wet and cold, had increased the swelling, so that my face was nearly as large as two, and I found it impossible to get my mouth open wide enough to eat. In this state, the steward applied to the captain for some rice to boil for me, but he only got a —"No! d—— you! Tell him to eat salt junk and hard bread, like the rest of them." This was, in truth, what I expected. However, I did not starve, for Mr. Brown, who was a man as well as a sailor, and had always been a good friend to me, smuggled a pan of rice into the galley, and told the cook to boil it for me, and not let the "old man" see it. Had it been fine weather, or in port, I should have

gone below and lain by until my face got well; but in such weather as this, and short-handed as we were, it was not for me to desert my post: so I kept on deck, and stood my watch and did my duty as well as I could.

Saturday, July 2d. This day the sun rose fair, but it ran too low in the heavens to give any heat, or thaw out our sails and rigging; yet the sight of it was pleasant; and we had a steady "reef-topsail breeze" from the westward. The atmosphere, which had previously been clear and cold, for the last few hours grew damp, and had a disagreeable, wet chilliness in it; and the man who came from the wheel said he heard the captain tell "the passenger" that the thermometer had fallen several degrees since morning, which he could not account for in any other way than by supposing that there must be ice near us; though such a thing was rarely heard of in this latitude at this season of the year. At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, Doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the

sublimity of the sight. Its great size,—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference and several hundred feet in height,—its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars, now revealing them, and now shutting them in. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

WASHINGTON.

THEODORE PARKER.

[The following extract is taken from "Historic Americans," a posthumously-published volume, consisting of four lectures prepared by Mr. Parker in 1858, on Franklin, Washington, John Adams, and Jefferson.]

IN his person, Washington was six feet high, and rather slender. His limbs were long; his hands were uncommonly large, his chest broad and full, his head was exactly round, and the hair brown in manhood, but gray at fifty; his forehead rather low and retreating, the nose large and massy, the mouth wide and firm, the chin square and heavy, the cheeks full and ruddy in early life. His eyes were blue and handsome, but not quick or nervous. He required spectacles to read with at fifty. He was one of the best riders in the United States, but, like some other good riders, awkward and shambling in his walk. He was stately in his bearing, reserved, distant, and apparently haughty. Shy among women, he was not a great talker in any company, but a careful observer and listener. He read the natural temper of men, but not always aright. He seldom smiled. He did not laugh with his face, but in his body, and, while calm above, below the diaphragm his laughter was copious and earnest. Like many grave persons, he was fond of jokes, and loved humorous stories. He had negro story-tellers to regale him with fun and anecdotes at Mount Vernon. He was not critical about his food, but fond of tea. He took beer or cider at dinner, and occasionally wine. He hated drunkenness, gaming, and tobacco. He had a hearty love of farming and of private life. There was nothing of the politician in him, no particle of cunning. He was one of the most industrious of men. Not

an elegant or accurate writer, he yet took great pains with style, and, after the Revolution, carefully corrected the letters he had written in the time of the French War, more than thirty years before. He was no orator, like Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, and others, who had great influence in American affairs. He never made a speech. The public papers were drafted for him, and he read them when the occasion came. Washington was no democrat. Like the Federal party he belonged to, he had little confidence in the people. He thought more of the Judicial and Executive departments than of the Legislative body. He loved a strong central power, not local self-government. A little tumult, like Shays's insurrection in Massachusetts, or the rebellion in Pennsylvania, made him and his Federal associates tremble for the safety of the nation. He did not know that something must be forgiven to the spirit of Liberty. In his administration as President, he attempted to unite the two parties,—the Federal party, with its tendency to monarchy, and perhaps desire for it, and the Democratic party, which thought that the government was already too strong. But there was a quarrel between Hamilton and Jefferson, who unavoidably hated each other. The Democrats would not serve in Washington's Cabinet. The violent, arbitrary, and invasive will of Hamilton acquired an undue influence over Washington, who was beginning, at sixty-four, to feel the effects of age, and he inclined more and more to severe laws and consolidated power, while on the other part the nation became more and more democratic. Washington went on his own way, and yet filled his Cabinet with men less tolerant of Republicanism than himself.

Of all the great men whom Virginia has produced, Washington was least like the State that bore him. He is not Southern in many particulars. In character he is

as much a New-Englander as either Adams. Yet, wonderful to tell, he never understood New England. The slave-holder, bred in Virginia, could not comprehend a state of society where the captain or the colonel came from the same class as the common soldier, and that off duty they should be equals. He thought common soldiers should only be provided with food and clothes and have no pay. Their families should not be provided for by the State. He wanted the officers to be "gentlemen," and, as much as possible, separate from the soldier. . . . He never understood New England, never loved it, never did it full justice. It has been said Washington was not a great soldier; but certainly he created an army out of the roughest materials, out-generalled all that Britain could send against him, and, in the midst of poverty and distress, organized victory. He was not brilliant and rapid. He was slow, defensive, and victorious. He made "an empty bag stand upright," which Franklin says is "hard." Some men command the world, or hold its admiration by their ideas or by their intellect. Washington had neither original ideas nor a deeply-cultured mind. He commands by his integrity, by his justice. He loved power by instinct, and strong government by reflective choice. Twice he was made Dictator, with absolute power, and never abused the awful and despotic trust. The monarchic soldiers and civilians would make him king. He trampled on their offer, and went back to his fields of corn and tobacco at Mount Vernon. The grandest act of his public life was to give up his power; the most magnanimous deed of his private life was to liberate his slaves.

Washington is the first man of his type: when will there be another? As yet the American rhetoricians do not dare tell half his excellence; but the people should not complain.

Cromwell is the greatest Anglo-Saxon who was ever a ruler on a large scale. In intellect he was immensely superior to Washington; in integrity, immeasurably below him. For one thousand years no king in Christendom has shown such greatness, or gives us so high a type of manly virtue. He never dissembled. He sought nothing for himself. In him there was no unsound spot, nothing little or mean in his character. The whole was clean and presentable. We think better of mankind because he lived, adorning the earth with a life so noble. Shall we make an idol of him, and worship it with huzzas on the Fourth of July, and with stupid rhetoric on other days? Shall we build him a great monument, founding it in a slave-pen? His glory already covers the continent. More than two hundred places bear his name. He is revered as "the Father of his Country." The people are his memorial. The New York Indians hold this tradition of him. "Alone, of all white men," say they, "he has been admitted to the Indian heaven, because of his justice to the Red Men. He lives in a great palace, built like a fort. All the Indians, as they go to heaven, pass by, and he himself is in his uniform, a sword at his side, walking to and fro. They bow reverently, with great humility. He returns the salute, but says nothing." Such is the reward of his justice to the Red Men. God be thanked for such a man!

> "A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
> Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
> The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
> The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

POEMS OF THOUGHT AND SYMPATHY.

The group of poems of an introspective character which we propose to offer under the above title may be fitly introduced by one of the finest and *fullest* sonnets in the language, the "Thought" of Helen Hunt Jackson.

O MESSENGER, art thou the King, or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews: the morn's bright, scornful eye
Reminds thee; then, in subtle mockery,
Thou smilest at the window where I wait,
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return; at last, in sad despair,
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air;
When, lo, thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet.
Ah! messenger, thy royal blood to buy,
I am too poor. Thou art the King, not I!

The same subject is handled very differently, but not less ably, in the poem given below.

THOUGHT.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind to mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

C. P. CRANCH.

There is a kingliness in death that surpasses the royalty of life. The meaning of the one lies bare and unsatisfying before us; the significance of the other is shrouded in such mystery, and is so full of

promise and high possibilities, that we cannot think of it without awe and envy of those who have passed through the silent gate.

A KING.

It is more than being great
At the random rule of fate,
To lie as he lies here,
Very awful and austere.
'Tis more than being wise
To repose with placid eyes,
And know not of the wild world that it cries, cries, cries!

Look ye now, and answer true
If it be as well with you,
That fret and sweat and sin
For the flesh ye weary in,
As with him that bates his breath,
And what empty words it saith,
To attain the life diviner, which is death, death, death!

What of pleasure shall he miss,
With that sovereign ease of his?
What of pain shall reach his ken,
With that marble scorn of men?
Though ye praised him in a psalm,
Though ye smote him of your palm,
Shall ye call him from this haughty sleep and calm, calm, calm?

Lo, his dumb face turns ye dumb
If to look on him ye come,
Who hath found in cold eclipse
A superb Apocalypse!

Who has had the last bad thing
The deciduous days may bring!
Who is crowned as none but Death could crown him, king,
king, king!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

The poem we have just given finds its fit appendix in the following which might, as a companion-piece, have been entitled "A Queen"

RELEASED.

A little, low-ceiled room. Four walls
Whose blank shut out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
Of God's great globe that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth
And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine;
And therein lying, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do,
No queen more careless in her state,
Hands crossed in an unbroken calm;
For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil;
Put by each coarse, intrusive sign:
She made a Sabbath when she died;
And round her breathes a rest divine.

Put by, at last, beneath the lid,
The exempted hands, the tranquil face;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,
Oft from that threshold, on the night:
The narrow bourn she crosseth now;
She standeth in the eternal light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,
Those broken steps that reach the door:
Henceforth, with angels, she shall tread
Heaven's golden stair, for evermore.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

The love that reaches from heaven to earth, and stretches out striving hands of desire, warm with efforts to rend the veil of invisibility that divides the life here from the life hereafter, is rendered with fine feeling in the poem below.

ANYWHERE.

She was old, and wan, and wrinkled,
Though her pallid cheek was fair,
And the snows of sixty winters
Lightly touched her soft brown hair.
Yet if in those lands immortal
She doth youth and beauty wear,
And the sunny hues of girlhood
Tint anew her eyes and hair,
Still I know that I should know her,
I should know her anywhere.

Shall I dwell in mournful waiting,
Mother, for thee "over there,"

While God's blessed angels daily
  Wander down the shining stair?
Round and sweet I know your lips are,
  Kindled by that radiant air,—
Oh, the sad and tender patience
  Of the smile they used to wear!
I should know your kisses, mother,
  I should know them anywhere!

Should you touch me e'er so lightly,
  As returning spirits dare,
And your spirit hand should linger
  E'er so softly on my hair,—
Hands, dear hands, by death made over,
  No more wrinkled, wan, or spare,
Hands which I have kissed so fondly,
  Darling hands, so used to care!—
I should know your touch, dear mother,
  I should know it—anywhere!

Had I been the first to wander
  From earth's dust, and din, and glare,
Thrilling through my lips new splendor,
  I should still have felt your prayer;
And, if spirit hands could do it,
  Pausing not to think or care,
I should rend the veil that hid you,
  And with you my glory share.
Oh, my mother! darling mother!
  I should love you *anywhere!*

M. E. CLARKE.

A fine thought, beautifully expressed, is embodied in the two verses which follow, the contribution of an anonymous author, deeply instinct with the poetry of thoughtfulness and sentiment.

TWO GOOD-NIGHTS.

Good-night, mine enemy, good-night!
Perhaps this garish day has been to thee
As long and fretful as it has to me,
And thou hast known care's rust, ambition's blight,
Misapprehension's sting, affection's slight:
For any curse of mine, then, sleep in peace,
Under the waning stars, the moon's increase,
And dream that thou art noble, and arise
The morrow, humbler for a dream's surprise.
Good-night, good-night!

O friend of mine, good-night, good-night!
As mountain-torrents, thirsting for the sea,
Press headlong on past hamlet, waste, and lea,
And, mountain-thwarted, find some other way,
Sun-scorched, wind-scourged, stay not nor night nor day,
Their currents whispering low, "The Sea! the Sea!"
So runs my vexed and baffled life to thee.
Patience! we yet shall meet. I hear the roar,
And catch salt-scented breezes from the shore.
Good-night, good-night!

Markedly different in tone from the above is the poem here given, also from an anonymous author. Its significance is conveyed in its title.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM:

TO ACCOMPANY AN URN.

It was a flower in fancy bred;
I thought to plant it living here:
Alas! the shadowy something fled
That gave it life, 'tis cold and dead:
This page shall be its bier.

So dies the soul of many a thought
  Ere it can be in words expressed;
Dull words,—how shall they e'er contain
That which is fire within the brain
  Or passion in the breast?

Yet if in friendly sympathy
  You stop to gaze upon this urn,
May you in kindred fancy see
The warm intent that kindled me
  Still through its ashes burn!

A feeling which all growing natures must have experienced, and of which even stagnant souls are dimly though enviously aware, is finely expressed in the poem here given.

OUTGROWN.

Nay, you wrong her, my friend; she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown:
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart would say,
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May,
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either. They ever go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring;—but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired,—grown purer and wiser each year;
The stars are not farther above you, in yon luminous atmosphere.

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses down yonder, five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked;
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser as the months and
the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph
of victory won?

Nay, hear me!—the truth cannot harm you:—When to-
day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as
that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the
years that have fled;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of
her girlhood is dead!

She cannot look down to her lover; her love, like her soul,
aspires;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle
its holy fires.

Now, farewell! For the sake of old friendship, I have
ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our
earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

The lowliest things oft lead to the highest thoughts. Even the flutter of a swallow's wing may open a passage to the loftiest realms of philosophy and aspiration.

HIGHER TENANTS.

After winter fires were ended, and the last spark, vanish-
ing
From the embers of our hearthstone, flew into the sky
of spring,

In the night-time, in the morning,—when the air was hushed around,—
Throbbing vaguely on the silence, came a dull, mysterious sound.

Like the sultry hum of thunder, at the sullen close of day,
Out of clouds that brood and threaten on the horizon far away.

"'Tis," I said, "the April thunder," and I thought of flowers that spring,
And of trees that stand in blossom, and of birds that fly and sing.

But the sound, repeated often,—nearer, more familiar grown,—
From our chimney seemed descending, and the swallow's wings were known.

Where the lithe flames leaped and lightened, charm of host and cheer of guest,
There the emigrant of summer chose its homestead, built its nest.

Then I dreamed of poets dwelling, like the swallow, long ago,
Overhead in dusky places ere their songs were heard below,—

Overhead in humble attics, ministers of higher things:
Underneath were busy people, overhead were heavenly wings!

And I thought of homely proverbs that on simple lips had birth,
Born of gentle superstitions at old firesides of the earth:

How, where'er the swallow builded under human roofs its nest,
Something holier, purer, higher, in the house became a guest;

Peace, or Love, or Health, or Fortune,—something prosperous,—from the air,
'Lighting with the wings of swallows, breathed divine possession there.

"Friendly gods," I said, "descending, make their gentle visits so,
Fill the air with benedictions,—songs above and songs below!"

Then I murmured, "Welcome, swallow; I, your landlord, stand content:
Even if song were not sufficient, higher Tenants pay your rent!"

JOHN J. PIATT.

Of American elegies we have nothing finer than the tribute paid by Fitz-Greene Halleck to Joseph Rodman Drake:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,

And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free:
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

A thoughtful strain from a poetess of the West, in which a class usually left to bear and suffer unsung is brought within the circle of poetic sentiment, may fitly close our series:

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for a hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame:
I sing for the disappointed,—
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark

And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown,—
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain:
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit-comrades
Have missed them on the way
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE THEORY OF LAND-TAXATION.

HENRY GEORGE.

[In these days, when political economy has become a popular science, the advent of an able and forcible writer upon social and industrial questions is an event of importance. Such a writer is Henry George, whose industrial theories have risen into great prominence, partly from the fact that they deal with questions in which an intense and wide-spread interest is felt, and partly from the clearness with which they are presented in his ably-written pages. His "Progress and Poverty" struck the industrial world with the force of a new revelation, and though its theories are controverted by political economists, and the conclusions which he reaches do not seem necessary consequences of his premises, they are so plausibly presented, and hold out such alluring pictures of the future of industry, that they have been enthusiastically accepted by many of the working-classes. His main theory is that the land belongs to mankind as a whole, that individuals originally acquired possession of it by force or fraud, to which no length of possession or diversity of transfer can give legal warrant, and that it is the duty of governments, as representatives of their people, to resume possession of all land and manage it for the best good of the population as a whole. This result is to be attained by a taxation upon land equal to its whole rental value, so that it would be impossible to sell it, and every holder would be forced to use his land productively or abandon it. This rent is to be the only form of taxation, all other property being released from governmental obligations. There is much that is plausible and alluring in this scheme, though it is not easy to see how, after all the land is occupied, the rest of mankind is to be benefited thereby, otherwise than by the remission of taxes. Mr. George was born in Philadelphia in 1849. He went to California in 1858, and after 1866 became a journalist in San Francisco. His principal books are "Our Land and Land Policy," "Progress and Poverty," "The Irish Land Question," "Social Problems," and "Free Trade and Protection." His speeches on economic questions attracted much attention in Great Britain.]

THE elder Mirabeau, we are told, ranked the proposition of Quesnay, to substitute one single tax on rent (the *im-*

post unique) for all other taxes, as a discovery equal in utility to the invention of writing or the substitution of the use of money for barter.

To whoever will think over the matter, this saying will appear an evidence of penetration rather than of extravagance. The advantages which would be gained by substituting for the numerous taxes by which the public revenues are now raised, a single tax levied upon the value of land, will appear more and more important the more they are considered. This is the secret which would transform the little village into the great city. With all the burdens removed which now oppress industry and hamper exchange, the production of wealth would go on with a rapidity now undreamed of. This, in its turn, would lead to an increase in the value of land,—a new surplus which society might take for general purposes. And, released from the difficulties which attend the collection of revenue in a way that begets corruption and renders legislation the tool of special interests, society could assume functions which the increasing complexity of life makes it desirable to assume, but which the prospect of political demoralization under the present system now leads thoughtful men to shrink from.

Consider the effect upon the production of wealth.

To abolish the taxation which, acting and reacting, now hampers every wheel of exchange and presses upon every form of industry, would be like removing an immense weight from a powerful spring. Imbued with fresh energy, production would start into new life, and trade would receive a stimulus which would be felt to the remotest arteries. The present method of taxation operates upon exchange like artificial deserts and mountains; it costs more to get goods through a custom-house than it does to carry them round the world. It operates upon

energy, and industry, and skill, and thrift, like a fine upon those qualities. If I have worked harder and built myself a good house while you have been contented to live in a hovel, the tax-gatherer now comes annually to make me pay a penalty for my energy and industry, by taxing me more than you. If I have saved while you wasted, I am mulct, while you are exempt. If a man build a ship, we make him pay for his temerity, as though he had done an injury to the state; if a railroad be opened, down comes the tax-collector upon it, as though it were a public nuisance; if a manufactory be erected, we levy upon it an annual sum which would go far towards making a handsome profit. We say we want capital, but if any one accumulate it, or bring it among us, we charge him for it as though we were giving him a privilege. We punish with a tax the man who covers barren fields with ripening grain; we fine him who puts up machinery, and him who drains a swamp. How heavily these taxes burden production only those realize who have attempted to follow our system of taxation through its ramifications, for, as I have before said, the heaviest part of taxation is that which falls in increased prices. But manifestly these taxes are in their nature akin to the Egyptian Pasha's tax upon date-trees. If they do not cause the trees to be cut down, they at least discourage the planting.

To abolish these taxes would be to lift the whole enormous weight of taxation from productive industry. The needle of the seamstress and the great manufactory, the cart-horse and the locomotive, the fishing-boat and the steamship, the farmer's plough and the merchant's stock, would be alike untaxed. All would be free to make or to save, to buy or to sell, unfined by taxes, unannoyed by the tax-gatherer. Instead of saying to the producer, as it does now, "The more you add to the general wealth the

more shall you be taxed!" the state would say to the producer, "Be as industrious, as thrifty, as enterprising as you choose, you shall have your full reward. You shall not be fined for making two blades of grass grow where one grew before; you shall not be taxed for adding to the aggregate wealth."

And will not the community gain by thus refusing to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs; by thus refraining from muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn; by thus leaving to industry, and thrift, and skill, their natural reward, full and unimpaired? For there is to the community also a natural reward. The law of society is each for all, as well as all for each. No one can keep to himself the good he may do, any more than he can keep the bad. Every productive enterprise, besides its return to those who undertake it, yields collateral advantages to others. If a man plant a fruit-tree, his gain is that he gathers the fruit in its time and season. But, in addition to his gain, there is a gain to the whole community. Others than the owner are benefited by the increased supply of fruit; the birds which it shelters fly far and wide; the rain which it helps to attract falls not alone on his field; and even to the eye which rests upon it from a distance it brings a sense of beauty. And so with everything else. The building of a house, a factory, a ship, or a railroad benefits others besides those who get the direct profits. Nature laughs at a miser. He is like the squirrel who buries his nuts and refrains from digging them up again. Lo! they sprout and grow into trees. In fine linen, steeped in costly spices, the mummy is laid away. Thousands and thousands of years thereafter, the Bedouin cooks his food by a fire of its encasings, it generates the steam by which the traveller is whirled on his way, or it passes into far-off lands to gratify the curiosity of another

race. The bee fills the hollow tree with honey, and along comes the bear or the man.

Well may the community leave to the individual producer all that prompts him to exertion; well may it let the laborer have the full reward of his labor, and the capitalist the full return of his capital. For the more that labor and capital produce, the greater grows the common wealth in which all may share. And in the value or rent of land is this general gain expressed in a definite and concrete form. Here is a fund which the state may take while leaving to labor and capital their full reward. With increased activity of production this would commensurately increase.

But to shift the burden of taxation from production and exchange to the value or rent of land would not merely be to give new stimulus to the production of wealth; it would be to open new opportunities. For under this system no one would care to hold land unless to use it, and land now withheld from use would everywhere be thrown open to improvement.

The selling price of land would fall; land-speculation would receive its death-blow; land-monopolization would no longer pay. Millions and millions of acres from which settlers are now shut out by high prices would be abandoned by their present owners or sold to settlers upon nominal terms. And this not merely on the frontiers, but within what are now considered well-settled districts. Within a hundred miles of San Francisco would be thus thrown open land enough to support, even with present modes of cultivation, an agricultural population equal to that now scattered from the Oregon boundary to the Mexican line,—a distance of eight hundred miles. In the same degree would this be true of most of the Western States, and in a great degree of the older Eastern States,

for even in New York and Pennsylvania is population yet sparse as compared with the capacity of the land. And even in densely-populated England would such a policy throw open to cultivation many hundreds of thousands of acres now held as private parks, deer-preserves, and shooting-grounds.

For this simple device of placing all taxes on the value of land would be in effect putting up the land at auction to whoever would pay the highest rent to the state. The demand for land fixes its value, and hence, if taxes were placed so as to very nearly consume that value, the man who wished to hold land without using it would have to pay very nearly what it would be worth to any one who wanted to use it.

And it must be remembered that this would apply not merely to agricultural land, but to all land. Mineral land would be thrown open to use, just as agricultural land; and in the heart of a city no one could afford to keep land from its most profitable use, or on the outskirts to demand more for it than the use to which it could at the time be put would warrant. Everywhere that land had attained a value, taxation, instead of operating, as now, as a fine upon improvement, would operate to force improvement. Whoever planted an orchard, or sowed a field, or built a house, or erected a manufactory, no matter how costly, would have no more to pay in taxes than if he kept so much land idle. The monopolist of agricultural land would be taxed as much as though his land were covered with houses and barns, with crops and with stock. The owner of a vacant city lot would have to pay as much for the privilege of keeping other people off of it until he wanted to use it, as his neighbor who has a fine house upon his lot. It would cost as much to keep a row of tumble-down shanties upon valuable land as though it

were covered with a grand hotel or a pile of great warehouses filled with costly goods.

Thus the bonus that wherever labor is most productive must now be paid before labor can be exerted would disappear. The farmer would not have to pay out half his means, or mortgage his labor for years, in order to obtain land to cultivate; the builder of a city homestead would not have to lay out as much for a small lot as for the house he puts upon it; the company that proposed to erect a manufactory would not have to expend a great part of their capital for a site. And what would be paid from year to year to the state would be in lieu of all the taxes now levied upon improvements, machinery, and stock.

Consider the effect of such a change upon the labor market. Competition would no longer be one-sided, as now. Instead of laborers competing with each other for employment, and in their competition cutting down wages to the point of bare subsistence, employers would everywhere be competing for laborers, and wages would rise to the fair earnings of labor. For into the labor market would have entered the greatest of all competitors for the employment of labor, a competitor whose demand cannot be satisfied until want is satisfied,—the demand of labor itself. The employers of labor would not have merely to bid against other employers, all feeling the stimulus of greater trade and increased profits, but against the ability of laborers to become their own employers upon the natural opportunities freely opened to them by the tax which prevented monopolization.

With natural opportunities thus free to labor, with capital and improvements exempt from tax, and exchange released from restrictions, the spectacle of willing men unable to turn their labor into the things they are suffering for would become impossible; the recurring paroxysms

which paralyze industry would cease; every wheel of production would be set in motion; demand would keep pace with supply, and supply with demand; trade would increase in every direction, and wealth augment on every hand.

THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

[We have already given some passages descriptive of American scenery. It seems advisable to add to these some of the many eloquent descriptive articles in which the more striking of American scenes have been delineated. Though this country cannot vie with Europe in its relics of ancient civilization or in its treasures of art, yet in so far as the works of nature are concerned it holds an equal rank with the most picturesque regions of the earth, and the American who goes abroad in search of natural scenery before he has made himself familiar with the charms of his own country is in a degree untrue to the claims upon him of his native land.]

AN old writer who dearly loved excursions, Francis Rabelais, inserted in one of his fables an account of a country where the roads were in motion. He called the place the Island of Odes, from the Greek ὁδός, a "road," and explained: "For the roads travel, like animated things; and some are wandering roads, like planets, others passing roads, crossing roads, connecting roads. And I saw how the travellers, messengers, and inhabitants of the land asked, 'Where does this road go to? and that?' They were answered, From the south to Faverolles, to the parish, to the city, to the river. Then, hoisting themselves on the proper road, without being otherwise troubled or fatigued, they found themselves at their place of destination."

This fancy sketch, thrown off by an inveterate joker three hundred years ago, is justified curiously by any of our modern railways; but to see the picture represented in startling accuracy you should find some busy "junction" among the coal-mountains. Here you may observe, from your perch upon the hill, an assemblage of roads actively reticulating and radiating, winding through the valleys, slinking off misanthropically into a tunnel, or gayly parading away elbow in elbow with the streams. These avenues, upon minute inspection, are seen to be obviously moving: they are crawling and creeping with an unbroken joint-work of black wagons, the rails hidden by their moving pavement, and the road throughout advancing, foot by foot, into the distance. It is hardly too fanciful—on seeing its covering slide away, its switches swinging, its turn-tables revolving, its drawbridges opening—to declare that such a road is an animal,—an animal proving its nature, according to Aristotle, by the power to move itself. Nor is it at all censurable to ask a road like this where it "goes to."

The notion of what Rabelais calls a "wayfaring way," a *chemin cheminant*, came into our thoughts at Cumberland. But Cumberland was not reached until after many miles of interesting travel along a route remarkable for beauties, both natural and improved. A coal-distributor is certain, in fact, to be a road full of attractions for the tourist; for coal, that Sleeping Beauty of our era, always chooses a pretty bed in which to perform its slumber of ages. The road which delivers the Cumberland coal, however, is truly exceptional for splendor of scenery, as well as for historical suggestiveness and engineering science. It has recently become, by means of certain lavish providences established for the blessing of travellers at every turn, a tourist route and a holiday delight.

It is all very well for the traveller of the nineteenth century to protest against the artificial and unromantic guidance of the railway: he will find, after a little experience, that the homes of true romance are discovered for him by the locomotive; that solitudes and recesses which he would never find after years of plodding in sandal shoon are silently opened to him by the engineer; and that Timon now, seeking the profoundest cave in the fissures of the earth, reaches it in a Pullman car. . . .

By day, Cumberland is quite given over to carbon; drawing her supplies from the neighboring mining-town of Frostburg, she dedicates herself devoutly to coals. All day long she may be seen winding around her sooty neck, like an African queen, endless chains and trains and rosaries of black diamonds, which never tire of passing through the enumeration of her jewelled fingers. At night the scene is more beautiful. We clambered up the nearest hill at sunset, while the colored light was draining into the pass of Wills' Mountain as into a vase, and the lamps of the town sprang gradually into sight beneath us. The surrounding theatre of mountains had a singularly calm and noble air, recalling the most enchanted days of Rome and the Campagna. The curves of the hills are marvels of swaying grace, depending from point to point with the elegance of draperies, and seating the village like a gem in the midst of "great laps and folds of sculptor's work." The mechanics and miners, as twilight deepened, began to lead their sweethearts over these beautiful hills, so soft in outline that no paths are necessary. The clouds of fireflies made an effect, combining with the village lights below. Then, as night deepened, as if they were the moving principle of all the enchantment, the company's rolling-mills, like witches' kettles, began to spirt enormous gouts of flame, which seemed to

cause their heavy roofs to flutter like the lids of seething caldrons.

The commanding attraction of the western journey is necessarily the passage of the Alleghanies. The climb begins at Piedmont, and follows an ascent which in eleven consecutive miles presents the rare grade of one hundred and sixteen feet per mile. The first tableau of real sublimity, perhaps, occurs in following up a stream called Savage River. The railway, like a slender spider's thread, is seen hanging at an almost giddy height up the endless mountain-side, and curved hither and thither in such multiplied windings that enormous arcs of it can always be seen from the flying window of the car. The woods, green with June or crimson with November, clamber over each other's shoulders up the ascent; but, as we attain the elevation of two hundred feet above the Savage, their tufted tops form a soft and mossy embroidery beneath us, diminishing in perspective far down the cleft of the ravine. As we turn the flank of the great and stolid Backbone Mountain we command the mouth of another stream, pouring in from the southwest. It is a steeply-enclosed, hill-cleaving torrent, which some lover of plays and cider, recollecting Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's slumber beneath the crab-apple boughs, has named Crabtree Creek. There is a point where the woody gorges of both these streams can be commanded at once by the eye, and Nature gives us few landscape *pendants* more primitively wild and magnificent than these.

This ascent was made by the engineers of the company in the early days of railroads, and when no one knew at what angle the friction of wheels upon rails would be overcome by gravity. On the trial-trip the railroad-president kept close to the door, meaning, in the case of possible discomfiture and retrogression, to take to the woods! But

all went well, and in due time was reached, as we now reach it, Altamont, the alpine village perched two thousand six hundred and twenty-six feet above the tide.

The interest of the staircase we have run up depends greatly on its pioneer character. No mountain-chain had been crossed by a locomotive before the Alleghanies were outraged, as we see them, here and by this track. As the railroad we follow was the first to take existence in this country, excepting some short mining roads, so the grade here used was the first of equal steepness, saving on some English roads of inferior length and no mountainous prestige. Here the engineer, like Van Amburgh in the lion's den, first planted his conqueror's foot upon the mane of the wilderness; and in this spot modern science first claimed the right to reapply that grand word of a French monarch, "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées!*"

We are on the crest of the Alleghanies. On either side of the mountain-pass we have threaded rise the higher summits of the range; but, though we seem from the configuration of the land to be in a valley, we are met at every turn by the indications familiar to mountain-tops,—indications that are not without a special desolation and pathos. Though all is green with summer, we can see that the vegetation has had a dolorous struggle for existence, and that the triumph of certain sparse trees here and there is but the survival of the strongest. They stand scattered and scraggy, like individual bristles on a bald pate. Their spring has been borrowed from summer, for the leafage here does not begin until late in June. The whole scenery seems to array itself for the tourist like a country wife, with many an incompleteness in its toilet, and with a kind of haggard apology for being late. Rough log houses stand here and there among the laurels. The tanned gentlemen standing about look like California

miners, as you see them in the illustrations to Bret Harte's stories. Through this landscape, roughly blocked out, and covered still with Nature's chips and shavings,—and seeming for that very reason singularly fresh and close to her mighty hand,—we fly for twenty miles. We are still ascending, and the true apex of our path is only reached at the twentieth. This was the climax which poet Willis came out to reach in a spirit of intense curiosity, intent to peer over and see what was on the other side of the mountains, and with some idea, as he says, of hanging his hat on the evening star. His disgust, as a bard, when he found that the highest point was only named "Cranberry Summit," was sublime.

"Willis was particularly struck," said the landlord of the Glades Hotel, "with a quality of whiskey we had hereabouts at the time of his visit. In those days, before the revenue, an article of rich corn whiskey was made in small quantities by these Maryland farmers. Mr. Willis found it agree with him particularly well, for it's as pure as water, and slips through your teeth like flaxseed tea. I explained to him how it gained in quality by being kept a few years, becoming like noble old brandy. Mr. Willis was fired with the idea, and took a barrel along home with him, in the ambitious intention of ripening it. In less than six months," pursued the Boniface, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "he sent for another barrel."

The region where we now find ourselves among these mountain-tops is known as the Glades,—a range of elevated plateau marked with all the signs of a high latitude, but flat enough to be spread with occasional patches of discouraged farms. The streams make their way into the Youghiogheny, and so into the Ohio and Gulf of Mexico, for we have mounted the great water-shed, and have long ago crossed both branches of the sun-seeking Potomac!

We are in a region that particularly justifies the claim of the locomotive to be the great discoverer of hidden retreats, for never will you come upon a place more obviously disconcerted at being found out. The screams of the whistle day by day have inserted no modern ideas into this mountain-cranium, which, like Lord John Russell's, must be trepanned before it can be enlightened. The Glades are sacred to deer, bears, trout. But the fatal rails guide to them an unceasing procession of staring citizens, and they are filled in the fine season with visitors from Cincinnati and Baltimore.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

CHARLES HEBER CLARK.

[The author of the selection here given is known in literature under the odd pseudonyme of "Max Adeler." His writings are all of a humorous cast, and, while they perhaps are apt to "carry the joke too far," they are often full of the true spirit of fun. The extract given below is from the story of "An Old Fogy" in "The Fortunate Island." The true position in which we should all find ourselves if we were suddenly taken back to those "good old times" whose loss many still deplore is here very amusingly paraphrased.]

"THE good old times! And the old times *were* good, my dear; better, much better, than the times that you live in. I know I am an old fogy, Nelly," said Ephraim Batterby, refilling his pipe, and looking at his granddaughter, who sat with him in front of the fire, with her head bending over her sewing; "I know I am an old fogy, and I glory in it."

"But you never will be for me, grandpa," said Nelly, glancing at him with a smile.

"Yes, my dear, I am for everybody. I am a man of the past. Everything I ever cared for and ever loved, excepting you, belongs to the years that have gone, and my affections belong to those years. I liked the people of the old time better than I do those of the new. I loved their simpler ways, the ways that I knew in my boyhood, threescore and more years ago. I am sure the world is not so good as it was then. It is smarter, perhaps; it knows more, but its wisdom vexes and disgusts me. I am not certain, my dear, that, if I had my way, I would not sweep away, at one stroke, all the so-called 'modern conveniences,' and return to the ancient methods."

"They were very slow, grandpa."

"Yes, slow; and for that I liked them. We go too fast now; but our speed, I am afraid, is hurrying us in the wrong direction. We were satisfied in the old time with what we had. It was good enough. Are men contented now? No; they are still improving and improving; still reaching out for something that will be quicker, or easier, or cheaper than the things that are. We appear to have gained much; but really we have gained nothing. We are not a bit better off now than we were; not so well off, in my opinion."

"But, grandpa, you must remember that you were young then, and perhaps looked at the world in a more hopeful way than you do now."

"Yes, I allow for that, Nelly, I allow for that; I don't deceive myself. My youth does not seem so very far off that I cannot remember it distinctly. I judge the time fairly, now in my old age, as I judge the present time, and my assured opinion is that it was superior in its way, its life, and its people. Its people! Ah, Nelly, my dear, there were three persons in that past who alone would consecrate it to me. I am afraid there are not many women

now like your mother and mine, and like my dear wife, whom you never saw. It seems to me, my child, that I would willingly live all my life over again, with its strifes and sorrows, if I could clasp again the hand of one of those angelic women, and hear a word from her sweet lips."

As the old man wiped the gathering moisture from his eyes, Nelly remained silent, choosing not to disturb the revery into which he had fallen. Presently Ephraim rose abruptly, and said, with a smile,—

"Come, Nelly, dear, I guess it is time to go to bed. I must be up very early to-morrow morning."

"At what hour do you want breakfast, grandpa?"

"Why, too soon for you, you sleepy puss. I shall breakfast by myself before you are up, or else I shall breakfast down town. I have a huge cargo of wheat in from Chicago, and I must arrange to have it shipped for Liverpool. There is one thing that remains to me from the old time, and that is some of the hard work of my youth; but even that seems a little harder than it used to. So, come now; to bed! to bed!"

While he was undressing, and long after he had crept beneath the blankets, Ephraim's thoughts wandered back and back through the spent years; and, as the happiness he had known came freshly and strongly into his mind, he felt drawn more and more towards it, until the new and old mingled together in strange but placid confusion in his brain, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was still dark, for the winter was just begun; but he heard—or did he only dream that he heard?—a clock in some neighboring steeple strike *six?* He knew that he must get up, for his business upon that day demanded early attention.

He sat up in bed, yawned, stretched his arms once or

twice, and then, flinging the covering aside, he leaped to the floor. He fell, and hurt his arm somewhat. Strange that he should have miscalculated the distance! The bed seemed more than twice as high from the floor as it should be. It was too dark to see distinctly, so he crept to the bed with extended hands, and felt it. Yes, it was at least four feet from the floor, and, very oddly, it had long, slim posts, such as bedsteads used to have, instead of the low, carved foot-board, and the high, postless head-board, which belonged to the bedstead upon which he had slept in recent years. Ephraim resolved to strike a light. He groped his way to the table, and tried to find the match-box. It was not there; he could not discover it upon the bureau either. But he found something else, which he did not recognize at first, but which a more careful examination with his fingers told him was a flint and steel. He was vexed that any one should play such a trick upon him. How could he ever succeed in lighting the gas with a flint and steel?

But he resolved to try, and he moved over towards the gas-bracket by the bureau. It was not there! He passed his cold hand over a square yard of the wall, where the bracket used to be, but it had vanished. It actually seemed, too, as if there was no paper on the wall, for the whitewash scaled off beneath his fingers.

Perplexed and angry, Ephraim was about to replace the flint and steel upon the bureau, and to dress in the dark, when his hand encountered a candlestick. It contained a candle. He determined to try to light it. He struck the flint upon the steel at least a dozen times, in the way he remembered doing so often when he was a boy, but the sparks refused to catch the tinder. He struck again and again, until he became really warm with effort and indignation, and at last he succeeded.

It was only a poor, slim tallow candle, and Ephraim thought the light was not much better than the darkness, it was so dim and flickering and dismal. He was conscious then that the room was chill, although his body felt so warm; and, for fear he should catch cold, he thought he would open the register and let in some warm air. The register had disappeared! There, right before him, was a vast old-fashioned fireplace filled with wood. By what means the transformation had been effected he could not imagine. But he was not greatly displeased.

"I always did like an open wood fire," he said, "and now I will have a roaring one."

So he touched the flame of the candle to the light kindling-wood, and in a moment it was afire.

"I will wash while it is burning up," said Ephraim.

He went to the place where he thought he should find the fixed wash-stand, with hot and cold water running from the pipes, but he was amazed to find that it had followed the strange fashion of the room, and had gone also! There was an old hand-basin, with a cracked china pitcher, standing upon a movable wash-stand, but the water in the pitcher had been turned to solid ice.

With an exclamation of impatience and indignation, Ephraim placed the pitcher between the andirons, close to the wood in the chimney-place; and he did so with smarting eyes, for the flue was cold, and volumes of smoke were pouring out into the room. In a few moments he felt that he should suffocate unless he could get some fresh air: so he resolved to open the upper sash of the window.

When he got to the window he perceived that the panes of glass were only a few inches square, and that the wood-work enclosing them was thrice thicker and heavier than it had been. He strove to pull down the upper sash, but the effort was vain; it would not move. He

tried to lift the lower sash; it went up with difficulty; it seemed to weigh a hundred pounds; and when he got it up it would not stay. He succeeded, finally, in keeping it open by placing a chair beneath it.

When the ice in the pitcher was thawed, he finished his toilet, and then he descended the stairs. As nobody seemed to be moving in the house, he resolved to go out and get his breakfast at a restaurant. He unlocked the front door, and emerged into the street just as daylight fairly had begun.

As Ephraim descended the steps in front of his house, he had a distinct impression that something was wrong, and he was conscious of a feeling of irritation; but it seemed to him that his mind, for some reason, did not operate with its accustomed precision; and, while he realized the fact of a partial and very unexpected change of the conditions of his life, he found that when he tried, in a strangely feeble way, to grapple with the problem, the solution eluded him and baffled him.

The force of habit, rather than a very clearly defined purpose, led him to walk to the corner of the street, just below his dwelling, and to pause there, as usual, to await the coming of the horse-car which should carry him down town. Following a custom, too, he took from his waistcoat-pocket two or three pennies (which, to his surprise, had swollen to the uncomfortable dimensions of the old copper cents), and looked around for the newsboy from whom he bought, every morning, the daily paper.

The lad, however, was not to be seen; and Ephraim was somewhat vexed at his absence, because he was especially anxious upon that morning to observe the quotations of the Chicago and Liverpool grain markets, and to ascertain what steamers were loading at the wharves.

The horse-car was delayed much longer than he expected,

and, while he waited, a man passed by, dressed oddly, Ephraim noticed, in knee-breeches and very old fashioned coat and hat. Ephraim said to him, politely,—

"Can you tell me, sir, where I can get a morning paper in this neighborhood? The lad I buy from, commonly, is not at his post this morning."

The stranger, stopping, looked at Ephraim with a queer expression, and presently said,—

"I don't think I understand you; a *morning* paper, did you say?"

"Yes, one of the morning papers; the *Argus* or *Commercial*,—any of them."

"Why, my dear sir, there is but one newspaper published in this city. It is the *Gazette*. It comes out on Saturday; and this, you know, is only Tuesday."

"Do you mean to say that we have no daily papers?" exclaimed Ephraim, somewhat angrily.

"*Daily* papers! Papers published every day! Why, sir, there is not such a newspaper in the world, and there never will be."

"Pshaw!" said Ephraim, turning his back upon the man in disgust.

The stranger smiled, and, shaking his head as if he had serious doubts of Ephraim's sanity, passed onward.

"The man is cracked," said Ephraim, looking after him. "No daily papers! The fellow has just come from the interior of Africa, or else he is an escaped lunatic. It is very queer that car does not come," and Ephraim glanced up the street anxiously. "There's not a car in sight. A fire somewhere, I suppose. Too bad that I should have lost so much time. I shall walk down."

But, as Ephraim stepped into the highway, he was surprised to find that there were no rails there. The cobblestone pavement was unbroken.

"Well, upon my word! This is the strangest thing of all. What on earth has become of the street-cars? I must go afoot, I suppose, if the distance *is* great. I am afraid I shall be too late for business, as it is."

As he walked onward at a rapid pace, and his eyes fell upon the buildings along the route, he was queerly sensible that the city had undergone a certain process of transformation. It had a familiar appearance, too. He seemed to know it in its present aspect, and yet not to know it. The way was perfectly familiar to him, and he recognized all the prominent landmarks easily, and still he had an indefinable feeling that some other city had stood where this did, that he had known this very route under other conditions, and that the later conditions were those that had passed away, while those that he now saw belonged to a much earlier period.

He felt, too, that the change, whatever it was, had brought a loss with it. The buildings that lined the street now he thought very ugly. They were old, misshapen, having pent-roofs with absurdly high gables, and the shop-windows were small, dingy, and set with small panes of glass. He had known it as a handsome street, edged with noble edifices, and offering to the gaze of the pedestrian a succession of splendid windows filled with merchandise of the most brilliant description.

But Ephraim pressed on with a determination to seek his favorite restaurant, for he began to feel very hungry. In a little while he reached the corner where the restaurant should have been, but, to his vexation, he saw that the building there was a coffee-house of mean appearance, in front of which swung a blurred and faded sign.

He resolved to enter, for he could get a breakfast here, at least. He pushed through the low door-way and over the sanded floor into a narrow sort of box, where a table

was spread, and, as he did so, he had a hazy feeling that this, too, was something that he was familiar with.

"It must be," he said, "that my brain is producing a succession of those sensations that I have had sometimes before, which persuade the credulous that we move continually in a circle and forever live our lives over again."

As he took his seat a waiter approached him.

"Give me a bill of fare," said Ephraim.

"Bill of fare, sir? Have no bill of fare, sir. Never have them, sir; no coffee-house has them, sir. Get you up a nice breakfast, though, sir."

"What have you got?"

"Ham, sir; steak, sir; boiled eggs, sir; coffee, tea, muffins. Just in from furrin countries, sir, are you?"

"Never mind where I am from," said Ephraim, testily. "Bring me a broiled steak, and egg, and some muffins and coffee, and bring them quickly."

"Yes, sir; half a minute, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Bring me a newspaper."

"Yes, sir; here it is, sir, the very latest, sir."

Ephraim took the paper and glanced at it. It was the *Weekly Gazette*, four days old; a little sheet of yellow-brown paper, poorly printed, containing some fragments of news, and nothing later from Europe than November 6, although the *Gazette* bore date December 19. So soon as Ephraim comprehended its worthlessness, he tossed it contemptuously upon the floor, and waited, almost sullenly, for his breakfast.

When it came in upon the tray, carried by the brisk waiter, it looked dainty and tempting enough, and the fumes that rose from it were so savory that he grew into better humor. As it was spread before him, he perceived that the waiter had given him a very coarse, two-pronged steel fork.

"Take that away," said Ephraim, tossing it to the end of the table: "I want a silver fork."

"Silver fork, sir! Bless my soul, sir! We haven't got any; never heard of such a thing, sir."

"Never heard of a silver fork, you idiot!" shouted Ephraim; "why, everybody uses them."

"No, sir; I think not, sir. I've lived with first-quality people, sir, and they all use this kind. Never saw any other kind, sir; didn't know there was any. Do they have 'em in furrin parts, sir?"

"Get out!" said Ephraim, savagely. He was becoming somewhat annoyed and bewildered by the utter disappearance of so many familiar things.

But the breakfast was good, and he was hungry, so he fell to with hearty zest, and, although he found the steel fork clumsy, it did him good service. At the conclusion of the meal, Ephraim walked rapidly to his office,—the office that he had occupied for nearly sixty years. As he opened the door, he expected to find his letters in the box wherein the postman thrust them twice or thrice a day. They were not there. The box itself was gone.

"Too bad! too bad!" exclaimed Ephraim. "Everything conspires to delay me to-day. I suppose I must sit here and wait for that lazy letter-carrier to come, and meantime my business must wait too."

[We have not space to give in detail the various awkward misapprehensions of our Old Fogy on that awkward day. He found that letter-carrier and letter-box alike had vanished, and at the shrunken post-office learned that there would be no mail till the next day, and that they had never heard of such a place as Chicago. When he began to talk of telegraphing, and informed his hearers that he wished to get the quotations of the London Stock Exchange for that morning, he was taken for a madman. His talk about steamers and steam fire-engines failed to improve the opinion as to his sanity. And when at

the wharf he talked of receiving a cargo of wheat by rail, and of loading twenty thousand bushels that day, and that on an iron vessel, the people around showed decided symptoms of locking him up as a lunatic. Talk about photographs, hard coal, Pacific railroads, etc., did not add to his reputation for sanity, and he finally fled for safety, not knowing what terrors might be preparing for him.]

"I know," he said, as he rushed onward, "what it all means. This is the Past. Some mighty hand has swept away the barrier of years, and plunged me once more into the midst of the life that I knew in my youth, long ago. And I have loved and worshipped that past! Blind and foolish man! I loved it! Ah, how I hate it now! What a miserable, miserable time it was! How poor and insufficient life seems under its conditions! How meanly men crawled about, content with their littleness and folly, and unconscious of the wisdom that lay within their reach, ignorant of the vast and wonderful possibilities that human ingenuity might compass!

"There was nothing in that dreary past that I could love, excepting"—and Ephraim was almost ready to weep as he thought that the one longing of his soul could not be realized—"excepting those who were torn from my arms, my heart, my home, by the cruel hand of death."

The excitement, the distress, the anguish, the wild terror of the day came back to him with accumulated force as he hurried along the footway; and when he reached his own home he was distracted, unnerved, hysterical.

With eager but uncertain fingers he pushed open the front door, and went into his sitting-room. There a fresh shock came to him, for he saw his wife in the chair she had occupied in the old time, long, long ago. She arose to greet him, and he saw that her dear face wore the kindly smile he had known so well, and that had added much to his sum of happiness in the years that were gone.

He leaped to clasp her in his arms when he heard the sweet tones of her voice welcoming him; his eyes filled with tears, and the sobs came, as he said,—

"Ah, my dearest, my dearest! have you, too, come up from the dead past to meet me? It was you alone that hallowed it to me. I loved—loved you—I——"

He felt his utterance choked, the room swam before him, there was a ringing noise in his ears, he felt himself falling; then he lost consciousness.

He knew nothing more until he realized that there was a gentle knocking near to him, as of some one who demanded admittance at the door. He roused himself with an effort, and almost mechanically said,—

"Come in."

He heard a light step, and he opened his eyes. He was in his own bedroom, the room of the present, not of the past, and in his own bed. It was Nelly who knocked at the door; she stood beside him.

"It is time to get up, grandpa," she said.

"Wh—where am I? What has happened?" Then, as his mind realized the truth, he said, "Oh, Nelly, Nelly, how I have suffered!"

"How, grandpa?"

"I—I—but never mind now, my dear; I will tell you after a while. Run down-stairs while I prepare for breakfast. But, Nelly, let me tell you not to believe what I said to you about the glories of the past: it was not true, my child, not true. I have learned better; I talked to you like a foolish old man. Thank God, my dear, that you live late in the world's history. No man is more unwise or more ungrateful than he who finds delight in playing the part of An Old Fogy."

IN THE AUTUMN WOODLANDS.

SUSAN WARNER.

[Under the pseudonyme of "Elizabeth Wetherell" Susan Warner published in 1850 "The Wide Wide World," a novel which had an extraordinary success. She subsequently published numerous novels, in which the virtues and the faults of the first were repeated, but not the extended popularity. Her works are defective in style and in characterization, and are full of a somewhat strained religious sentimentality, yet the story is very skilfully managed, and appeals strongly to those to whom the plot is the chief element of a novel. From the "Hills of the Shatemuc," a work which inculcates an excellent moral, we extract an eloquent descriptive picture of American autumn scenery, written with photographic particularity. Miss Warner was born in New York in 1818, and died in 1885.]

MISS HAYE, however, had never sent her fingers over the keys with more energy than now her feet tripped over the dry leaves and stones in the path to Mountain Spring. She took a very rough way, through the woods. There was another, much plainer, round by the wagon-road; but Elizabeth chose the more solitary and prettier way, round-about and hard to the foot though it was.

For some little distance there was a rude wagon-track, very rough, probably made for the convenience of getting wood. It stood thick with pretty large stones or heads of rock; but it was softly grass-grown between the stones, and gave at least a clear way through the woods, upon which the morning light if not the morning sun beamed fairly. A light touch of white frost lay upon the grass and covered the rocks with bloom, the promise of a mild day. After a little, the roadway descended into a bit of smooth meadow, well walled in with trees, and lost itself there. In the tree-tops the morning sun was glittering; it could not get to the bottom yet; but up there among

the leaves it gave a bright shimmering prophecy of what it would do; it was a sparkle of heavenly light touching the earth. Elizabeth had never seen it before; she had never in her life been in the woods at so early an hour. She stood still to look. It was impossible to help feeling the light of that glittering promise; its play upon the leaves was too joyous, too pure, too fresh. She felt her heart grow stronger and her breath come freer. What was the speech of those light-touched leaves, she might not have told; something her spirit took knowledge of while her reason did not,—or had not leisure to do; for if she did not get to Mountain Spring in good season she would not be home for breakfast. Yet she had plenty of time, but she did not wish to run short. So she went on her way.

From the valley meadow for half a mile it was not much more or much better than a cow-path, beaten a little by the feet of the herdsman seeking his cattle or of an occasional foot-traveller to Mountain Spring. It was very rough indeed. Often Elizabeth must make quite a circuit among cat-briers and huckleberry-bushes and young underwood, or keep the path at the expense of stepping up and stepping down again over a great stone or rock blocking up the whole way. Sometimes the track was only marked over the gray lichens of an immense head of granite that refused moss and vegetation of every other kind; sometimes it wound among thick alder-bushes by the edge of wet ground; and at all times its course was among a wilderness of uncared-for woodland, overgrown with creepers and vines tangled with underbrush, and thickly strewn with larger and smaller fragments and boulders of granite rock. But how beautiful it was! The alders, reddish and soft-tinted, looked when the sun struck through them as if they were exotics out of witch-land; the Cornus

family, from beautiful dog-wood a dozen feet high stretching over Elizabeth's head, to little humble nameless plants at her feet, had edged and parted their green leaves with most dainty clear hues of madder lake; white birches and hickories glimmered in the sunlight like trees of gold, the first with stems of silver; sear leaves strewed the way; and fresh pines and hemlocks stretched out their arms amidst the changing foliage, with their evergreen promise and performance. The morning air and the morning walk no doubt had something to do with the effect of the whole; but Elizabeth thought with all the beauty her eyes had ever seen they had never been more bewitched than they were that day.

With such a mood upon her, it was no wonder that on arriving at Mountain Spring she speedily made out her errand. She found whom and what she had come for; she filled her basket with no loss of time or pleasure; and, very proud of her success, set out again through the wood-path homeward.

Half-way back to the bit of tree-enclosed meadow-ground, the path and the north shore of Shahweetah approached each other, where a little bay curve, no other than the *Ægean Sea*, swept in among the rocks. Through the stems of the trees Elizabeth could see the blue water with the brightness of the hour upon it. Its sparkle tempted her. She had plenty of time, or she resolved that she had, and she wanted to look at the fair broad view she knew the shore edge would give her. She hesitated, and turned. A few bounding and plunging steps amid rocks and huckleberry-bushes brought her where she wished to be. She stood on the border, where no trees came in the way of the northern view. The mountains were full before her, and the wide Shatemuc rolled down between them, ruffled with little waves, every one

sparkling cool in the sunlight. Elizabeth looked at the water a minute, and turned to the west. Wut-a-qut-o's head had caught more of the frosts than Shahweetah had felt yet; there were broad belts of buff and yellow along the mountain, even changing into sear where its sides felt the north wind. On all that shore the full sunlight lay. The opposite hills, on the east, were in dainty sunshine and shadow, every undulation, every ridge and hollow, softly marked out. With what wonderful sharp outline the mountain-edges rose against the bright sky! how wonderful soft the changes of shade and color adown their sloping sides! what brilliant little ripples of water rolled up to the pebbles at Elizabeth's feet! She stood and looked at it all, at one thing and the other, half dazzled with the beauty, until she recollected herself, and, with a deep sighful expression of thoughts and wishes unknown, turned away to find her path again.

But she could not find it. Whereabouts it was, she was sure; but the *where* was an unfindable thing. And she dared not strike forward without the track; she might get further and further from it, and never get home to breakfast at all! There was nothing for it but to grope about seeking for indications; and Miss Haye's eyes were untrained to wood-work. The woodland was a mazy wilderness now indeed. Points of stone, beds of moss, cat-brier vines, and huckleberry-bushes, in every direction; and between which of them lay that little invisible track of a foot-path? The more she looked the more she got perplexed. She could remember no waymarks. The way was all cat-briers, moss, bushes, and rocks; and rocks, bushes, moss, and cat-briers were in every variety all around her. She turned her face towards the quarter from which she had come, and tried to recognize some tree or waymark she could remember having passed. One part of

the wood looked just like another; but for the mountains and the river, she could not have told where lay Mountain Spring.

Then a little sound of rustling leaves and crackling twigs reached her ear from behind her.

"There is a cow!" thought Elizabeth; "now I can find the path by her. But then cows don't always——"

Her eye had been sweeping round the woody skirts of her position, in search of her expected four-footed guide, when her thoughts were suddenly brought to a point by seeing a two-footed creature approaching, and one whom she instantly knew.

"It is Winthrop Landholm!—he is going to Mountain Spring to take an early coach, without his breakfast!—Well, you fool, what is it to you?" was the next thought. "What does it signify whether he goes sooner or later, when it would be better for you not to see him at all, if your heart is going to start in that fashion at every time——"

Meanwhile she was making her way as well as she could, over rocks and briers, towards the new-comer, and did not look up till she answered his greeting,—

"Good-morning!"

It was very cheerfully spoken.

"Good-morning," said Elizabeth, entangled in a cat-brier, from which with a desperate effort she broke free before any help could be given her.

"Those are naughty things."

"No," said Elizabeth, "they look beautiful now when they are growing tawny, as a contrast with the other creepers and the deep-green cedars. And they are a beautiful green at other times."

"Make the best of them. What were you looking at, a minute ago?"

"Looking for my way. I had lost it."

"You don't know it very well, I guess."

"Yes.—No, not very well, but I could follow it, and did, till coming home I thought I had time to look at the view; and then I couldn't find it again. I got turned about."

"You were completely turned about when I saw you."

"Oh, I was not going that way: I knew better than that. I was trying to discover some waymark."

"How did you get out of the way?"

"I went to look at the view,—from the water's edge there."

"Have you a mind to go back to the river edge again? I have not seen that view in a long while. *I* shall not lose the path."

* * * * * * * * *

So they presently reached the lower ground.

"Do you want anything from the house?" said Winthrop, as they came near it.

"Only the oars. If you will get those, I will untie the boat."

"Then I'll *not* get the oars. I'll get them on condition that you stand still here."

So they went down together to the rocks, and Elizabeth put herself in the stern of the little boat, and they pushed off.

To any people who could think of anything but each other October offered enough to fill eyes, ears, and understanding; that is, if ears can be filled with silence, which perhaps is predicable. Absolute silence on this occasion was wanting, as there was a good deal of talking; but for eyes and understanding, perhaps it may safely be said that those of the two people in the Merry-go-round took the benefit of *everything* they passed on their way, with a

reduplication of pleasure which arose from the throwing and catching of that ball of conversation in which, like the herb-stuffed ball of the Arabian physician of old, lay *perdu* certain hidden virtues, of sympathy. But Shahweetah's low rocky shore never offered more beauty to any eyes than to theirs that day as they coasted slowly round it. Colors! colors! If October had been a dyer, he could not have shown a greater variety of samples.

There were some locust-trees in the open cedar-grown field by the river,—trees that Mr. Landholm had planted long ago. They were slow to turn, yet they were changing. One soft feathery head was in yellowish green, another of more neutral color; and blending with them were the tints of a few reddish soft-tinted alders below. That group was not gay. Further on were a thicket of dull-colored alders at the edge of some flags, and above them blazed a giant huckleberry-bush in bright flame-color; close by that were the purple-red tufts of some common sumachs,—the one beautifully rich, the other beautifully striking. A little way from them stood a tulip-tree, its green changing with yellow. Beyond came cedars, in groups, wreathed with bright tawny grape-vines and splendid Virginia creepers, now in full glory. Above their tops, on the higher ground, was a rich green belt of pines; above *them*, the changing trees of the forest again.

Here showed an elm its straw-colored head, there stood an ash in beautiful gray-purple; very stately. The Cornus family in rich crimson, others crimson purple; maples showing yellow and flame-color and red all at once; one beauty still in green was *orange-tipped* with rich orange. The birches were a darker hue of the same color; hickories bright as gold.

Then came the rocks, and rocky precipitous point of Shahweetah; and the echo of row-locks from the wall.

Then the point was turned, and the little boat sought the bottom of the bay, nearing Mountain Spring all the while. The water was glassy smooth; the boat went—too fast.

Down in the bay the character of the woodland was a little different. It was of fuller growth, and with many fewer evergreens and some addition to the variety of the changing deciduous leaves. When they got quite to the bottom of the bay and were coasting along close under the shore, there was perhaps a more striking display of Autumn's glories at their side than the rocks of Shahweetah could show them. They coasted slowly along, looking and talking. The combinations were beautiful.

There was the dark fine bright red of some pepperidges showing behind the green of an unchanged maple; near by stood another maple the leaves of which were all seemingly withered, a plain reddish-light wood-color; while below its withered foliage a thrifty poison sumach wreathing round its trunk and lower branches was in a beautiful confusion of fresh green and the orange and red changes, yet but just begun. Then another slight maple with the same dead wood-colored leaves, into which to the very top a Virginia creeper had twined itself, and that was now brilliantly scarlet, magnificent in the last degree. Another like it a few trees off,—both reflected gorgeously in the still water. Rock-oaks were part green and part sear; at the edge of the shore below them a quantity of reddish low shrubbery; the Cornus dark crimson and red brown, with its white berries showing underneath, and more pepperidges in very bright red. One maple stood with its leaves parti-colored reddish and green,—another with beautiful orange-colored foliage. Ashes in superb very dark purple; they were all changed. Then alders, oaks, and chestnuts still green. A kaleidoscope view on water

and land, as the little boat glided along sending rainbow ripples in towards the shore.

In the bottom of the bay Winthrop brought the boat to land, under a great red oak which stood in its fair dark-green beauty yet at the very edge of the water. Mountain Spring was a little way off, hidden by an outsetting point of woods. As the boat touched the tree-roots, Winthrop laid in the oars and came and took a seat by the boat's mistress.

ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Willis certainly deserves a more general reputation as a poet than he has attained, for many of his pieces are of a high grade of merit. During his life he stood high among the prose-writers of America, dashing off many books of neatly-rendered, though frequently affected, essays of society and travel. He is principally known to recent readers, however, through some of his poems, one of the best of which we give below. He was born in Maine in 1807, and died in 1867.]

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery,—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud, bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him,—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls

Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

C. M. SEDGWICK.

[In this interesting extract Miss Sedgwick has given us a well-drawn outline-picture of a condition of affairs in New England which no longer exists, the natural outcome of the yet more rigid Puritanism of an earlier day. The author, Catherine Maria Sedgwick, gained at one time a wide popularity by her novels, ranging in date from 1822 to 1857. She also wrote many popular tales for children, which are among the most valuable of their kind. She was born in Massachusetts in 1789, and died in 1867.]

THE observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to *work* on Sunday.

It must be confessed that the tendency of the age is to laxity; and so rapidly is the wholesome strictness of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary, fifty years hence, in exploring his garret rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn that even now the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Judaical strictness.

On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns's matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" while

the domestics, or *help* (we prefer the national descriptive term), are wielding with might and main their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the Sabbath.

As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and, after the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a footfall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied that even the most spiritual, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bedtime. The obvious inference from this fact is skilfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire how this peculiarity was adjusted when the first day of the week was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor, bend their measured steps to the *meeting-house*,—the family of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchants, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, Nature in some reckless urchin burst forth in laughter, "My dear, you forget it's Sunday," is the ever-ready reproof.

Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit

of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

The farmer's ample wagon and the little one-horse vehicle bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance,—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daughters, blooming, intelligent, and well bred, pouring out of these homely coaches with their nice white gowns, prunello shoes, Leghorn hats, fans, and parasols, and the spruce young men with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society, —a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued,—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

Towards the close of the day, or (to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feeling who first used it) "when the Sabbath begins to *abate*," the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechisms to the western sky; and though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summit, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on "the green;" the lads and girls throng to the "singing-school;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.

THE REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

[John Randolph of Roanoke, while not distinguished for political wisdom, or every-day wisdom of any sort, in fact, was a man of genius in an oratorical point of view, and for ready wit, and mastery of the powerful weapons of sarcasm and invective, has never had a superior in Congress. A collection of American literature would not be complete without a specimen of his incisive oratory. He was born in Virginia in 1773, and died in Philadelphia in 1833. Although a strong advocate of slavery, he manumitted his slaves, about three hundred in number, by his last will. Whatever be thought of the logic of the appended extract, the wit of its closing portion must be acknowledged.]

DOCTOR FRANKLIN, who in shrewdness, especially in all that related to domestic life, was never excelled, used to say that two movings were equal to one fire. And gentlemen, as if they were afraid that this besetting sin of republican governments, this *rerum novarum lubido* (to use a very homely phrase, but that comes pat to the purpose), this maggot of innovation, would cease to bite, are here gravely making provision that this Constitution, which we should consider as a remedy for all the ills of the body politic, may itself be amended or modified at any future time. Sir, I am against any such provision. I should as soon think of introducing into a marriage contract a provision for divorce, and thus poisoning the greatest blessing of mankind at its very source,—at its fountain-head. He has seen little, and has reflected less, who does not know that "necessity" is the great, powerful, governing principle of affairs here. Sir, I am not going into that question which puzzled Pandemonium,—the question of liberty and necessity,—

"Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute;"

but I do contend that necessity is one principal instrument of all the good that man enjoys. The happiness of the connubial union itself depends greatly on necessity, and when you touch this you touch the arch, the keystone of the arch, on which the happiness and well-being of society is founded. Look at the relation of master and slave (that opprobrium, in the opinion of some gentlemen, to all civilized society and all free government). Sir, there are few situations in life where friendships so strong and so lasting are formed as in that very relation. The slave knows he is bound indissolubly to his master, and must, from necessity, remain always under his control. The master knows he is bound to maintain and provide always for his slave so long as he retains him in his possession. And each party accommodates himself to the situation. I have seen the dissolution of many friendships,—such, at least, as they were called; but I have seen that of master and slave endure so long as there remained a drop of blood of the master to which the slave could cleave.

Where is the necessity of this provision in the Constitution? Where is the use of it? Sir, what are we about? Have we not been undoing what the wiser heads—I must be permitted to say so—yes, sir, what the wiser heads of our ancestors did more than half a century ago? Can any one believe that we, by any amendment of ours, by any of our scribbling on that parchment, by any amulet, by any legerdemain—charm—Abracadabra—of ours can prevent our sons from doing the same thing,—that is, from doing what they please, just as we are doing as we please? It is impossible. Who can bind posterity? When I hear gentlemen talk of making a Constitution for "all time," and introducing provisions into it for "all time," and yet see men here who are older than the Constitution we are about to destroy (I am older myself than the present Con-

stitution: it was established when I was a boy), it reminds me of the truces and the peaces of Europe. They always begin, "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity," and go on to declare "there shall be perfect and perpetual peace and unity between the subjects of such and such potentates for all time to come;" and in less than seven years they are at war again.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY MARQUETTE.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

BEHOLD then, in 1673, on the tenth day of June, James Marquette and Louis Jolliet, five Frenchmen as companions, and two Algonkins as guides, dragging their two canoes across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the watershed; uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they part from the streams that could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec. "The guides returned," says the gentle Marquette, "leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence." Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers went solitarily down its current, between alternate plains and hillsides, beholding neither man nor familiar beasts; no sound broke the silence but the ripple of their canoes and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days "they entered happily the great river, with a joy that could not be expressed," and, raising their sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl, through clusters of islets tufted with

massive thickets, and between the natural parks of Illinois and Iowa.

About sixty leagues below the Wisconsin. the western bank of the Mississippi bore on the sands the trail of men; a foot-path was discerned leading into beautiful fields; and Jolliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the Moingona, of which we have corrupted the name into Des Moines. Marquette and Jolliet, the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa, commending themselves to God, uttered a loud cry. Four old men advanced slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe, brilliant with many-colored plumes. "We are Illinois," said they,—that is, when translated, "We are men;" and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming, "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! Our village awaits thee; enter in peace into our dwellings."

To the council, Marquette published the one true God, their Creator. He spoke of the great captain of the French, the governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded peace; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi and the tribes that possessed its banks.

After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to their canoes; and, selecting a peace-pipe embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds and feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung round Marquette the sacred calumet, the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, a safeguard among the nations.

"I did not fear death," says Marquette, in July; "I

should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by its Algonkin name of Pekitanoni; and when they came to the grandest confluence of rivers in the world, where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea, the good Marquette resolved in his heart one day to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the ocean, and, descending a westerly-flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

In a little less than forty leagues the canoes floated past the Ohio, which then, and long afterward, was called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong that the buffalo could not break through them; the insects become intolerable; as a shelter against the suns of July the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish; and forests of white-wood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowd even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. In the land of the Chickasas fire-arms were already in use.

Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea, in a region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto.

"Now," thought Marquette, "we must, indeed, ask the aid of the Virgin." Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amid continual whoops, the natives embark in boats made of the trunks of huge hollow trees; but at the sight of the peace-pipe held aloft

they threw down their bows and quivers and prepared a hospitable welcome.

The next day a long, wooden boat, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers, for eight or ten leagues, to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonkins, and, in the midst of the Dakotas and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half league above Akansea they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace-pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe he gave bread of maize. The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo-skins. Their weapons were axes of steel,—a proof of commerce with Europeans.

Having descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, and having ascertained that the father of rivers went not to the Gulf of California, but was undoubtedly the river of the Spiritu Santo of the Spaniards which pours its flood of waters into the Gulf of Mexico, on the seventeenth of July Marquette and Jolliet left Akansea and ascended the Mississippi, having the greatest difficulty in stemming its currents.

At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, which was broad and deep, and peaceful in its flow. Its banks were without a paragon for its prairies and its forests, its buffaloes and deer, its turkeys and geese and many kinds of game, and even beavers; and there were many small lakes and rivulets. "When I was told of a country without trees," wrote Jolliet, "I imagined a country that had been burned over, or of a soil too poor to produce anything; but we have remarked just the contrary, and it would be impossible to find a better soil for grain, for vines, or any fruits whatever." He held the country on the Illinois River to be the most beautiful and the most easy to colonize. "There is no need," he said, "that an

emigrant should employ ten years in cutting down the forest and burning it. On the day of his arrival the emigrant could put the plough into the earth." The tribe of the Illinois entreated Marquette to come back and reside among them. One of their chiefs with young men guided the party to the portage, which, in the spring and the early part of summer, was but half a league long, and they easily reached the lake. "The place at which we entered the lake," to use the words of Jolliet, "is a harbor very convenient to receive ships and to give them protection against the wind." Before the end of September the explorers were safe in Green Bay; but Marquette was exhausted by his labors.

At Quebec, while Jolliet's journal was waited for, the utility of the discovery was at once set forth: It will open the widest field for the publication of the Christian faith; the way to the Gulf of California, and so to the seas of Japan and China, will be found by ascending the Missouri to the water-shed on the west; an admirable line of navigation may be opened between Quebec and Florida by cutting through the portage between Chicago and the Illinois River; moreover, the noblest opportunity is given for planting colonies in a country which is vast and beautiful and most fertile. In a relation sent, in 1674, by Father Dablon, it was proposed to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois River by a canal.

In 1675, Marquette, who had been delayed by his failing health for more than a year, rejoined the Illinois on their river. Assembling the tribe, whose chiefs and men were reckoned at two thousand, he raised before them pictures of the Virgin Mary, spoke to them of one who had died on the cross for all men, and built an altar and said mass in their presence on the prairie. Again celebrating the mystery of the eucharist, on Easter Sunday he took possession

of the land in the name of Jesus Christ, and, to the joy of the multitude, founded the mission of the Immaculate Conception. This work being accomplished, his health failed him, and he began a journey through Chicago to Mackinaw. On the way, feeling himself arrested by the approach of death, he entered a little river in Michigan, and was set on shore that he might breathe his last in peace. Like Francis Xavier, whom he loved to imitate, he repeated in solitude all his acts of devotion of the preceding days. Then, having called his companions and given them absolution, he begged them once more to leave him alone. When, after a little while, they returned to him, they found him passing gently away near the stream that has taken his name. On its highest bank the canoe-men dug his grave. To a city, a county, and a river, Michigan has given his name.

RIVER DRIFT-WOOD.

S. O. JEWETT.

[Of American writers of the short story and the descriptive essay it would be difficult to find one with a more graceful and attractive style than Sarah Orne Jewett, the writer of "Deephaven," "Play Days," "The Mate of the Daylight," etc. The following extract is from her "Country By-Ways," a collection of short essays and stories of much interest and excellence. Her description of the river, in its highways and by-ways, has in it the elements of a prose poem. The author is a native of Maine, where she was born in 1849.]

AT the head of tide-water on the river there is a dam, and above it is a large mill-pond, where most of the people who row and sail keep their boats all summer long. I like, perhaps once a year, to cruise around the shores of this pretty sheet of water; but I am always conscious of the

dam above it and the dam below it, and of being confined between certain limits. I rarely go beyond a certain point on the lower or tide river, as people call it, but I always have the feeling that I can go to Europe, if I like, or anywhere on the high seas; and when I unfasten the boat there is no dam or harbor bar, or any barrier whatever, between this and all foreign ports. Far up among the hills the ocean comes, and its tide ebbs and flows.

When the tide goes out, the narrow reaches of the river become rapids, where a rushing stream fights with the ledges and loose rocks, and where one needs a good deal of skill to guide a boat down safely. Where the river is wide, at low tide one can only see the mud flats and broad stretches of green marsh grass. But when the tide is in it is a noble and dignified stream. There are no rapids, and only a slow current, where the river from among the inland mountains flows along, finding its way to the sea, which has come part way to welcome the company of springs and brooks that have answered to its call. A thousand men band themselves together, and they are one regiment; a thousand little streams flow together, and are one river; but one fancies that they do not lose themselves altogether; while the individuality of a river must come mainly from the different characters of its tributaries. The shape of its shores and the quality of the soil it passes over determine certain things about it, but the life of it is something by itself, as the life of a man is separate from the circumstances in which he is placed. There must be the first spring which overflows steadily and makes a brook, which some second spring joins, and the third, and the fourth; and at last there is a great stream, in which the later brooks seem to make little difference. I should like to find the very beginning and head-water of my river. I should be sorry if it were a pond, though somewhere

in the ground underneath there would be a spring that kept the secret and was in command and under marching orders to the sea, commissioned to recruit as it went along. Here at the head of tide-water it first meets the sea, and then when the tide is in there is the presence of royalty, or at least its deputies. The river is a grand thing when it is river and sea together; but how one misses the ocean when the tide is out, for in the great place it filled the stream from the hills, after all, looks of little consequence!

The river is no longer the public highway it used to be years ago, when the few roads were rough, and railroads were not even dreamed of. The earliest chapter of its history that I know is that it was full of salmon and other fish, and was a famous fishing-ground with the Indians, who were masters of its neighboring country. To tell its whole story one would have to follow the fashion of the old Spanish writers whom Garcilasso de la Vega says he will not imitate, in the first chapter of his commentaries of the Yncas,—that delightful composition of unconscious pathos and majestic lies. When his predecessors in the field of literature wished to write on any subject whatever, he solemnly tells us, they always began with a history of the globe. One cannot help wishing that he had not disdained to follow their example, and had given his theories, which would have been wildly ahead of even the fancies of his time, in general, and full of most amusing little departures from the truth when he came down to details. But the earliest history of the river can well be ignored: it is but seldom, as yet, that people really care much for anything for its own sake, until it is proved to have some connection with humankind. We are slow to take an interest in the personality of our neighbors who are not men, or dogs, or horses, or at least some creature who can be made

to understand a little of our own spoken language. Who is going to be the linguist who learns the first word of an old crow's warning to his mate, or how a little dog expresses himself when he asks a big one to come and rout his troublesome enemy? How much we shall know when the pimpernel teaches us how she makes her prophecies of the weather, and how long we shall have to go to school when people are expected to talk to the trees, and birds, and beasts, in their own language! What tune could it have been that Orpheus and Amphion played, to which the beasts listened, and even the trees and the stones followed them to hear? Is it science that will give us back the gift, or shall we owe it to the successors of those friendly old saints who talked with the birds and fishes? We could have schools for them if we once could understand them, and could educate them in being more useful to us. There would be intelligent sword-fish for submarine divers, and we could send swallows to carry messages, and all the creatures that know how to burrow in the earth would bring us the treasures out of it. I should have a larger calling acquaintance than ever out of doors, and my neighbors down river would present me to congenial friends whom as yet I have not discovered. The gods are always drawing like towards like and making them acquainted, if Homer may be believed, but we are apt to forget that this is true of any creatures but ourselves. It is not necessary to tame them before they can be familiar and responsive; we can meet them on their own ground, and be surprised to find how much we may have in common. Taming is only forcing them to learn some of our customs; we should be wise if we let them tame us to make use of some of theirs. They share other instincts and emotions with us besides surprise, or suspicion, or fear. They are curiously thoughtful; they act

no more from unconscious instinct than we do; at least, they are called upon to decide as many questions of action or direction, and there are many emergencies of life when we are far more helpless and foolish than they. It is easy to say that other orders of living creatures exist on a much lower plane than ourselves; we know very little about it, after all. They are often gifted in some way that we are not; they may even carry some virtue of ours to a greater height than we do. But the day will come for a more truly universal suffrage than we dream of now, when the meaning of every living thing is understood, and it is given its rights and accorded its true value; for its life is from God's life, and its limits were fixed by him; its material shape is the manifestation of a thought, and to each body there is given a spirit.

The great gulls watch me float along the river, curiously, and sail in the air overhead. Who knows what they say of me when they talk together; and what are they thinking about when they fly quickly out of sight? Perhaps they know something about me that I do not know of myself yet; and so may the musk-rat, as he hurries through the water with a little green branch in his mouth which will make a salad for his supper. He watches me with his sharp eyes, and whisks into his hole in the sunny side of the island. I have a respect for him; he is a busy creature, and he lives well. You might be hospitable and ask me to supper, musk-rat! I don't know whether I should care much for you, if I were another musk-rat, or you were a human being, but I shall know you again when I see you by an odd mark in the fur on the top of your head, and that is something. I suppose the captive mussels in your den are quaking now at hearing you come in. I have lost sight of you, but I shall remember where your house is. I do not think people are thankful enough who live out

of the reach of beasts that would eat them. When one thinks of whole races of small creatures like the mussels which are the natural and proper food of others, it seems an awful fact and necessity of nature; perhaps, however, no more awful than our natural death appears to us. But there is something distressing about being eaten, and having one's substance minister to a superior existence! It hurts one's pride! A death that preserves and elevates our identity is much more consoling and satisfactory; but what can reconcile a bird to its future as part of the tissues of a cat, going stealthily afoot, and by nature treacherous? Who can say, however, that our death may not be simply a link in the chain? One thing is made the prey of another. In some way our present state ministers to the higher condition to which we are coming. The grass is made somehow from the ground, and presently that is turned into beef, and that goes to make part of a human being. We are not certain what an angel may be; but the life in us now will be necessary to the making of one by and by.

There is a wise arrangement in this merging and combining. It makes more room in the world. We must eat our fellows and be eaten to keep things within a proper limit. If all the orders of life were self-existing, and if all the springs that make up the river flowed down to the sea separately and independently, there would be an awful confusion and chaos still; but this leads one to think of the transmigration of souls and other puzzling subjects! I shall have to end with an ignorant discourse about the globe instead of having begun with it. My river, as I said at first, leads to the sea, and from any port one can push off toward another sea of boundless speculation and curious wonderings about this world, familiar and yet so great a mystery.

There are a thousand things to remember and to say about the river, which seems to be of little use in the half-dozen miles I know best, after it has made itself of great consequence by serving to carry perhaps a dozen or twenty mills, of one kind and another. Between its dams it has a civilized and subjected look, but below the last falls, at the Landing, it apparently feels itself to be its own master, and serves in no public capacity except to carry a boat now and then, and give the chance for building some weirs, as it offers some good fishing when the alewives and bass come up, with bony and muddy shad, that are about as good to eat as a rain-soaked paper of pins. I think its chief use is its beauty, and that has never been as widely appreciated as it ought to be. . . .

It sometimes takes me a whole afternoon to go two miles down the river. There are many reasons why I should stop every now and then under one bank or another; to look up through the trees at the sky, or at their pictures in the water; or to let the boat lie still, until one can watch the little fish come back to their playground on the yellow sand and gravel; or to see the frogs that splashed into the water at my approach, poke their heads out a little way to croak indignantly, or raise a loud note such as Scotch bagpipers drive out of the pipes before they start a tune. The swallows dart like bats along the surface of the water after insects, and I see a drowned white butterfly float by, and reach out for it; it looks so frail and little in the river. When the cardinal flowers are in bloom I go from place to place until I have gathered a deck-load; and as I push off the boat it leaves the grass bent down, and the water-mint that was crushed sends a delicious fragrance after me, and I catch at a piece and put a leaf in my mouth, and row away lazily to get a branch of oak or maple leaves to keep the sun off my

flowers. Cardinals are quick to wilt, and hang their proud heads wearily. They keep royal state in the shade, and one imagines that the other flowers and all the weeds at the water's edge take care to bow to them as often as the wind comes by, and pay them honor. They are like fine court ladies in their best gowns, standing on the shore. Perhaps they are sending messages down the river and across the seas, or waiting to hear some news. They make one think of Whittier's high-born Amy Wentworth and her sailor lover, for they seem like flowers from a palace garden that are away from home masquerading and waiving ceremony and taking the country air. They wear a color that is the sign of high ecclesiastical rank, and the temper of their minds would make them furies if they fought for church or state. They are no radicals; they are tories and aristocrats; they belong to the old nobility among flowers. It would be a pity if the rank marsh grass overran them, or if the pickerel-weed should wade ashore to invade them and humble their pride. They are flowers that, after all, one should not try to put into vases together. They have, like many other flowers, too marked an individuality, and there is more pleasure to be taken from one tall and slender spire of blossoms by itself, just as it is pleasanter to be alone with a person one admires and enjoys. To crowd some flowers together you lose all delight in their shape and beauty; you only have the pleasure of the mass of color or of their perfume; and there are enough bright flowers and fragrant flowers that are only beautiful in masses. To look at some flowers huddled together and losing all their grace and charm is like trying to find companionship and sympathy by looking for a minute at a crowd of people. But there is a low trait of acquisitiveness in human nature. I pick cardinal flowers by the armful, and

nothing less than a blue-and-white ginger-pot full of daisies is much satisfaction. . . .

On a spring day how the bobolinks sing, and the busy birds that live along the shores go flitting and chirping and whistling about the world! A great fish-hawk drops through the air, and you can see the glitter of the unlucky fish he has seized as he goes off again. The fields and trees have a tinge of green that they will keep only for a few days, until the leaves and grass-blades are larger and stronger; and where the land has been ploughed its color is as beautiful as any color that can be found the world over, and the long shining brown furrows grow warm lying in the sun. The farmers call to each other and to their horses as they work; the fresh breeze blows from the southwest, and the frogs are cheerful, and the bobolinks grow more and more pleased with themselves every minute, and sing their tunes, which are meant to be sung slower and last longer, as if the sweet notes all came hurrying out together.

And in the summer, when the days are hot and long, there is nothing better than the glory of the moonlighted nights, when the shrill cries of the insects fill all the air, and the fire-flies are everywhere, and a whiff of saltness comes up with the tide. In October the river is bright steel color and blue. The ducks rise and fly away from the coves in the early morning, and the oaks and maples dress themselves as they please, as if they were tired of wearing plain green, like everybody else, and were going to be gay and set a new fashion in the cooler weather. You no longer drift lazily with the current, but pull your boat as fast as you can, and are quick and strong with the oars. And in the winter the river looks cold and dead, the wind blows up and down between the hills, and the black pines and hemlocks stare at each other across the

ice, which cracks and creaks loudly when the tide comes up and lifts it.

How many men have lived and died on its banks, but the river is always young. How many sailors have gone down to the sea along its channel, and from what strange countries have the ships come in and brought them home again up this crooked highway! A harbor, even if it is a little harbor, is a good thing, since adventurers come into it as well as go out, and the life in it grows strong, because it takes something from the world, and has something to give in return. . . .

The old elms and pines look strong yet, though once in a while one blows over or is relentlessly cut down. The willows by the river are cropped and cropped again. The river itself never grows old; though it rushes and rises high in the spring, it never dries up in the autumn; the little white sails flit over it in pleasant weather, like fluttering moths round the track of sunlight on the water; one troop of children after another steals eagerly down to its forbidden shores to play.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that England, despite her many centuries of literary activity and her accumulated treasures of poetry of the finest grade, should never have produced a national hymn that is worth the paper that it was written on. "God Save the King" is ages behind the age we live in, and "Rule Britannia" is a strained and artificial effort, infinitely below, in fire and spirit, the "Marseillaise" of France or the patriotic strains of Scotland and Ireland. America has been more prolific than the mother-country in earnest and poetic songs of patriotism. Each of our great wars has produced its national ode, differing in poetic merit, yet each instinct

with the spirit of liberty and progress. The first of these, indeed, the "Hail, Columbia," of Joseph Hopkinson, was not a direct product of the Revolutionary War, but was written in 1798, on the occasion of an expected war with France. Yet it was produced ere the fire of the Revolution had died out. We may add that it is of no high value as a poem, and has not sustained its popularity as a song, though its air is still highly welcome to the American ear.

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
  Let independence be our boast,
  Ever mindful what it cost;
  Ever grateful for the prize;
  Let its altar reach the skies.
    Firm—united—let us be,
    Rallying round our liberty;
    As a band of brothers joined,
    Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
  Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
  Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
  While offering peace sincere and just,
  In heaven we place a manly trust,
  That truth and justice will prevail,
  And every scheme of bondage fail.
    Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
  Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
  With equal skill and godlike power
  He governs in the fearful hour
  Of horrid war, or guides, with ease,
  The happier times of honest peace.
    Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,—
  The rock on which the storm will beat,
  The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
  When Hope was sinking in dismay,
  And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
  His steady mind, from changes free,
  Resolved on death or liberty.
    Firm—united, etc.

The song of the War of 1812, the "Star-Spangled Banner" of Francis S. Key, possesses far more of poetic power and of patriotic intensity, and seems likely to live long in the affections of the American people as their chosen national ode. The circumstances under which it was written were of a very interesting character. We copy a brief description of them from Cleveland's "Compendium of American Literature:"

In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washing-

ton. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet as it sailed up the Patapsco; and when they came within sight of Fort McHenry, a short distance below the city, they could distinctly see the American flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but, as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there,' and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

I.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

II.

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

III.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

IV.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The patriotic ode of the civil war exists in the stirring trumpet-blast of song of Julia Ward Howe's

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Second only to the "Star-Spangled Banner" in the estimation of the patriotic American is the "America" of Samuel F. Smith. It may claim the merit that its patriotism is devoid of warlike appeals or the boastfulness of national pride, and is simply that pure love of country which seems instinctive to every true soul.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Joseph Rodman Drake's "Ode to the American Flag" comes properly in place here. As a poem it is of the highest merit, and is the one effort of its author to which he will owe any permanence of fame.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee.

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

The civil war of America has given rise to several fine poems. To that of Julia Ward Howe, already quoted, may be added Thomas Buchanan Read's stirring lyric of battle, which is as headlong in its movement as the event that it commemorates.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

The song of the battle-field has fallen to the minor key of the dirge for the dead, since time has drowned the last echo of the cannon, and the broad shroud of the grass has long spread over the graves of victors and vanquished alike. On one day of the year, at least, all enmity vanishes from American hearts, and the resting-places of friends and foes are alike decorated with the beautiful emblazonry of flowers. The sentiment of this noble ceremony has been charmingly rendered into poetry in the subjoined verses of F. M. Finch.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,

With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

BURNING OF A LAKE STEAMER.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

[Robert Dale Owen, born in New Lanark, Scotland, in 1804, was the son of Robert Owen, so celebrated in the early part of this century for his socialistic and philanthropic projects. The son came to America while quite young, and entered into political life, being elected to Con-

gress in 1843, and made *chargé-d'affaires* at Naples in 1853. He became an ardent believer in spirit communication, and wrote several works in advocacy of this belief. He also wrote works on Slavery and other reform topics, an Autobiography, and a novel,—"Beyond the Breakers,"—from which we take a thrilling description of the burning of a lake steamer. He died in 1877.]

HARTLAND lay awake. At first, the sounds of merriment and music outside chased sleep away; and when these gradually ceased, and the cabin was deserted, he still lay, he did not know how long, listening to the plash of the great wheel hard by, sinking at last into troubled and broken slumber.

In the dead of night he suddenly became conscious of the sound of footsteps overhead. Looking through the skylight, he discerned the figures of two men moving silently about, one of them having a lantern in his hand. Then he thought he heard their voices, speaking in eager, suppressed tones. Thoroughly roused, he donned a portion of his clothes and proceeded to the upper deck. A third man had joined the first two, and Hartland asked him what was the matter. In reply the latter pointed to one of the smoke-stacks, saying, in a whisper, "Looks as if it might be fire." Hartland then perceived dimly, by the lantern-light, a slender line of light smoke or steam rising close to the starboard smoke-pipe, and he became aware that one of the two men whom he had first seen held a hose, of which he was directing the contents on this object of their suspicions. At first the stream of water seemed to quench the fire, if fire it was, but after a time the smoke began to reappear and to drift aft, though still ascending only in feeble puffs. Hartland hesitated no longer, but returned at once to the cabin, where he roused the miller, and they awoke several other passengers, the doors of whose state-rooms happened to be unlocked;

making no noise, however, for they were both men of nerve and courage, and they knew the effect of a sudden alarm at night among so great a crowd.

Those who had been aroused hastened from the cabin and met the captain speeding up to the hurricane deck.

Still that ominous line of smoke! gradually increasing in volume, Hartland thought. A death-like stillness over the boat, broken only by the dull, rushing sound of its huge wheels.

"These emigrants below ought to be warned," whispered Nelson Tyler to Hartland; and they both descended, moving slowly and quietly among the sleeping multitude that lay on the deck. They awoke the men gently, speaking in an undertone, and telling them it was better to be ready, though there was no immediate danger. As the officers, fearing disturbance, and confident, no doubt, that they could soon master the fire, had given no alarm, the news spread but gradually and without arousing any violent demonstration. With a low murmur the crowd arose.

Then the two mounted to the floor above. Men and women, their faces deadly pale, were creeping silently from the cabin, and soon the upper forward deck was nearly filled. They could dimly see, on the cabin roof, a line of men who had been organized to pass what few buckets they had from the side of the vessel. The crowd watched the result with feverish anxiety. No one spoke above his breath. All eyes were turned to that long, dark cylinder of smoke. It had doubled in volume, Hartland saw at a glance, since he first had sight of it; and the conviction flashed over him that the supply of water was quite insufficient to check the hidden flame. The horrors he had read of, about fires at sea, rose vividly to his mind, but he thrust them aside by a determined effort. He looked at

Tyler. It was evident that the miller too realized the situation, yet he said but a word or two, and in a tone so low that Hartland overheard only Ellen's name: then a look of stern resolution passed over Tyler's face. Conscious of his own strength and skill in swimming, he was nerving himself for the struggle before him.

What a magnificent night it was!—clear, cloudless; starlight serene in its splendor, but no moon; the wind a moderate breeze, fresh and balmy, just stirring the lake surface into gentle ripples. Nature in her quietest, holiest aspect, shining with calm benignance from heaven, as if to give earnest of peace and protection to the creatures of earth.

Solemn the hush over that awe-struck crowd! They felt what *might* happen, though most of them, not having noticed the gradual increase in that fatal smoke-column, were still buoyed up by hope. How character, unmasked, showed itself there! Some seemed self-absorbed; others had gathered into groups, the selfish instinct overcome by affection. Here a mother had brought her children together and was whispering to them that they mustn't be afraid. There a brother, his arm around a favorite sister, was speaking some low word of comfort and encouragement. Hartland distinguished among the rest the fair songstress of the preceding evening, half clad now, careless of appearance, mute with terror, a young man, lately her partner in that gay dance, by her side; bewildered he seemed, panic-stricken like herself; poor protector in a strait like that! She was not the only one who found out, in that terrible night, the difference between a companion fit to enliven hours of idleness, and a friend who will stand stoutly by and succor, through gloom of danger, when life is at stake.

Even a touch of the ludicrous mingled, as it will in the

most tragic scenes. One gentleman had a silver-bound dressing-case strapped under his arm; another carried a hat-box, which he seemed to guard with scrupulous care. Tyler saw a young girl, who was standing near him, deliberately unclasp a pair of handsome ear-rings, then roll them carefully in her handkerchief, which she deposited in her pocket. And one old lady, walking distractedly up and down near the cabin door, kept eagerly asking the passers-out if they were sure they hadn't seen anything of her bundle. But all such frivolities were soon to cease.

How often, to the storm-tossed and bewildered mariner, has there shone, from watch-tower or pharos, a feeble ray, welcome as Hope herself, life-guide through night and tempest! But the hope, the safety of this waiting crowd was in merciful darkness.

A faint flicker of light! God in heaven! It had shot up along the edge of that large, dark smoke-pipe! for a moment it dimly showed the wan faces,—a signal-fire, omen of coming fate.

Another! A shudder crept through the watchers,—a long, low moan: they saw it all now. The fiery element, gathering power below, was slowly creeping upward upon them. The crowd glared around with the instinct of flight. Nothing but the waste of waters, with here and there a star reflected from their dark depths! And still, as dreary monotone, the rushing plash of those gigantic wheels!

Then there were eager inquiries for life-preservers. Not one, they were told, on the boat! and the gilt glitter in that luxurious cabin—what a mockery now! The thousands squandered there might, wisely spent, have saved that night hundreds of human lives.

As it was, a portion of the passengers went in search of something to keep them afloat in case of the worst, return-

ing with chairs, stools, pieces of board, and the like. Others, utterly unmanned, and abandoning all exertion, gave way to wild bewailings.

A mother with several children entreated Mr. Hartland to take charge of the youngest, a little girl.

"I am going below, madam," he replied, "where the crowd is dangerous, and where she would run great risk of being lost or crushed."

The mother submitted, kissing the child, and taking it in her arms, and Hartland whispered to Tyler, "Let us go down. We may approach the shore before the flames gain head; and if we have to swim for it, the chance is better from the lower deck." So they descended.

Below, the forward deck was a mass of human beings. To them the danger was even more apparent than to those above. Flakes of flame already rose, here and there, from the deck near the smoke-stacks. Even the heat was beginning to be felt. But there was one favorable circumstance. The wind was westerly,—a head-wind, though veering a little on the starboard quarter,—and flame and smoke were blown aft, leaving the forward half of the vessel clear.

Soon a larger fork of flame shot up, and there were screams faintly heard from the small after-cabin. Some of the inmates, attempting to lower the yawl that hung astern, had been caught there by the drifting fire: their fate was sealed.

That last burst of flame must have shown itself on the upper deck, for there was a smothered cry from above, and then a voice—the captain's it seemed—shouting in loud tones to the pilot.

The alarm gained the crowd below, which swayed to and fro. Women and children shrieked in terror as the press came upon them. Men's voices rose,—a hoarse mur-

mur, like the gathering of a great wind. Tyler endeavored to make his way to the bow, but found that impossible: several stout Irish laborers turned threateningly upon him. "I'll risk my chance above," he said to Hartland, but the latter stayed below.

When the miller reached the upper deck a sheet of fire already rose nearly as high as the smoke-stacks, and the roof of the main cabin had caught. But he saw also in a moment a change that kept hope alive. The smoke and flames, instead of drifting aft, now blew dead to larboard. The captain's command to the pilot had been to port the helm and run the boat on shore.

But this change, bringing the mass of flame closer to the passengers, so that those nearest the cabin felt the hot breath on their cheeks, at first increased their alarm. They crowded fearfully toward the bow, and many must have been thrown into the water then and there, had not a voice called out, "Don't crowd: they're heading her for land." This assurance in a measure quieted the terror-stricken throng. There was the suppressed voice of lamentation, an appeal to Heaven for mercy here and there, but still no clamorous shout, no wild outcry. There could be seen, by that red glare, on some faces the calm of resignation, on others the stillness of despair.

Though the flames spread steadily, the engine continued to work, the wheels did their duty, and the pilot—noble fellow!—still kept his post, though smoke, mingled with thick sparks, swept in circling eddies around him.

Each minute was bearing these four hundred souls nearer and nearer to safety, and all eyes were now strained in the direction of the vessel's course. The blaze from that terrific bale-fire lighted up the lake

waters far and wide, and—yes! was at last reflected on a low shore and trees. Some one near the bow cried out, "Land! land!" Others caught and repeated the soul-stirring cry. And, though the passengers in the rear of the crowd were already in perilous vicinity to the spreading flames, a faint shout of exultation went up.

But terrible and speedy came the reaction. The boat had been headed more and more to the left, and ere five minutes had elapsed—with a thud so heavy that she shuddered through all her timbers—the vessel struck a hidden sand-bar, remaining fast, but before she settled swinging by the stern till her after-cabin lay directly to windward. Thus the breeze, which had freshened, blew right from stern to bow.

Fearful was the result! In an instant the whole body of flame swept straight over the masses that had huddled together on the forward decks. At the same moment the huge smoke-stacks, loosened by the violent shock, fell, with a loud crash, down through the cabin, their fall being succeeded by a sudden and tremendous burst of surging fire.

No restraint now! No thought among that doomed multitude save one,—escape from the most horrible of all deaths, to be burned alive! In the very extremity of despair they crowded recklessly on each other, sweeping irresistibly forward till the front ranks were borne sheer off the bow, then the next, then the next! Ere three minutes had elapsed, the waters swarmed with a struggling throng,—men, women, children, battling for their lives.

A few of the passengers in the rear rushed to the stairs, but they were in flames. No escape from that scene of horror, except by a leap of some twenty feet,—from the upper guards down to the waves below, already covered

with a floundering mass. But most of those who were left accepted the desperate alternative, flinging themselves over the side of the boat. Many fell flat and became senseless at once, sinking helplessly to the bottom; others, dropping straight down, soon rose again to the surface. Now and then an expert swimmer, watching an opening in the living screen, dived down head foremost. Scarcely a score remained, the miller among them, on the extreme bow. Even at that appalling moment his attention was arrested by a brief episode in the scene of horror before him. A young mother—tall, graceful, with a look of refinement and a pale, Madonna face, her arms around a baby asleep, it seemed, in their shelter—stood on the very edge of the deck where the rush of the headlong crowd had broken down the guards,—alone!—her natural defender—who knows?—swept away by the human torrent, or perhaps, under the tyrant instinct of self-preservation, a deserter from her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. All alone, to earthly seeming at least, though she might be communing even then with the Unseen, for her colorless face was calm as an angel's, and her large, dark eyes were raised with a gaze so eager it might well be penetrating the slight veil, and already distinguishing, beyond, guardian intelligences bending near, waiting to welcome into their radiant world one who had been the joy and the ornament of this.

As Tyler watched her, a tongue of flame swept so close he thought it must have caught her light drapery. A single look below, a plunge, and she committed herself and her babe to the waves and to Him who rules them.

Tyler rushed to the spot where she had stood, but mother and child had already sunk. For a brief space—moments only, though he thought of it afterward as a long, frightful dream—he gazed on the seething swarm of

mortality beneath him,—poor, frail mortality, stripped of all flaunting guise, and exhibiting, under overwhelming temptation, its most selfish instincts bared to their darkest phase.

The struggle to reach the various floating objects, and the ruthlessness with which a strong swimmer occasionally wrenched these from the grasp of some feeble old man or delicate woman,—it was all horrible to behold. Then, again, many swimmers, striking without support for shore, were caught in the despairing clutch of some drowning wretch, unconscious perhaps of what he did, and dragged down to a fate from which their strength and courage might have saved them. From the midst, however, shone forth examples of persistent self-devotion: husbands with but one thought, the safety of their wives; a son sustaining to the last an aged parent; but above all the maternal instinct asserted its victory over death. Tyler, even in those fleeting moments, caught sight, here and there among the crowd, of a woman with one hand clutching a friendly shoulder or a floating support, holding aloft in the other an infant all unconscious of impending fate. In one instance, even, a chubby little fellow, thus borne above the waters, clapped his tiny hands and laughed at the gay spectacle of the bright flames.

Meanwhile, the wind, veering a little to the south, and thus blowing fire and smoke somewhat to larboard, had left on the starboard edge of the forward deck a narrow strip, on which, though the heat was intense, some ten or twelve persons still lingered beyond actual contact with the flames. But each moment the fire swept nearer and nearer, and Tyler felt that the last chance must now be risked. He dropped into the water, feet foremost, and disappeared.

While these things passed, Hartland, below with the

steerage passengers, had witnessed similar scenes. Human nature, cultivated or uncultivated, is, as a general rule, in an extremity so dire, mastered by the same impulses. The difference inherent in race, however, was apparent. The sedate German, schooled to meet hardship and suffering with silent equanimity, and now standing mute and stolid, eyes fixed in despair, contrasted with the excitable Celt, voluble in his bewailings. Hartland, like Tyler, had kept himself aloof from the dense crowd, and so escaped being carried along by the frenzied fugitives when the flames first swept the forward deck. He was one of those men whose perceptions are quickened by imminence of danger. He noticed that the starboard wheel-house, which had not yet caught, afforded a temporary shelter from the drifting fire; and, acting on a sudden conviction, he climbed over the guards on that side of the vessel, a little forward of the wheel, and let himself down till his feet rested on the projecting wale of the boat. Thus, holding on by the rail, he was able to maintain himself outside of the blazing current until only a few stragglers were left on deck.

There he remained some time, deliberately thinking over the situation. As a boy he had learned to swim, but for the last fifteen years he had been almost wholly out of practice. He called to mind the rules with which he had once been familiar, and the necessity of keeping the eyes open so as to elude the grasp of drowning men. As he held on there, the risk from such a contingency was painfully brought to his notice. From time to time several of the passengers from the upper deck had slid down near him. At last one heavy body, from immediately above, dropped so close that it brushed his clothes and almost carried him down with it. He turned to see the fate of this man. After ten or fifteen seconds he saw him

rise to the surface again, and with a start recognized Nelson Tyler. He was struggling violently, and Hartland observed that some one, as the stout miller rose, had clutched him by the left arm with the tenacity of despair. Both sank together, and Hartland saw them no more.

Several times he was about letting himself down, but held back because of the crowds that he saw rising to the surface and wrestling with death and with each other beneath him. At last he was warned that his time had come. Looking toward the bow, where several men, imitating his example, were holding on outside the bulwarks, but unprotected by the wheel-house, he saw the flames catch and terribly scorch their hands, the torture causing them to quit their grasp and fall back headlong into the waves. Still he watched, until, seeing a whole mass of bodies sink together and thus leave an empty space just below him, he commended his soul to God, and, springing from his support, sank at once to the bottom.

After a brief space, when his eyes had cleared a little, he saw what it has seldom been the lot of human being to witness. On the sand, there in the lower depths of the lake, lighted by the lurid glare of the burning boat, loomed up around him ghastly apparitions of persons drowned or drowning,—men, women, small children too: some bodies standing upright as if alive; some with heads down and limbs floating; some kneeling or lying on the ground; here a muscular figure, arms flung out, fingers convulsively clinched, eyeballs glaring; there a slender woman in an attitude of repose, her features composed, and one arm still over the little boy stretched to his last rest by her side. Of every demeanor, in every posture, they were,—a subaqueous multitude! A momentary gaze took it all in, and then Hartland, smitten with horror, struck upward, away from that fearful assemblage, and

reached the surface of the lake and the upper world once more.

There he found the water, not only around the bow, whence most of the passengers had been precipitated, but also between himself and the shore, so overspread with a motley throng that he resolved to avoid them, even at risk of considerably lengthening the distance. He swam toward the stern, where the surface was comparatively free, and, after passing one or two hundred yards beyond, seeing no one now in the line of the land, which was distinctly visible, he struck out vigorously in that direction.

Then he swam on, but with gradually diminishing strength and courage and a little nervous trembling.

He estimated the distance to the land at half a mile. It was, however, in reality, a quarter of a mile farther. But the air was balmy, and, though the wind blew, the waves were not sufficient to impede a stout swimmer. There are hundreds among us who can swim a much greater distance. Yes, if they start fair, mind and body unexhausted. But after such a terribly wearing scene of excitement as that—the man fifty-seven years old, too—will his strength hold out to reach the land?

Between the detached sand-bar on which the steamer had stranded and the land the lake was deep. The bottom was a smooth sand, and as one approached the low, level shore the water shoaled gradually. Hartland, with great exertion, had made about half the distance, when a man—the first survivor he had seen—came up behind him, swimming strongly. As he ranged alongside, Hartland perceived, with equal pleasure and surprise, that it was the miller whom so lately he had seen go down in what seemed a death-struggle. Tyler called out to him, "Take it quietly, Mr. Hartland: don't swim so hard. You can't hold out so."

The other felt that the caution was timely. He became aware that in his eager efforts he had overtasked his strength. "You are right," he said. "I have been overdoing it: I must go more slowly."

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"Thank you, no. You'll need all the strength you have. Save yourself. Don't wait for me."

"Well," said the other, as he struck out in advance, "perhaps it's best. I may help you yet."

Left alone, Hartland proceeded more leisurely, seeking to husband his powers. But for a man of his years, unused to violent exertion, the distance was great,—too great, he began to feel, for reasonable hope that he might reach the shore; for he felt now, at every stroke, the strain on his muscles. After a time, so painful was the effort that he could scarcely throw out his arms. Then a numbness crept over his limbs, gradually reaching his body. He was resolute, scorning all weakness that suffered the mind to usurp control over the will; he struggled, with Puritan hardihood, against the nervous helplessness that was invading his whole system; yet, even while he despised and sought to repulse all imaginative sensations, the fancy gained upon him that life was receding to the brain. He had no longer power to strike out. After a few random and convulsive movements, as if the body rebelled against the spell that was cast over it, he sank slowly to the bottom. An anxious sensation of distress oppressing the breast followed, becoming gradually more urgent and painful, until in his agony he instinctively struck for the upper air, which he reached almost immediately. A few deep inhalations, and a consciousness that he was now in comparatively shallow water, restored for a minute or two the exhausted powers, but after making a little way these soon failed again:

he could no longer maintain his mouth above water, and, choking as a small wave broke over his face, he sank a second time. Strange, this time, was the transition! All pain, all anxiety, was gone. The world seemed gradually sinking away. As he went down, a sense of ease and comfort came over him, while a strange haze diffused around a yellow light. Then, as has happened to so many thus approaching the term of earthly things, the man's life passed in review before him. And there he argued before the tribunal of his own conscience, as never before, the question whether his conduct to wife and child had been marked by that love which is the fulfilling of the law. Many allegations he made, numerous pleas he brought forward,—urging the duty of discipline, setting out the saving efficacy of severity, pleading the example of Him who scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. In vain! He was too near the veil. The light from Beyond, where Love reigns evermore, shone through his filmy sophistry. His soul heard the verdict—against him! It heard more than the verdict. It heard those words, gentle yet terrible: "To him that hath shown mercy shall mercy be shown." Then it cried out, entreating for a little more time—a year, a single year only—in which to atone for the harsh, unloving past. So eager grew the longing that it drew forth from life's inmost depths the last residue of that reserve fund which Nature, in kind foresight, provides against a season of overwhelming exertion; and once more a spasmodic effort brought him to the surface—and to suffering again. Yet he breathed; he was still alive. How could it be, after that hour, so crowded with incidents spent below? An hour? That protracted trial, the accusation, the defence, the pleas he had set forth, the arguments he had employed, the verdict, the bitter repentance, the prayer for respite to amend and repair the wrong,—

it had all passed in less than a hundredth part of the time which, to his quickened consciousness, had seemed so long. Some twenty seconds only had he tarried below. A vague conviction of this stirred hope of life afresh, and a few feeble strokes carried him some yards nearer to the land. Then again that leaden sense of exhaustion! He gave it up. But this time, as his limbs sank beneath him, the feet just grazed the ground. It was like the touch of mother Earth to the Libyan giant kindling a spark of life. A faltering step or two he made, and the water just mounted to his chin. Had he reached the land too late? He stretched out his arms toward it, but the body, powerless, refused to follow. Even then the tenacity of that stubborn spirit asserted itself. He dropped on his knees, digging his fingers into the sand and dragging himself along, till he was forced once again to rise and take breath. But with the light and the air came back excruciating pain. Then an overwhelming torpor crept over sense and frame. His limbs refused their office. Unable longer to maintain himself erect, he dropped on the sand. A brief respite of absolute rest there imparted a momentary courage. He crawled, under the water, a few yards farther. Then consciousness and volition gradually failed. As if by the inherent powers of the system, uncontrolled by will, an automatic struggle was kept up—for a few seconds—no more! That was the last life-rally against fate. The temptation to lie there quiet, immovable,—all care dismissed, all effort abandoned,—was irresistible. But what was this?—a fearful reminiscence from the scene he had escaped? No. These bright sparks that flickered before his eyes were lambent and harmless. In his brain, too, there seemed an internal light,—an irradiate globe, but genial and illuminating, not burning. Then came back again that wondrous atmosphere,—that calm, effulgent

pale yellow haze; and with it such a sense of exquisite enjoyment that all desire to return to the earth passed from the soul of the expiring man. A smile over the wan features, a slight quivering of the limbs, and then all cognizance of the world and its doings had departed; and the spirit was entranced on the verge of that unexplored phase of life to come, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

[Among the Presidents of the United States it may be said without question that Garfield ranked first as a man of broad thought and eloquent expression. We may go further, and declare that in him the demands of a political life robbed the literary world of the labors of a thinker of unusual vigor and ability, moral elevation of ideas, and happy facility of expression. Even the exigencies of statesmanship did not quite check the natural tendency of his mind, and his addresses and orations contain many finely-expressed sentiments which the world will not willingly let die,—words of higher meaning than what is ordinarily known as worldly wisdom,—pithy sentences, overflowing with thought, and expressed with such happy brevity that many of them must fall into their due places as part of the proverbial philosophy of mankind. The more striking of these sayings may be found in "Garfield's Words," a compilation by William Ralston Balch. From these we extract a few examples of that universal wisdom which soars far above the level of ordinary statecraft. It would not be easy to find in the pages of any modern writer so many noble thoughts finely said as exist within the covers of this small volume.]

Garfield's Creed.—I would rather be beaten in Right than succeed in Wrong.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

A Principle.—There are some things I am afraid of, and I confess it in this great presence: I am afraid to do a mean thing.

Speech at Cleveland, 1879.

Keep Growing.—I must do something to keep my thoughts fresh and growing. I dread nothing so much as falling into a rut and feeling myself becoming a fossil.

Private Letter, 1868.

Danger.—It may be well to smile in the face of danger but it is neither well nor wise to let danger approach unchallenged and unannounced.

Lying.—It is not right or manly to lie, even about Satan.

Warren, O., 1874.

Governments and Man.—Governments, in general, look upon man only as a citizen, a fraction of the state. God looks upon him as an individual man, with capacities, duties, and a destiny of his own; and just in proportion as a government recognizes the individual and shields him in the exercise of his rights, in that proportion is it God-like and glorious.

Ravenna, O., 1860.

The Dead.—We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and for evermore we need them.

Geneva, 1880.

Oratory.—No man can make a speech alone. It is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him and makes the speech.

Talent.—If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

Discovery.—Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

Opinion.—In the minds of most men the kingdom of opinion is divided into three territories: the territory of yes, the territory of no, and a broad, unexplored middle ground of doubt.

House of Representatives, 1880.

Men and their God.—There are times in the history of men and nations, when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear their breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when, at last, its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

Oration on Abraham Lincoln.

Light.—Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear like owls and bats before the light of day.

The Value of Leisure.—I congratulate you on your leisure. I recommend you to keep it as your gold, as your wealth, as your means, out of which you win the leisure you have to think, the leisure you have to be let alone, the leisure you have to throw the plummet with your hand and sound the depths and find out what is below; the leisure you have to walk about the towers of yourselves, and find how strong they are, or how weak

they are, and determine what needs building up, and determine how to shape them, that you may make the final being that you are to be. Oh, those hours of building!

Hiram College, 1880.

Robert Burns.—To appreciate the genius and achievements of Robert Burns, it is fitting to compare him with others who have been eminent in the same field. In the highest class of lyric poetry three names stand eminent. Their field covers eighteen centuries of time, and the three names are Horace, Béranger, and Burns. It is an interesting and suggestive fact that each of these sprang from the humble walks of life. Each may be described as one

> "Who begs a brother of the earth
> To give him leave to toil,"

and each proved by his life and achievements that, however hard the lot of poverty, "a man's a man for a' that."

A great writer has said that it took the age forty years to catch Burns, so far was he in advance of the thoughts of his times. But we ought not to be surprised at the power he exhibited. We are apt to be misled when we seek to find the cause of greatness in the schools and universities alone. There is no necessary conflict between nature and art. In the highest and best sense art is as natural as nature. We do not wonder at the perfect beauty of the rose, although we may not understand the mysteries by which its delicate petals are fashioned and fed out of the grosser elements of earth. We do not wonder at the perfection of the rose, because God is the artist. When He fashioned the germ of the rose-tree He made possible the beauties of its flower. The earth and air and sunshine conspired to unfold and adorn it,—to tint and crown it with peerless beauty. When the Divine Artist would produce a poem, He plants a germ of it in a

human soul, and out of that soul the poem springs and grows as from the rose-tree the rose.

Burns was a child of nature. He lived close to her beating heart, and all the rich and deep sympathies of life glowed and lived in his heart. The beauties of earth, air, and sky filled and transfigured him.

> "He did but sing because he must,
> And piped but as the linnets sing."

With the light of his genius he glorified the "banks and braes" of his native land, and, speaking for the universal human heart, has set its sweetest thought to music,—

> "Whose echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever."
>
> *Oration on the Anniversary of Burns's Death.*

Great Men.—As a giant tree absorbs all the elements of growth within its reach and leaves only a sickly vegetation in its shadow, so do towering great men absorb all the strength and glory of their surroundings and leave a dearth of greatness for a whole generation.

Successful Men.—The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions.

The Man Men Love.—If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man; it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

Pluck.—A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Proportion.—If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it.

Great Ideas.—Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

The World's History.—The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.

Province of History. Williams Quarterly.

English Liberty.—English liberty to-day rests not so much on the government as on those rights which the people have wrested from the government. The rights of the Englishman outnumber the rights of the Englishman's king.

Thread of Progress.—Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward a higher and better estate.

Dishonor too Costly.—The people of the United States can afford to make any sacrifice for their country, and the history of the last war is proof of their willingness; but the humblest citizen cannot afford to do a mean or a dishonorable thing to save even this glorious republic.

Speech on the Currency, 1868.

National Institutions.—It matters little what may be the forms of national institutions, if the life, freedom, and growth of society are secured.

Society.—There is no horizontal stratification of society in this country, like the rocks in the earth, that hold one class down below forevermore and let another come to the surface to stay there forever. Our stratification is like the ocean, where every individual drop is free to move, and where from the sternest depths of the mighty

deep any drop may come up to glitter on the highest wave that rolls.

The Surface and the Depths.—Here society is a restless and surging sea. The roar of the billows, the dash of the wave, is forever in our ears. Even the angry hoarseness of breakers is not unheard. But there is an understratum of deep, calm sea, which the breath of the wildest tempest can never reach. There is, deep down in the hearts of the American people, a strong and abiding love of our country and its liberty, which no surface-storms of passion can ever shake. That kind of instability which arises from a free movement and interchange of position among the members of society, which brings one drop up to glisten for a time in the crest of the highest wave, and then give place to another, while it goes down to mingle again with the millions below,—such instability is the surest pledge of permanence. On such instability the eternal fixedness of the universe is based. Each planet, in its circling orbit, returns to the goal of its departure, and on the balance of these wildly-rolling spheres God has planted the broad base of His mighty works. So the hope of our national perpetuity rests upon that perfect individual freedom which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change.

Ravenna, 1860.

Wars without Ideas.—Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

The Cost of War.—After the fire and blood of the battle-fields have disappeared, nowhere does war show its destroying power so certainly and so relentlessly as in the columns which represent the taxes and expenditures of the nation.

The Atlantic.—The Atlantic is still the great historic sea. Even in its sunken wrecks might be read the record of modern nations. Who shall say that the Pacific will not yet become the great historic sea of the future,—the vast amphitheatre around which shall sit in majesty and power the two Americas, Asia, Africa, and the chief colonies of Europe? God forbid that the waters of our national life should ever settle to the dead level of a waveless calm! It would be the stagnation of death, the ocean grave of individual liberty.

Modern Haste.—The greater part of our modern literature bears evident marks of the haste which characterizes all the movements of this age; but in reading these older authors we are impressed with the idea that they enjoyed the most comfortable leisure. Many books we can read in a railroad-car, and feel a harmony between the rushing of the train and the haste of the author; but to enjoy the older authors we need the quiet of a winter evening,—an easy-chair before a cheerful fire, and all the equanimity of spirits we can command. Then the genial good-nature, the rich fulness, the persuasive eloquence of those old masters will fall upon us like the warm, glad sunshine, and afford those hours of calm contemplation in which the spirit may expand with generous growth and gain deep and comprehensive views. The pages of friendly old Goldsmith come to us like a golden autumn day, when every object which meets the eye bears all the impress of the completed year and the beauties of an autumnal forest.

Williams Quarterly, March, 1856.

PARADISE PLANTATION.

L. S. HOUGHTON.

[Louise Seymour Houghton, to whose able pen several very lively and interesting descriptions of life in Florida are due, has here given us a highly-humorous account of the toils and troubles of the agriculturist in the "Land of Flowers." The party here described went to Florida for their health, and, fancying that this desirable requisite could be best found outside of hotels, and that health of body might be associated with health of purse, they purchased a tract of land, fitted up a humble mansion, and went into amateur agriculture, with the results below related.]

No one could deny that the house was pretty, and comfortable too, when at last the carpenter and painter had done their work, and the curtains and the easy-chairs and the book-shelves had taken their places, and the great fire of pine logs was lighted, and the mocking-bird's song streamed in with the sunlight through the open door and between the fluttering leaves of the ivy screen at the window. The piano was always open in the evenings, with Merry or the Pessimist strumming on the keys or trying some of the lovely new songs; and Hope would be busy at her table with farm-books and accounts; and the Invalid in his easy-chair would be listening to the music and falling off to sleep and rousing himself with a little clucking snore to pile more lightwood on the fire; and the mocking-bird in his covered cage would wake too and join lustily in the song, till Merry smothered him up in thicker coverings.

The first duty was evident. "Give it a name, I beg," Merry had said the very first evening in the new home; and the house immediately went into committee of the

whole to decide upon one. Hope proposed Paradise Plantation; Merry suggested Fortune Grove; the Pessimist hinted that Folly Farm would be appropriate, but this proposition was ignominiously rejected; and the Invalid gave the casting vote for Hope's selection.

The hour for work having now arrived, the man was not slow in presenting himself. "I met an old fellow who used to be a sort of overseer on this very plantation," the Invalid said. "He says he has an excellent horse; and you will need one, Hope. I told him to come and see you."

"Which? the man or the horse?" asked Merry, in a low voice.

"Both, apparently," answered the Pessimist, in the same tone, "for here they come."

"Ole man Spafford," as he announced himself, was a darky of ancient and venerable mien, tall, gaunt, and weather-beaten. His steed was taller, gaunter, and apparently twice as old,—an interesting study for the osteologist, if there be any such scientific person.

"He splendid saddle-hoss, missis," said the old man: "good wuk-hoss, too; bery fine hoss."

"It seems to me he's rather thin," said Hope, doubtfully.

"Dat kase we didn't make no corn dis year, de old woman an' me, we was bof so bad wid de misery in the leaders" (rheumatism in the legs). "But Sancho won't stay pore ef you buys corn enough, missus. He powerful good hoss to eat."

Further conversation revealed the fact that old man Spafford was "de chief man ob de chu'ch."

"What! a minister?" asked the Invalid.

"No, sah, not azatly de preacher, sah, but I'se de nex' t'ing to dat."

"What may your office be, then, uncle?" asked the Pessimist.

"I'se de section, sah," answered the old man, solemnly, making a low bow.

"The sexton! So you ring the bell, do you?"

"Not azatly de bell, sah,—we ain't got no bell,—but I bangs on de buzz-saw, sah."

"What does he mean?" asked Merry.

The Pessimist shrugged his shoulders without answering, but the "section" hastened to explain: "You see, missy, when dey pass roun' de hat to buy a bell dey didn't lift nigh enough; so dey jis' bought a buzz-saw and hung it up in de chu'ch-house; and I bangs on de buzz-saw, missy."

The chief man of the church was found, upon closer acquaintance, to be the subject of a profound conviction that he was the individual predestinated to superintend our farming interests. He was so well persuaded of this high calling that none of us dreamed of questioning it, and he was forthwith installed in the coveted office. At his suggestion, another man, Dryden by name, was engaged to assist old man Spafford and take care of Sancho, and a boy, called Solomon, to wait upon Dryden and do chores. A few day-laborers were also temporarily hired, the season being so far advanced and work pressing. The carpenters were recalled, for there was a barn to build, and hen-coops and a pig-sty, not to speak of a fence. Hope and Merry flitted hither and thither armed with all sorts of impossible implements, which some one was sure to want by the time they had worked five minutes with them. As for the Pessimist, he confined himself to setting out orange-trees,—the only legitimate business, he contended, on the place. This work, however, he performed vicariously, standing by and smoking while a negro set out the trees.

"My duties appear to be limited to paying the bills," remarked the Invalid; "and I seem to be the only member of the family who cannot let out the job."

"I thought the farm was to be self-supporting," said the Pessimist.

"Well, so it is. Wait till the crops are raised," retorted Merry.

"Henderson says," observed Hope, meditatively, "that there are six hundred dollars net profits to be obtained from one acre of cabbages."

"Why don't you plant cabbages, then? In this seven-acre lot, for instance?"

"Oh, that would be too many. Besides, I have planted all I could get. It is too late to sow the seed, but old man Spafford had some beautiful plants he let me have. He charged an extra price because they were so choice, but I was glad to get the best: it is cheapest in the end. I got five thousand of them."

"What sort are they?" asked the Invalid.

"I don't know precisely. Spafford says he done lost the paper, and he didn't rightly understand the name nohow, 'long o' not being able to read; but they were a dreffful choice kind."

"Oh, bother the name!" said the Pessimist: "who cares what it is? A cabbage is a cabbage, I presume. But what have you in this seven-acre lot?"

"Those are peas. Dryden says that in North Carolina they realize four hundred dollars an acre from them—when they don't freeze."

The planting being now fairly over, we began to look about us for other amusement.

"Better not ride old Sancho," remarked old man Spafford one day, as he observed the Pessimist putting a saddle on the ancient quadruped.

"Why not, uncle? You ride him yourself, and you said he was a very fine saddle-horse."

"I rides he bareback. Good hoss for lady; better not put man's saddle on," persisted the old man.

The Pessimist vaulted into the saddle by way of reply, calling out, "Open the gate, Solomon," to the boy, who was going down the lane. But the words were not spoken before Sancho, darting forward, overturned the deliberate Solomon, leaped the gate, and rushed out into the woods at a tremendous pace. The resounding beat of his hoofs and energetic cries of "Whoa! Whoa!" from his rider were wafted back upon the breeze, gradually dying away in the distance, and then reviving again as the fiery steed reappeared at the same "grand galop."

The Pessimist was without a hat, and his countenance bore the marks of many a fray with the lower branches of the trees.

"Here, take your old beast!" he said, throwing the bridle impatiently to Spafford. "What sort of an animal do you call him?"

The "section" approached with a grin of delight. "He waw-hoss, sah. Young missus ride he afo' de waw, and he used to lady saddle; but ole marsa rid he to de waw, an' whenever he feel man saddle on he back he runs dat a-way, kase he t'ink de Yankees a'ter him;" and he exchanged a glance of intelligence with Sancho, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

The Invalid, who during the progress of our planting had spent much time in explorations among our "Cracker" neighbors, had made the discovery of a most disreputable two-wheeled vehicle, which he had purchased and brought home in triumph. Its wheels were of different sizes and projected from the axle at most remarkable angles. One seat was considerably higher than the other, the cushions

looked like so many dishevelled darky heads, and the whole establishment had a most uncanny appearance. It was a perfect match, however, for Sancho, and that intelligent animal, waiving for the time his objection to having Yankees after him, consented to be harnessed into the vehicle and to draw us slowly and majestically about in the pine woods. He never objected to stopping anywhere while we gathered flowers, and we always returned laden with treasures to deck our little home withal, making many a rare and beautiful new acquaintance among the floral riches of pine-barren and hammock.

Meantime, peas and cabbages, and many a "green" besides, grew and flourished under old man Spafford's fostering care. Crisp green lettuce and scarlet radishes already graced our daily board, and were doubly relished from being, so to speak, the fruit of our own toil. Paradise Plantation became the admiration of all the darky and Cracker farmers for miles round, and it was with the greatest delight that Hope would accompany any chance visitor to the remotest corner of the farm, unfolding her projects and quoting Henderson to the open-mouthed admiration of her interlocutor.

"Have you looked at the peas lately, Hope?" asked the Pessimist, one lovely February morning.

"Not since yesterday. Why?"

"Come and see," was the reply; and we all repaired to the seven-acre lot in company. A woful sight met our eyes,—vines nipped off and trampled down, and general havoc and confusion in all the ranks.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Merry, in dismay.

"It's de rabbits, missy," replied old man Spafford, who was looking on with great interest. "Dey'll eat up ebery bit o' greens you got, give 'em time enough."

"This must be stopped," said Hope, firmly, recovering

from her stupor of surprise. "I shall have a close fence put entirely around the place."

"But you've just got a new fence. It will cost awfully."

"No matter," replied Hope, with great decision: "it shall be done. The idea of being cheated out of all our profits by the rabbits!"

"What makes them look so yellow?" asked the Invalid, as the family was looking at the peas over the new close fence some evenings later.

"Don't they always do so when they blossom?" asked Hope.

"How's that, Spafford?" inquired the Pessimist.

"Dey ain't, not to say, jis' right," replied that functionary, shaking his head.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Hope, quickly.

"Groun' too pore, I 'spec', missis. Mighty pore piece dis; lan' all wore out. Dat why dey sell so cheap."

"Then won't they bear?" asked Merry, in despairing accents.

"Oh, yes," said Hope, with determined courage. "I had a quantity of fertilizers put on. Besides, I'll send for more. It isn't too late, I'm sure. We'll use it for top-dressing; eh, Spafford?"

"I declare, Hope, I had no idea you were such a farmer," said the Invalid, with a pleasant smile.

"And then, besides, we don't depend upon the peas alone," continued Hope, reflecting back the smile, and speaking with quite her accustomed cheerfulness: "there are the corn and the cabbages."

"And the potatoes and cucumbers," added Merry, as we returned slowly to the house by way of all the points of interest,—the young orange-trees, Merry's newly-transplanted wistaria, and the pig-pen.

"I rather suspect that *there* is our most profitable crop," said the Invalid, as we seated ourselves upon the piazza which the Pessimist had lately built before the house. He was looking toward a tree which grew not far distant, sheltered by two enormous oaks. Of fair size and perfect proportions, this tree was one mass of glossy, dark-green leaves, amid which innumerable golden fruit glimmered brightly in the setting sunlight.

"Our one bearing tree," answered Hope. "Yes, if we only had a thousand like it we might give up farming."

"We shall have them in time," said the Pessimist, complacently, looking abroad upon the straight rows of tiny trees almost hidden by the growing crops. "Thanks to my perseverance——"

"And Dryden's," interpolated Merry.

"There are a thousand four-year-old trees planted," continued the Pessimist, not noticing the interruption "I wonder how many oranges that tree has borne?"

"I suppose we have eaten some twenty a day from it for the last three months," said Merry.

"Hardly that," said the Invalid; "but say fifteen hundred. And the tree looks almost as full as ever."

"What if we should have them gathered and sold?" suggested Hope,—"just to see what an orange-tree is really worth. Spafford says that the fruit will not be so good later. It will shrivel at last; and we can never eat all those oranges in any case."

Shipping the oranges was the pleasantest work we had yet done. There was a certain fascination in handling the firm golden balls, in sorting and arranging, in papering and packing; and there was real delight in despatching the first shipment from the farm,—the more, perhaps, as the prospect of other shipments began to dwindle. The peas, in spite of the top-dressing, looked yellow and sickly.

The cucumbers would not run, and more blossoms fell off than seemed desirable. The Pessimist left off laughing at the idea of farming, and spent a great deal of time walking about the place, looking into things in general.

"Isn't it almost time for those cabbages to begin to head?" he asked, one day, on returning from a tour of inspection.

"Dryden says," observed Merry, "that those are not cabbages at all: they are collards."

"What under the sun are collards?" asked the Invalid.

"They are a coarse sort of cabbage: the colored people like them, but they never head, and they won't sell," said Hope, looking up from a treatise on agricultural chemistry. "If those should be collards!"

She laid aside her book, and went out to investigate. "At any rate, they will be good for the pigs," she remarked, on returning. "I shall have Behavior boil them in that great pot of hers, and give them a mess every day. It will save corn."

"Never say die!" cried the Pessimist. "'Polly put the kettle on, 'tle on, 'tle on! Polly put——'"

The Invalid interposed with a remark. "Southern peas are selling in New York at eight dollars a bushel," he said.

"Oh, those peas! Why won't they grow?" sighed Merry.

The perverse things would not grow. Quotations went down to six dollars, then to four, and still ours were not ready to ship. The Pessimist visited the field more assiduously than ever; Merry looked despondent; only Hope kept up her courage.

"Henderson says," she remarked, closing that well-thumbed volume, "that one shouldn't look for profits from the first year's farming. The profits come the second year. Besides, I have learned one thing by this

year's experience. Things should not be expected to grow as fast in winter—even a Southern winter—as in summer. Next year we will come earlier, and plant earlier, and be ready for the first quotations."

It was a happy day for us all when at last the peas were ready to harvest. The seven-acre lot was dotted over with boys, girls, and old women, laughing and joking as they picked. Dryden and old man Spafford helped Hope and Merry with the packing, and the Pessimist flourished the marking-brush with the greatest dexterity. The Invalid circulated between pickers and packers, watching the proceedings with profound interest.

In the midst of it all there came a shower. How it did rain! And it would not leave off, or if it did leave off in the evening it began again in the morning with a fidelity which we would fain have seen emulated by our help. One day's drenching always proved to be enough for those worthies, and we had to scour the country in the pouring rain to beat up recruits. Then the Charleston steamer went by in spite of most frantic wavings of the signal-flag, and our peas were left upon the wharf, exposed to the fury of the elements.

They all got off at last, in several detachments, and we had only to wait for returns. The rain had ceased as soon as the peas were shipped, and in the warm, bright weather which followed we all luxuriated in company with the frogs and the lizards. The fields and woods were full of flowers, the air was saturated with sweet odors and sunshine and songs of birds. A messenger of good cheer came to us also by the post in the shape of a check from the dealer to whom we had sent our oranges.

"Forty dollars from a single tree!" said Hope, exultantly, holding up the slip of paper. "And that after we had eaten from it steadily for three months!"

"The tree is an eighteen-year-old seedling, Spafford says," said the Invalid, looking at the document with interest. "If our thousand do as well in fourteen years, Hope, we may give up planting cabbages, eh?"

"The price will be down to nothing by that time," said the Pessimist, not without a shade of excitement, which he endeavored to conceal, as he looked at the check. "Still, it can't go below a certain point, I suppose. The newspapers are sounder on the orange question than on some others, I fancy."

One would have thought that we had never seen a check for forty dollars before, so much did we rejoice over this one, and so many hopes of future emolument did we build upon it.

"What's the trouble with the cucumbers, Spafford?" asked the Pessimist, as we passed by them one evening on our way up from the little wharf where we had left our sail-boat.

"T'ink it de sandemanders, sah. Dey done burrow under dat whole cucumber-patch,—eat all de roots. Cucumbers can't grow widout roots, sah."

"But the Florida Agriculturalist says the salamanders don't eat roots," said Hope: "they only eat grubs and worms."

Spafford shook his head without vouchsafing a reply.

"The grubs and worms probably ate the roots, and then the salamanders ate them," observed the Pessimist. "That is poetical justice, certainly. If we could only eat the salamanders, now, the retribution would be complete."

"Sandemanders ain't nó 'count to eat," said old man Spafford. "Dey ain't many critters good to eat. De meat I likes best is wile-cat."

"Wild-cat, uncle!" exclaimed Merry. "Do you mean to say you eat such things as that?"

"Why, missy," replied the old man, seriously, "a wile-cat's 'most de properest varmint going. Nebber eats not'ing but young pigs, and birds, and rabbits, and sich. Yankee folks like chicken-meat, but 'tain't nigh so good."

"Well, if they eat rabbits I think better of them," said Hope. "And here comes Solomon with the mail-bag."

Among the letters which the Invalid turned out, a yellow envelope was conspicuous. Hope seized it eagerly. "From the market-man," she said. "Now we'll see."

She tore it open. A ten-cent piece, a small currency note, and a one-cent stamp dropped into her lap. She read the letter in silence, then handed it to her husband.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Pessimist, reading it over his shoulder. "This is the worst I *ever* heard! 'Thirty-six crates arrived in worthless condition; twelve crates at two dollars; fifty at fifty cents; freights, drayage, commissions;—balance, thirty-six cents.' Thirty-six cents for a hundred bushels of peas! Oh, ye gods and little fishes!"

Even Hope was mute.

Merry took the document. "It was all because of the rain," she said. "See! those last crates, that were picked dry, sold well enough. If all had done as well as that we should have had our money back; and that's all we expected the first year."

"There's the corn, at any rate," said Hope, rousing herself. "Dryden says it's splendid, and no one else has any nearly as early. We shall have the first of the market."

The corn was our first thought in the morning, and we walked out that way to console ourselves with the sight of its green and waving beauty, old Spafford being of the party. On the road we passed a colored woman, who greeted us with the usual "Howdy?"

"How's all with you, Sister Lucindy?" asked the "section."

"All standin' up, thank God! I done come t'rough your corn-field, Uncle Spafford. De coons is to wu'k dar."

We hastened on at this direful news.

"I declar'!" said old Spafford, as we reached the fence. "So dey is bin to wu'k! Done tote off half a dozen bushel dis bery las' night. Mought as well give it up, missis. Once *dey* gits a taste ob it, *good-by!*"

"Well, that's the worst I *ever* heard!" exclaimed the Pessimist, resorting to his favorite formula in his dismay. "Between the coons and the commission merchants your profits will vanish, Hope."

"Do you think I shall give it up so?" asked Hope, stoutly. "We kept the rabbits out with a fence, and we can keep the coons out with something else. It is only a few nights' watching and the corn will be fit for sale. Dryden and Solomon must come out with their dogs and guns and lie in wait."

"Bravo, Hope! Don't give up the ship!" said the Invalid, smiling.

"Well, if she doesn't, neither will I," said the Pessimist. "For the matter of that, it will be first-rate sport, and I wonder I haven't thought of coon-hunting before. I'll come out and keep the boys company, and we'll see if we don't 'sarcumvent the rascals' yet."

And we *did* save the corn, and sell it, too, at a good price, the hotels in the neighborhood being glad to get possession of the rarity. Hope was radiant at the result of her determination: the Pessimist smiled a grim approval when she counted up and displayed her bank-notes and silver.

"A few years more of mistakes and losses, Hope, and you'll make quite a farmer," he condescended to acknowl-

edge. "But do you think you have exhausted the catalogue of animal pests?"

"No," said Hope, laughing. "I never dared to tell you about the Irish potatoes. Something has eaten them all up: Uncle Spafford says it is gophers."

"What is a gopher?" asked Merry. "Is it any relation to the gryphon?"

"It is a sagacious variety of snapping-turtle," replied the Invalid, "which walks about seeking what it may devour."

"And devours my potatoes," said Hope. "But we have got the better of the rabbits and the coons, and I don't despair next year even of the gophers and salamanders."

"Even victory may be purchased too dearly," said the Pessimist.

"After all, the experiment has not been so expensive a one," said the Invalid, laying down the neatly-kept farm ledger, which he had been examining. "The orange-trees are a good investment,—our one bearing tree has proved that,—and as for the money our farming experiment has cost us, we should have spent as much, I dare say, had we lived at the hotel, and not have been one-half as comfortable."

"It *is* a cosey little home," admitted the Pessimist, looking about the pretty room, now thrown wide open to the early summer, and with a huge pot of creamy magnolia-blooms in the great chimney.

"It is the pleasantest winter I ever spent," said Merry, enthusiastically.

"Except that dreadful evening when the account of the peas came," said Hope, drawing a long breath. "But I should like to try it again: I shall never be quite satisfied till I have made peas and cucumbers profitable."

"Then all I have to say is that you are destined to drag out an unsatisfied existence," said the Pessimist.

"I am not so sure of that," said the Invalid.

And so we turned our faces northward, not without a lingering sorrow at leaving the home where we had spent so many sweet and sunny days.

"Good-by, Paradise Plantation," said Merry, as the little white house under the live-oak receded from our view as we stood upon the steamer's deck.

"It was not so inappropriately named," said the Invalid. "Our life there has surely been more nearly paradisiacal than any other we have known."

And to this even the Pessimist assented.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.

H. A. BROWN.

[The premature death of Henry Armitt Brown cut off in the prime of life an orator whose unusually fine powers could not have failed, had he lived to a riper age, to make their mark upon the world. He was born in Philadelphia, December 1, 1844, and died August 21, 1878. Of his orations probably the best in substance and finest in finish was that made at Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the completion of the first century of American Independence. We give the peroration of this eloquent example of oratory.]

THE conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them. These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth?

Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells among you. You have a government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing-press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem, mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and imperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth, not by his valor in the field, not by the extent of his dominion, not by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust of gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public

virtue, the lack of private worth,—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Catiline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome than when he sat smiling in the Senate-House. We see them daily face to face,—in the walk of virtue, in the road to wealth, in the path to honor, on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law: we cannot change it. . . .

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe it as we will. The future of our country rests upon us; the happiness of posterity depends on us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken unto ears of stone, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous, building up public virtue upon private worth, seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic—loving our country before all other things; her happiness our happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us, in the name of justice, in the name of charity, in the name of freedom, in the name of God.

My countrymen, this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us: the hand has moved upon the dial, and the Old Century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the

future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten to-day, and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure, while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.

THE SINGER'S HILLS.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

HE dwelt where level lands lay low and drear,
Long stretches of waste meadow pale and sere,
With dull seas languid tiding up and down,
Turning the lifeless sands from white to brown,—
Wide barren fields for miles and miles, until
The pale horizon walled them in, and still
No lifted peak, no slope, not even mound
To raise and cheer the weary eye was found.
From boyhood up and down these dismal lands,
And pacing to and fro the barren sands,
And always gazing, gazing seaward, went
The Singer. Daily with the sad winds blent
His yearning voice.
"There must be hills," he said,
"I know they stand at sunset rosy red,
And purple in the dewy shadowed morn;
Great forest trees like babes are rocked and borne

Upon their breasts, and flowers like jewels shine
Around their feet, and gold and silver line
Their hidden chambers, and great cities rise
Stately where their protecting shadow lies,
And men grow brave and women are more fair
'Neath higher skies, and in the clearer air!"
One day thus longing, gazing, lo! in awe
Made calm by ecstasy, he sudden saw,
Far out to seaward, mountain-peaks appear,
Slow rising from the water pale and clear.
Purple and azure, there they were, as he
Had faithful yearning visions they must be;
Purple and azure and bright rosy red,
Like flashing jewels, on the sea they shed
Their quenchless light.
Great tears ran down
The Singer's cheeks, and through the busy town,
And all across the dreary meadow-lands,
And all along the dreary lifeless sands,
He called aloud,
"Ho! tarry! tarry ye!
Behold those purple mountains in the sea!"
The people saw no mountains!
"He is mad,"
They careless said, and went their way, and had
No farther thought of him.
And so, among
His fellows' noisy, idle, crowding throng,
The Singer walked, as strangers walk who speak
A foreign tongue and have no friend to seek.
And yet the silent joy which filled his face
Sometimes their wonder stirred a little space,
And, following his constant seaward look,
One wistful gaze they also seaward took.

One day the Singer was not seen. Men said
That as the early day was breaking red,
He rowed far out to sea, rowed swift and strong,
Toward the spot where he had gazed so long.
Then all the people shook their heads, and went
A little sadly, thinking he had spent
His life in vain, and sorry they no more
Should hear his sweet mad songs along their shore.
But when the sea with sunset hues was dyed,
A boat came slowly drifting with the tide,
Nor oar nor rudder set to turn or stay,
And on the crimson deck the Singer lay.
"Ah! he is dead," some cried. "No! he but sleeps,"
Said others, "madman that he is, joy keeps
Sweet vigils with him now."
The light keel grazed
The sands; alert and swift the Singer raised
His head, and with red cheeks and eyes aflame
Leaped out and shouted loud, and called by name
Each man, and breathlessly his story told.
"Lo! I have landed on the hills of gold!
See, these are flowers, and these are fruits, and these
Are boughs from off the giant forest trees;
And these are jewels which lie loosely there,
And these are stuffs which beauteous maidens wear."
And staggering he knelt upon the sands
As laying burdens down.
But empty hands
His fellows saw, and passed on smiling. Yet
The ecstasy in which his face was set
Again smote on their hearts with sudden sense
Of half-involuntary reverence.
And some said, whispering, "Alack, is he
The madman? Have ye never heard there be

Some spells which make men blind?"
And thenceforth they
More closely watched the Singer day by day,
Till finally they said, "He is not mad.
There be such hills, and treasure to be had
For seeking there! We too without delay
Will sail."
And of the men who sailed that way,
Some found the purple mountains in the sea,
Landed, and roamed their treasure-countries free,
And drifted back with brimming laden hands.
Walking along the lifeless silent sands,
The Singer, gazing ever seaward, knew,
Well knew the odors which the soft wind blew
Of all the fruits and flowers and boughs they bore.
Standing with hands stretched eager on the shore,
When they leaped out, he called, "Now God be praised,
Sweet comrades, were they then not fair?"
Amazed,
And with dull scorn, the other men who brought
No treasures, found no mountains, and saw naught
In these men's hands, beheld them kneeling low,
Lifting, shouting, and running to and fro
As men unlading argosies whose freight
Of gorgeous things bewildered by its weight.

Tireless the great years waxed, the great years waned;
Slowly the Singer's comrades grew and gained,
Till they were goodly number.
No man's scorn
Could hurt or hinder them. No pity born
Of it could make them blush, or once make less
Their joy's estate; and as for loneliness,
They knew it not.

Still rise the magic hills
Purple and gold and red; the shore still thrills
With fragrance when the sunset winds begin
To blow and waft the subtle odors in
From treasure-laden boats that drift and bide
The hours and moments of the wave and tide,
Laden with fruits and boughs and flowers rare,
And jewels such as monarchs do not wear,
And costly stuffs which dazzle on the sight,
Stuffs wrought for purest virgin, bravest knight;
And men with cheeks all red, and eyes aflame,
And hearts that call to hearts by brother's name,
Still leap out on the silent lifeless sands,
And staggering with overburdened hands
Joyous lay down the treasures they have brought,
While, smiling, pitying, the world sees naught!

WHEN THE HOUSE IS ALONE.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

[There are few persons possessed of nerves and an imagination who have not gone through the experiences here amusingly detailed. We never know what a variety of unobtrusive sounds are drowned by the roar of day, or lost in the activity of social life, until we are left to keep house alone at night, with the buzz of day stilled, and our nerves wrought up to concert pitch of anticipation. The inanimate gains a voice in such a situation, and the wooden tongues of stairs, walls, and furniture speak to one another across the rooms, without heed to the shuddering mortal who listens in dread to their mysterious accents.]

WHEN the house is alone by itself inexperienced persons may believe that it behaves exactly as it does when there are people in it; but that is a delusion, as you will dis-

cover, if you are ever left alone in it at midnight, sitting up for the rest of the family.

At this hour the deceitful house will believe that every one has gone to bed, and will not think it necessary to keep up the delusion of being wrapped in peace and silence; at this hour its true disposition will reveal itself.

To catch it at its best, pretend to retire, put out the gas or the lamp, and go up-stairs. Afterward, come down softly, light no more than one lamp, go into the empty parlor and seat yourself at a table, with something to read. No sooner have you done so than you will hear a little chip, chip, chip along the top of the room,—a small sound, but persistent. It is evidently the wall-paper coming off, and you decide, after some tribulation, that if it does come off *you* can't help it, and go on with your book. By the way, it is all sham; you are not reading; you never read at such times; but as you sit with your book in your hand you begin to be quite sure that some one is coming down-stairs. Squeak—squeak—squeak! What folly! There is nobody up there to come down; but there—no, it is on the basement stairs. Somebody is coming up.

Squeak—snap! Well, if it *is* a robber you might as well face him. You get the poker and stand with your back against the wall. Nobody comes up. Finally, you decide that you are a goose, put the poker down, get a magazine, and try to read.

There, that's the door. You heard the lock turn. They are coming home. You run to the door, lift the vestibule curtain, and peep out. Nobody there! But as you linger the door-lock gives a click that makes you jump. By daylight neither lock nor stairs make any of these noises unless they are touched or trodden on. You go back to the parlor in a hurry, with a feeling that the next thing

you know something may catch you by the back-hair, and try to remember where you left off. *Now*, it is the table that snaps and cracks as if all the Rochester knocks were hidden in its mahogany. You do not lean on it heavily; and you have leaned on it heavily without this result; but it fidgets you, and you take a rocking-chair and put the book on your knee. Your eyes wander up and down the page, and you grow dreamy, when apparently the book-case fires off a pistol. At least, a loud, fierce crack comes from the heart of that piece of furniture; so loud, so fierce, that you jump to your feet trembling!

You cannot stand the parlor any more. You go up stairs. No sooner do you get there than it seems to you that somebody is walking on the roof. If the house is a detached one, and the thing is impossible, *that* makes it all the more mysterious. Nothing ever moaned in the chimney before, but something moans now. There is a ghostly step in the bath-room. You find out afterwards that it is the faucet dripping, but you do not dare to look at that time. And it is evident that there is something up the chimney, you would not like to ask what.

If you have gas, it bobs up and down in a phantom dance. If you have a lamp, it goes out in a blue explosion. If you have a candle, a shroud plainly enwraps the wick and falls towards you.

The shutters shake as if a hand clutched them, and finally a doleful cat begins to moan down cellar. You do not keep a cat, and this finishes you. You pretend to read no longer; and as you sit with a towel over your head and face, and hear something under the surbase go "shew, shew, shew," like a little saw, you do not wonder at the old ghost-stories.

Ten minutes afterwards the bell rings; the belated ones

come home; the lights are lit; perhaps something must be got out to eat. People talk and tell where they have been, and ask if you were lonesome. And not a stair creaks. No step is heard on the roof; no click at the front door. Neither book-case nor table cracks. The house has on its company manners, only you have found out how it behaves when it is all alone.

DAISY MILLER.

HENRY JAMES.

["Daisy Miller," the shortest romance of Henry James, has attracted more attention and excited more adverse criticism than perhaps all his other works together. Prominent as he is as a novelist, he is to many chiefly known as the author of "Daisy Miller," and as the drawer of an intensely false picture of the American girl abroad. As a representation of the average American girl, indeed, the fair and free Daisy could hardly be accepted. But there are many American girls on the wrong side of the average, and in this list Daisy Miller is a perfectly credible possibility. The system of training pursued in some American families, and the customs current in some of the lower phases of American society, are well adapted to produce such an undesirable result of social freedom. The novelist can claim any rights which do not overstep the borders of the possible, so long as he does not offer a social monstrosity as a fair average representation of any state of society or nationality. We may say, by way of introduction to our selection, that Mr. Winterbourne is a young American dwelling at Geneva, who meets the Miller family at Vevay and with surprising ease and informality makes the acquaintance of the charming flirt Daisy. The scene we give is his second interview with this free-and easy young lady, who has yet not even learned the name of her new acquaintance.]

"ARE you sure it is your mother? Can you distinguish her in this thick dusk?" Winterbourne asked.

"Well!" cried Miss Daisy Miller, with a laugh; "I guess I know my own mother! And when she has got on my shawl, too! She is always wearing my things."

The lady in question, ceasing to advance, hovered vaguely about the spot at which she had checked her steps.

"I am afraid your mother doesn't see you," said Winterbourne. "Or perhaps," he added, thinking with Miss Miller the joke permissible,—"perhaps she feels guilty about your shawl."

"Oh, it's a fearful old thing!" the young girl replied, serenely. "I told her she could wear it. She won't come here, because she sees you."

"Ah, then," said Winterbourne, "I had better leave you."

"Oh, no; come on!" urged Miss Daisy Miller.

"I'm afraid your mother doesn't approve of my walking with you."

Miss Miller gave him a serious glance. "It isn't for me; it's for you,—that is, it's for *her*. Well, I don't know who it's for! But mother doesn't like any of my gentlemen friends. She's right down timid. She always makes a fuss if I introduce a gentleman. But I *do* introduce them,—almost always. If I didn't introduce my gentlemen friends to mother," the young girl added, in her little soft flat monotone, "I shouldn't think I was natural."

"To introduce me," said Winterbourne, "you must know my name." And he proceeded to pronounce it.

"Oh, dear, I can't say all that!" said his companion, with a laugh. But by this time they had come up to Mrs. Miller, who, as they drew near, walked to the parapet of the garden, and leaned upon it, looking intently at the lake, and turning her back to them. "Mother!" said the young girl, in a tone of decision. Upon this the elder lady turned

round. "Mr. Winterbourne," said Miss Daisy Miller, introducing the young man very frankly and prettily. "Common" she was, as Mrs. Costello had pronounced her; yet it was a wonder to Winterbourne that, with her commonness, she had a singularly delicate grace.

Her mother was a small, spare, light person, with a wandering eye, a very exiguous nose, and a large forehead decorated with a certain amount of thin, much-frizzled hair. Like her daughter, Mrs. Miller was dressed with extreme elegance; she had enormous diamonds in her ears. So far as Winterbourne could observe, she gave him no greeting: she certainly was not looking at him. Daisy was near her, pulling her shawl straight.

"What are you doing, poking round here?" this young lady inquired, but by no means with that harshness of accent which her choice of words may imply.

"I don't know," said her mother, turning toward the lake again.

"I shouldn't think you'd want that shawl!" Daisy exclaimed.

"Well, I do!" her mother answered, with a little laugh.

"Did you get Randolph to go to bed?" asked the young girl.

"No; I couldn't induce him," said Mrs. Miller, very gently. "He wants to talk to the waiter. He likes to talk to that waiter."

"I was telling Mr. Winterbourne," the young girl went on; and to the young man's ear her tone might have indicated that she had been uttering his name all her life.

"Oh, yes!" said Winterbourne; "I have the pleasure of knowing your son."

Randolph's mamma was silent; she turned her attention to the lake. But at last she spoke. "Well, I don't see how he lives!"

"Anyhow, it isn't so bad as it was at Dover," said Daisy Miller.

"And what occurred at Dover?" Winterbourne asked.

"He wouldn't go to bed at all. I guess he sat up all night in the public parlor. He wasn't in bed at twelve o'clock: I know that."

"It was half-past twelve," declared Mrs. Miller, with mild emphasis.

"Does he sleep much during the day?" Winterbourne demanded.

"I guess he doesn't sleep much," Daisy rejoined.

"I wish he would!" said her mother. "It seems as it he couldn't."

"I think he's real tiresome," Daisy pursued.

Then, for some moments, there was silence. "Well, Daisy Miller," said the elder lady, presently, "I shouldn't think you'd want to talk against your own brother!"

"Well, he *is* tiresome, mother," said Daisy, quite without the asperity of a retort.

"He's only nine," urged Mrs. Miller.

"Well, he wouldn't go to that castle," said the young girl. "I'm going there with Mr. Winterbourne."

To this announcement, very placidly made, Daisy's mamma offered no response. Winterbourne took for granted that she deeply disapproved of the projected excursion; but he said to himself that she was a simple, easily-managed person, and that a few deferential protestations would take the edge from her displeasure. "Yes," he began; "your daughter has kindly allowed me the honor of being her guide."

Mrs. Miller's wandering eyes attached themselves, with a sort of appealing air, to Daisy, who, however, strolled a few steps farther, gently humming to herself. "I presume you will go in the cars," said her mother.

"Yes, or in the boat," said Winterbourne.

"Well, of course, I don't know," Mrs. Miller rejoined. "I have never been to that castle."

"It is a pity you shouldn't go," said Winterbourne, beginning to feel reassured as to her opposition. And yet he was quite prepared to find that, as a matter of course, she meant to accompany her daughter.

"We've been thinking ever so much about going," she pursued; "but it seems as if we couldn't. Of course Daisy she wants to go round. But there's a lady here —I don't know her name—she says she shouldn't think we'd want to go to see castles *here;* she should think we'd want to wait till we got to Italy. It seems as if there would be so many there," continued Mrs. Miller, with an air of increasing confidence. "Of course, we only want to see the principal ones. We visited several in England," she presently added.

"Ah, yes! in England there are beautiful castles," said Winterbourne. "But Chillon, here, is very well worth seeing."

"Well, if Daisy feels up to it——" said Mrs. Miller, in a tone impregnated with a sense of the magnitude of the enterprise. "It seems as if there was nothing she wouldn't undertake."

"Oh, I think she'll enjoy it!" Winterbourne declared. And he desired more and more to make it a certainty that he was to have the privilege of a *tête-à-tête* with the young lady, who was still strolling along in front of them, softly vocalizing. "You are not disposed, madam," he inquired, "to undertake it yourself?"

Daisy's mother looked at him an instant askance, and then walked forward in silence. Then—"I guess she had better go alone," she said, simply. Winterbourne observed to himself that this was a very different type of maternity

from that of the vigilant matrons who massed themselves in the forefront of social intercourse in the dark old city at the other end of the lake. But his meditations were interrupted by hearing his name very distinctly pronounced by Mrs. Miller's unprotected daughter.

"Mr. Winterbourne," murmured Daisy.

"Mademoiselle!" said the young man.

"Don't you want to take me out in a boat?"

"At present?" he asked.

"Of course!" said Daisy.

"Well, Annie Miller!" exclaimed her mother.

"I beg you, madam, to let her go," said Winterbourne, ardently; for he had never yet enjoyed the sensation of guiding through the summer starlight a skiff freighted with a fresh and beautiful young girl.

"I shouldn't think she'd want to," said her mother. 'I should think she'd rather go in-doors."

"I'm sure Mr. Winterbourne wants to take me," Daisy declared. "He's so awfully devoted!"

"I will row you over to Chillon in the starlight."

"I don't believe it!" said Daisy.

"Well!" ejaculated the elder lady again.

"You haven't spoken to me for half an hour," her daughter went on.

"I have been having some very pleasant conversation with your mother," said Winterbourne.

"Well, I want you to take me out in a boat!" Daisy repeated. They had all stopped, and she had turned round and was looking at Winterbourne. Her face wore a charming smile, her pretty eyes were gleaming, she was swinging her great fan about. "No; it's impossible to be prettier than that," thought Winterbourne.

"There are half a dozen boats moored at that landing-place," he said, pointing to certain steps which descended

from the garden to the lake. "If you will do me the honor to accept my arm, we will go and select one of them."

Daisy stood there smiling; she threw back her head and gave a little, light laugh. "I like a gentleman to be formal," she declared.

"I assure you it's a formal offer."

"I was bound I would make you say something," Daisy went on.

"You see, it's not very difficult," said Winterbourne. "But I am afraid you are chaffing me."

"I think not, sir," replied Mrs. Miller, very gently.

"Do, then, let me give you a row," he said to the young girl.

"It's quite lovely, the way you say that!" cried Daisy.

"It will be still more lovely to do it."

"Yes, it would be lovely!" said Daisy. But she made no movement to accompany him; she only stood there laughing.

"I should think you had better find out what time it is," interposed her mother.

"It is eleven o'clock, madam," said a voice with a foreign accent, out of the neighboring darkness; and Winterbourne, turning, perceived the florid personage who was in attendance upon the two ladies. He had apparently just approached.

"Oh, Eugenio," said Daisy, "I am going out in a boat."

Eugenio bowed. "At eleven o'clock, mademoiselle?"

"I am going with Mr. Winterbourne,—this very minute."

"Do tell her she can't," said Mrs. Miller to the courier.

"I think you had better not go out in a boat, mademoiselle," Eugenio declared.

Winterbourne wished to heaven this pretty girl were not so familiar with her courier; but he said nothing.

"I suppose you don't think it's proper!" Daisy exclaimed. "Eugenio doesn't think anything's proper."

"I am at your service," said Winterbourne.

"Does mademoiselle propose to go alone?" asked Eugenio of Mrs. Miller.

"Oh, no; with this gentleman!" answered Daisy's mamma.

The courier looked for a moment at Winterbourne,—the latter thought he was smiling,—and then, solemnly, with a bow, "As mademoiselle pleases!" he said.

"Oh, I hoped you would make a fuss!" said Daisy. "I don't care to go now."

"I myself shall make a fuss if you don't go," said Winterbourne.

"That's all I want,—a little fuss!" And the young girl began to laugh again.

"Mr. Randolph has gone to bed!" the courier announced, frigidly.

"Oh, Daisy; now we can go!" said Mrs. Miller.

Daisy turned away from Winterbourne, looking at him, smiling, and fanning herself. "Good-night," she said: "I hope you are disappointed, or disgusted, or something!"

He looked at her, taking the hand she offered him. "I am puzzled," he answered.

"Well, I hope it won't keep you awake!" she said, very smartly; and, under the escort of the privileged Eugenio, the two ladies passed toward the house.

Winterbourne stood looking after them: he was indeed puzzled. He lingered beside the lake for a quarter of an hour, turning over the mystery of the young girl's sudden familiarities and caprices. But the only very definite conclusion he came to was that he should enjoy deucedly "going off" with her somewhere.

[Two days afterwards Winterbourne and Daisy pay their projected visit to the Castle of Chillon. But the young lady proved far more interested in her companion than in the story of the castle, and did not hesitate to ask him a multitude of personal questions, and to volunteer information about her own life-history.]

"Well, I hope you know enough!" she said to her companion, after he had told her the history of the unhappy Bonivard. "I never saw a man that knew so much!" The history of Bonivard had evidently, as they say, gone into one ear and out of the other. But Daisy went on to say that she wished Winterbourne would travel with them and "go round" with them; they might know something, in that case. "Don't you want to come and teach Randolph?" she asked. Winterbourne said that nothing could possibly please him so much, but that he had unfortunately other occupations. "Other occupations? I don't believe it!" said Miss Daisy. "What do you mean? You are not in business." The young man admitted that he was not in business; but he had engagements which, even within a day or two, would force him to go back to Geneva. "Oh, bother!" she said: "I don't believe it!" and she began to talk about something else. But a few minutes later, when he was pointing out to her the pretty design of an antique fireplace, she broke out irrelevantly, "You don't mean to say you are going back to Geneva?"

"It is a melancholy fact that I shall have to return to Geneva to-morrow."

"Well, Mr. Winterbourne," said Daisy, "I think you're horrid!"

"Oh, don't say such dreadful things!" said Winterbourne,—"just at the last!"

"The last!" cried the young girl; "I call it the first. I have half a mind to leave you here and go straight back to the hotel alone." And for the next ten minutes she did

nothing but call him horrid. Poor Winterbourne was fairly bewildered; no young lady had as yet done him the honor to be so agitated by the announcement of his movements. His companion, after this, ceased to pay any attention to the curiosities of Chillon or the beauties of the lake; she opened fire upon the mysterious charmer in Geneva whom she appeared to have instantly taken it for granted that he was hurrying back to see. How did Miss Daisy Miller know that there was a charmer in Geneva? Winterbourne, who denied the existence of such a person, was quite unable to discover; and he was divided between amazement at the rapidity of her induction and amusement at the frankness of her *persiflage*. She seemed to him, in all this, an extraordinary mixture of innocence and crudity. "Does she never allow you more than three days at a time?" asked Daisy, ironically. "Doesn't she give you a vacation in summer? There's no one so hard worked but they can get leave to go off somewhere at this season. I suppose if you stay another day she'll come after you in the boat. Do wait over till Friday, and I will go down to the landing to see her arrive." Winterbourne began to think he had been wrong to feel disappointed in the temper in which the young lady had embarked. If he had missed the personal accent, the personal accent was now making its appearance. It sounded very distinctly, at last, in her telling him she would stop "teasing" him if he would promise her solemnly to come down to Rome in the winter.

"That's not a difficult promise to make," said Winterbourne. "My aunt has taken an apartment in Rome for the winter, and has already asked me to come and see her."

"I don't want you to come for your aunt," said Daisy; "I want you to come for me." And this was the only

allusion that the young man was ever to hear her make to his invidious kinswoman. He declared that, at any rate, he would certainly come. After this Daisy stopped teasing. Winterbourne took a carriage, and they drove back to Vevay in the dusk; the young girl was very quiet.

In the evening Winterbourne mentioned to Mrs. Costello that he had spent the afternoon at Chillon with Miss Daisy Miller.

"The Americans—of the courier?" asked this lady.

"Ah, happily," said Winterbourne, "the courier stayed at home."

"She went with you all alone?"

"All alone."

Mrs. Costello sniffed a little at her smelling-bottle. "And that," she exclaimed, "is the young person whom you wanted me to know!"

THE OCKLAWAHA IN MAY.

SIDNEY LANIER.

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat Marion—a steamboat which is like nothing in the world so much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated back—had started from Pilatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe, unless words were themselves May mornings, we had made the twenty-five miles up the St. Johns, to where the Ocklawaha

flows into that stream nearly opposite Welaka, one hundred miles above Jacksonville.

Just before entering the mouth of the river our little gopher-boat scrambled alongside a long raft of pine logs which had been brought in separate sections down the Ocklawaha, and took off the lumbermen, to carry them back for another descent while this raft was being towed by a tug to Jacksonville.

Observe that man who is now stepping from the wet logs to the bow of the Marion: how can he ever cut down a tree? He is a slim native, and there is not bone enough in his whole body to make the left leg of a good English coal-heaver; moreover, he does not seem to have the least idea that a man needs grooming. He is dishevelled and wry-trussed to the last degree; his poor weasel jaws nearly touch their inner sides as they suck at the acrid ashes in his dreadful pipe; and there is no single filament of either his hair or his beard that does not look sourly and at wild angles upon its neighbor filament. His eyes are viscidly unquiet; his nose is merely dreariness come to a point; the corners of his mouth are pendulous with that sort of suffering which does not involve any heroism, such as being out of tobacco, waiting for the corn-bread to get cooked, and the like; his—— But, poor devil! I withdraw all these remarks. He has a right to look dishevelled, or any other way he likes. For listen: "Wall, sir," he says, with a dilute smile, as he wearily leans his arm against the low deck where I am sitting, "ef we didn't have ther *sentermentillest* rain right thar last night, I'll be dad-busted."

He had been in it all night.

Presently we rounded the raft, abandoned the broad and garish highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha, the sweetest water-lane in the world,—a lane which runs for more than

a hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses and palms and bays and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine-growths; a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it, save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies; a lane which is as if a typical woods-stroll had taken shape, and as if God had turned into water and trees the recollection of some meditative ramble through the lonely seclusions of His own soul.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft even seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the pole-man,—a man of marvellous fine functions when we shall presently come to the short, narrow curves,—lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water-turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really, after all, no monster, but only some day-dream of a monster. The stream, which in its broader stretches reflected the sky so perfectly that it seemed a ribbon of heaven bound in lovely doublings along the breast of the land, now began to narrow; the blue of heaven disappeared, and the green of the overleaning trees assumed its place. The lucent current lost all semblance of water. It was simply a distillation of many-shaded foliages, smoothly sweeping along beneath us. It was green trees, fluent. One felt that a subtle amalgamation and mutual give-and-take had been effected between the natures of water and leaves. A certain sense of pellucidness seemed to breathe coolly out of the woods on either

side of us, and the glassy dream of a forest over which we sailed appeared to send up exhalations of balms and odors and stimulant pungencies.

"Look at that snake in the water," said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said, gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird; he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances, and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned,—when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north, and the south, with a violence of involution and a contortionary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation—for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake!

But I make no doubt he would have thought us as absurd as we him if he could have seen us taking *our* breakfast a few minutes later. For as we sat there, some half-dozen men at table, all that sombre melancholy which

comes over the American at his meals descended upon us. No man talked; each of us could hear the other crunch his bread *in faucibus*, and the noise thereof seemed in the ghostly stillness like the noise of earthquakes and of crashing worlds. Even the furtive glances towards each other's plates were presently awed down to a sullen gazing of each into his own; the silence increased, the noises became intolerable, a cold sweat broke out over at least one of us; he felt himself growing insane, and rushed out to the deck with a sigh as of one saved from a dreadful death by social suffocation.

There is a certain position a man can assume on board the steamer Marion which constitutes an attitude of perfect rest, and leaves one's body in such blessed ease that one's soul receives the heavenly influences of the Ocklawaha sail absolutely without physical impediment.

Know, therefore, tired friend that shall hereafter ride up the Ocklawaha on the Marion,—whose name I would fain call legion,—that if you will place a chair just in the narrow passage-way which runs alongside the cabin, at the point where this passage-way descends by a step to the open space in front of the pilot-house, on the left-hand side facing the bow, you will perceive a certain slope in the railing where it descends by an angle of some thirty degrees to accommodate itself to the step aforesaid; and this slope should be in such a position as that your left leg unconsciously stretches itself along the same by the pure insinuating solicitations of the fitness of things, and straightway dreams itself off into an Elysian tranquillity. You should then tip your chair in a slightly diagonal position back to the side of the cabin, so that your head will rest thereagainst, your right arm will hang over the chair-back, and your left arm will repose on the railing. I give no specific instructions for your right leg, because

I am disposed to be liberal in this matter and to leave some gracious scope for personal idiosyncrasies as well as a margin of allowance for the accidents of time and place. Dispose your right leg, therefore, as your heart may suggest, or as all the precedent forces of time and the universe may have combined to require you.

Having secured this attitude, open wide the eyes of your body and of your soul; repulse with a heavenly suavity the conversational advances of the drummer who fancies he might possibly sell you a bill of white goods and notions, as well as the polite inquiries of the real-estate person who has his little private theory that you are in search of an orange-grove to purchase; then sail, sail, sail, through the cypresses, through the vines, through the May day, through the floating suggestions of the unutterable that come up, that sink down, that waver and sway hither and thither; and so shall you have revelations of rest, and so shall your heart forever afterwards interpret Ocklawaha to mean repose.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cove of water, dark green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river-edge into the flags and lilies with a curve just heart-breaking for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house of my saurian is divided into apartments,—little subsidiary bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads according to the sinuous fantasies of their growth. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvellous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily-pads will straightway embroider

themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one house-maid—the stream—forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever and without labor filled with the enchantments of strange under-water growths; his parks and his pleasure-grounds are bigger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements are the friends of my saurian's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may: it is but a fillip of his tail, and, lo! he is established in another place, as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on each side, there is water also,—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees. Along the immediate edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, stump, or other projecting coigne of vantage is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church these vine-figures stand. But presently, as one journeys, this nun-imagery fades out of one's mind, and a thousand other fancies float with ever-new vine-shapes into one's eyes. One sees repeated all the forms one has ever known, in grotesque juxtaposition. Look! here is a great troop of

girls, with arms wreathed over their heads, dancing down into the water; here are high velvet arm-chairs and lovely green fauteuils of divers pattern and of softest cushionment; there the vines hang in loops, in pavilions, in columns, in arches, in caves, in pyramids, in women's tresses, in harps and lyres, in globular mountain-ranges, in pagodas, domes, minarets, machicolated towers, dogs, belfries, draperies, fish, dragons. Yonder is a bizarre congress,—Una on her lion, Angelo's Moses, two elephants with howdahs, the Laocoön group, Arthur and Lancelot with great brands extended aloft in combat, Adam, bent with love and grief, leading Eve out of Paradise, Cæsar shrouded in his mantle receiving his stabs, Greek chariots, locomotives, brazen shields and cuirasses, columbiads, the twelve apostles, the stock exchange. It is a green dance of all things and times.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses; the pretty phalanxes of a species of "bonnet" which from a long stem that swings off down-stream along the surface sends up a hundred little graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the *testudo*, or tortoise, in attacking,—all these border the river in infinite varieties of purfling and chasement.

The river itself has an errant fantasy, and takes many shapes. Presently we come to where it seems to fork into four separate curves above and below.

"Them's the Windin'-blades," said my raftsman.

To look down these lovely vistas is like looking down the dreams of some pure young girl's soul; and the gray moss-bearded trees gravely lean over them in contempla

tive attitudes, as if they were studying—in the way strong men should study—the mysteries and sacrednesses and tender depths of some visible revery of maidenhood.

—And then, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Down in these deep-shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a baldric of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark sinuosities like a brilliant god that for his mere whimsical pleasure calls the black, impenetrable chaos ahead into instantaneous definite forms as he floats along the river-curves. The white columns of the cypress trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns of the maples, the green-and-white of the lilies along the edges of the stream,—these all come in a continuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness and retire again: it is endless creation succeeded by endless oblivion. Startled birds suddenly flutter into the light, and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe. Mystery appears to be about to utter herself in these suddenly-illuminated forms, and then to change her mind and die back into mystery.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, or rather doubling, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and

adversity, our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

* * * * * * * * *

In a short time we came to the junction of the river formed by the irruption of Silver Spring ("Silver Spring Run") with the Ocklawaha proper. Here new astonishments befell. The water of the Ocklawaha, which had before seemed clear enough, now showed but like a muddy stream as it flowed side by side, unmixing for some distance, with the Silver Spring water.

The Marion now left the Ocklawaha and turned into the Run. How shall one speak quietly of this journey over transparency? The Run is very deep: the white bottom seems hollowed out in a continual succession of large spherical holes, whose entire contents of darting fish, of under-mosses, of flowers, of submerged trees, of lily-stems, and of grass-ribbons revealed themselves to us through the lucent fluid as we sailed along thereover. The long series of convex bodies of water filling these white concavities impressed one like a chain of globular worlds composed of a transparent lymph. Great numbers of keen-snouted, blade-bodied gar-fish shot to and fro in unceasing motion beneath us: it seemed as if the underworlds were filled with a multitude of crossing sword-blades wielded in tireless thrust and parry by invisible arms.

The shores, too, had changed. They now opened out into clear savannas, overgrown with a broad-leafed grass to a perfect level two or three feet above the water, and stretching back to boundaries of cypress and oaks; and occasionally, as we passed one of these expanses curving into the forest, with a diameter of a half-mile, a single palmetto might be seen in or near the centre,—perfect type of that lonesome solitude which the German names

Einsamkeit,—onesomeness. Then, again, the cypress and palmettos would swarm to the stream and line its banks. Thus for nine miles, counting our gigantic rosary of water-wonders and loveliness, we fared on.

Then we rounded to, in the very bosom of the Silver Spring itself, and came to wharf. Here there were warehouses, a turpentine-distillery, men running about with boxes of freight and crates of Florida cucumbers for the Northern market, country stores with wondrous assortments of goods,—fiddles, clothes, physic, groceries, school-books, what not,—and, a little farther up the shore, a tavern. I learned, in a hasty way, that Ocala was five miles distant, that one could get a very good conveyance from the tavern to that place, and that on the next day—Sunday—a stage would leave Ocala for Gainesville, some forty miles distant, being the third relay of the long stage-line which runs three times a week between Tampa and Gainesville, *via* Brooksville and Ocala.

Then the claims of scientific fact and of guide-book information could hold me no longer. I ceased to acquire knowledge, and got me back to the wonderful spring, drifting over it, face downwards, as over a new world of delight.

It is sixty feet deep a few feet off shore, and covers an irregular space of several acres before contracting into its outlet,—the Run. But this sixty feet does not at all represent the actual impression of depth which one receives as one looks through the superincumbent water down to the clearly-revealed bottom. The distinct sensation is, that although the bottom there *is* clearly seen, and although all the objects in it are of their natural size, undiminished by any narrowing of the visual angle, yet it and they are seen from a great distance. It is as if depth itself—that subtle abstraction—had been compressed into

a crystal lymph, one inch of which would represent miles of ordinary depth.

As one rises from gazing into these quaint profundities and glances across the broad surface of the spring, one's eye is met by a charming mosaic of brilliant hues. The water-plain varies in color, according to what it lies upon. Over the pure white limestone and shells of the bottom it is perfect malachite green; over the water-grass it is a much darker green; over the sombre moss it is that rich brown-and-green which Bodmer's forest-engravings so vividly suggest; over neutral bottoms it reflects the sky's or the clouds' colors. All these hues are further varied by mixture with the manifold shades of foliage-reflections cast from overhanging boscage near the shore, and still further by the angle of the observer's eye.

One would think these elements of color-variation were numerous enough; but they were not nearly all. Presently the splash of an oar in a distant part of the spring sent a succession of ripples circling over the pool. Instantly it broke into a thousandfold prism. Every ripple was a long curve of variegated sheen. The fundamental hues of the pool when at rest were distributed into innumerable kaleidoscopic flashes and brilliancies, the multitudes of fish became multitudes of animated gems, and the prismatic lights seemed actually to waver and play through their translucent bodies, until the whole spring, in a great blaze of sunlight, shone like an enormous fluid jewel that, without decreasing, forever lapsed away upward in successive exhalations of dissolving sheens and glittering colors.

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE AIR.

JOHN WISE.

[The veteran aeronaut of America, John Wise, has written some highly-interesting details of his life in the air, which are of value as introducing us to scenes and conditions widely removed from those of ordinary life. The description appended is a portion of the record of an ascension made from St. Louis in 1859, with a subsequent journey nearly to the Atlantic. The air-voyage ended in a furious storm, which wrecked the balloon and very nearly ended the mortal career of the balloonists. We omit this concluding portion, as of less general importance than that given.]

THE Atlantic had at six P.M. received her crew and been stocked with nearly a thousand pounds of sand-ballast. Her larder also was stored with provisions, water, ice, a bucket of lemonade, and, through the interposition of some kind friends, a basket of wine and sundry well-cooked articles of game.

There was rigged on the stern of the boat a propeller, intended to be worked by manual labor. Messrs. Gager, Lamountane, and Hyde took their stations in the boat, and Mr. John Wise, as chief director, in the wicker car above, into which descended the valve-rope. Everything being now in readiness, the Atlantic was cut loose from the earth at a quarter before seven o'clock in the evening. The ascent was graceful and easy, the balloon moving off in an easterly direction. The cheers of the audience, inside and outside of the arena, were of the heartiest kind. We responded with a parting farewell and a lingering look upon the thousands of upturned faces that cheered us onward.

In a few minutes after we started we were crossing the great father of American waters,—the Mississippi. For

many miles up and down we scanned its tortuous course of turbid water. Its tributaries—the Missouri and Illinois —added interest to the magnificent view. The clearer water of the Missouri, as it was pouring itself into the capacious maw of the great recipient of the Mississippi Valley, could be traced, by its more brilliant reflection, far into the body of its muddied parent.

The city of St. Louis, covering a large area of territory, appeared to be gradually contracting its circumferential lines, and finally hid itself under a dark mantle of smoke. With the clatter and clang of its multifarious workshops, and the heterogeneous noises of a great commercial emporium, it gave out sounds more like a pandemonium than that of a great civilized choir of music. At greater heights these sounds were modulated into cadences. We gazed upon the fading outlines of the country with sentimental yearnings, as we recurred to the parting farewell of the kind friends left behind, while at the same time our hearts were filled with joy upon the prospects of a glorious voyage to our friends in the East, to whom was already announced the fact of our coming.

The fruitful fields of Illinois were now passing rapidly underneath us, seemingly bound for a more western empire, while we were hanging, apparently, listlessly and passively, in ethereal space. The plantations and farm-houses appeared to be travelling at the rate of fifty miles per hour, with an occasional gyration about our common centre, as the turning round of the air-ship would make it appear.

The "man in the moon," dressed in his new cocked hat, lent us the light of his silvery countenance for the beginning of our voyage.

In the mellow twilight of the evening we espied Mr. Brooks, a little to the north of our track, in the careful

keeping of a crowd of Illinois farmers, among whom he had alighted.

Having now attained a height of eight thousand feet, and having settled into a state of composure after the labor and excitement incident to our preparation and departure, I took an observation of the trim and bearing of our noble ship.

The net-work was constructed in such a way that the increase of meshes was at six different points made in direct lines from the top to the bottom, and this made those parts really shorter than the intervening spaces; consequently, when the cords attached to its lower circumference were fastened to the concentrating hoop by equal lengths, it was found that the whole weight of the balloon's burden was being borne by the six ropes secured at those points; and, as the balloon was expanding from diminished pressure, these six shorter cords were cutting, or rather pressing into, the body of the balloon in a most appalling manner. In a moment I summoned Mr. Gager up into the wicker car, and in half an hour, at the expense of abraded fingers, we adjusted the ropes so that they would receive an equal bearing. There were thirty-six of them.

The feeble shimmer of the new moon was now mantling the earth beneath in a mellow light, and the western horizon was painted with gold and purple. Nothing could exceed the solemn grandeur of the scene. All was as quiet and still as death; not a word was passing from the lips of the crew; every one seemed to be impressed with the profound silence that hung around us. The coy-looking moon was lowering itself into the golden billows of the Occident, and the greater stars began to peep through the curtains of the vasty deep one by one. Still silence reigned supreme. It seemed as though all nature had

gone to sleep with the setting of the moon, and the stars were coming out on the watch-towers of the night. In another moment the stillness was broken. Cattle began to low, and some loud-mouthed dogs greeted our ears with an occasional bark. This seemed to break the silence of the crew, and soon a lively conversation ensued. We also amused ourselves by uttering an occasional shout, which set the dogs below to barking far and near.

During the day, and while the balloon was being inflated, the sun was pouring down upon it a flood of heat and light. Although it is a proverb "that you cannot carry light in a bag," it will be learned that this ancient saying found its contradiction in our gas-bag. It did carry up with it heat and light, and during the whole night it was illuminated with a brightness equal to a Chinese paper lantern. It served a good purpose, as it enabled us to note the time by our watches. It appeared, indeed, truly wonderful, and the first impression made was that it might be an incipient combustion, and that soon it might be our lot to pass into eternity like a blazing meteor. The phenomenon was so remarkable that the mind was not at first capable of finding a satisfactory reason for its appearance. However, the conclusion finally arrived at was that it must be a combination of heat, light, and carburetted hydrogen; and, inasmuch as it had been going on for several hours, it was not likely to get hotter in the upper air, so we satisfied ourselves that there was no imminent danger from a conflagration while aloft.

This phenomenon is sometimes to be seen in the slightly-illuminated clouds on a hot summer night. In the balloon it was unique. Every seam and every mesh in the network could be traced upon its surface. Even the atmosphere around and beneath us seemed to partake of this mellow light. Woods, roads, prairies, streams, and towns

were discernible, and their outlines could clearly be traced at our greatest elevation.

Nothing could surpass the novelty of the scenery below during the early part of the night. The heavens above were brilliantly studded with stars of every magnitude and color, the atmosphere having become perfectly clear; and when we crossed water we had the starry heavens as distinctly visible below as above. We could at such times easily imagine ourselves sailing in the very centre of the star region, as the opaque earth seemed then out of the question. These reflected star-fields were of short duration, but vanished only to make room for that weird appearance which the earth presented. One could not immediately see the surface-outline below; but keeping the eye steadily fixed downward, it gradually developed itself to the vision, until every different shape and object became defined, though in a most ghost-like light. The forests appeared of a deep-brown cast; and when a handful of sand was dropped overboard, at our greatest elevation, it could be distinctly heard raining upon the foliage of the trees. It answered as an index for our altitude, in accordance with the time that elapsed between the discharge of the sand and the noise of its contact with the trees.

The roads presented in appearance pale yellow ribbons, and the fences and ditches as evanescent lines. The prairie-flowers at times exhibited their respective colors, as they happened to live in families of blue and yellow apparel, in distinct patches. Villages could only be seen as diffused outlines of ground-plots, with here and there a faint point of light, but in the early part of the night we could at times hear human voices in the streets. Our horizon seemed very contracted, vaulting around us, as it were, with an inclination to close upon us underneath. On its northern border there was during the whole night a blaze

of light, probably from the Chicago light-house on Lake Michigan.

Now and then we would give a shout to attract attention from below, especially when crossing towns; but only the echo of our voices seemed to respond, and these echoes varied in distinctness agreeably to the reflecting surface below.

When the eye was once firmly fixed on the earth, so that the singularly-mellowed scenery was fairly unfolded to the sight, it was with the greatest reluctance that it could be drawn away. There was an enchantment in the view. Looking downward, contemplating the earth in its diversified outlines afforded a satisfaction much like that of the astronomer when he is favored with a powerful telescope that enables him to trace the outlines of the surface of the moon. The topography of the earth, taken from such a position as ours upon that night, and under the same conditions of light, would present as marvellous an appearance as does Maedler's map of the moon. Indeed, the appearance of the earth, as we saw it that night, bore no resemblance to a day view of the same. If the scene could be delineated by the pencil of the limner as it then appeared, it would resemble neither a night- nor a day-picture of the landscape, as seen from the earth. In the language of Mr. Hyde, it afforded "such an exhilaration of spirit and such a real joy" as seldom fall to the lot of a mortal being.

As in the daytime, the visible portion of the earth developed itself in a great circle, hollowed out as a vast concavity. Occasionally flashes of lightning illumined portions of the horizon, but these were too distant to bring to our ears the sound of thunder.

It may be observed, for the better elucidation to the reader, that the convexity of the earth, being eight inches

to the mile, limits the area of vision to an observer on its surface much within that which is spread out to one who is a mile or two above it. It is a singular anomaly of fact and appearance that, while the earth is really globular, it appears to the eye of the aeronaut as a concave. This is the effect of refraction, caused by the variable density of the atmosphere, giving the vision a curvilinear direction corresponding to the angle presented when we place a stick in the water at any inclination from the perpendicular. Light, whether from the rays of a meridian sun or the fainter rays as reflected from the higher portions of the atmosphere, and from the surfaces of the remote stars, obeys this law, moving, as it does, in the direction of least resistance. From this it will be seen that the horizon of the aeronaut always appears as much above its true level as the difference between a straight line from his eye to the true horizon and the amount of curvature caused by refraction to said line. It is only when he looks straight down in a plumb line that the object is really where the eye perceives it. All other objects seen at a point between his perpendicular and the visible horizon are really below the point at which he sees them, and hence the concave appearance of the earth to the aeronaut. . . .

Striking during the night over the bend of a river which our chart indicated to be the Wabash, and which lay in our course for a considerable distance, the scene was truly grand. We were surrounded by stars and milky ways. Above, below, and all around us the vigils of heaven were twinkling their diamond-like clusters. One, which for a moment brought to mind that of the constellation of the fishes, drew our attention particularly. Upon nearing the object it revealed itself as a midnight fisherman lifting his net, and a lively haul it proved to be. We could see, by the light of his lantern, the fish bouncing about in the

bottom of his boat. We hailed him as we passed over, and congratulated him upon his good luck. He betrayed a great deal of amazement, looking this way and that way, then into the water, and again his eyes were directed toward the shore. He looked every possible way but upward; and, as we were pleasantly discussing his consternation in his hearing, it is no wonder that he felt perplexed and surprised.

After we left the river we passed over a town, and could distinctly hear a *trialogue* between a party of bacchanals upon the probabilities of their reception at home at that hour of the night. We hailed them to go home, and then all was hushed in silence below. No doubt the maudlin party took the admonition in a serious mood, and they were in all probability as much surprised as was our fisherman friend on the river at these mysterious voices.

We followed the course of the Wabash River from Williamsport to Logansport, Indiana. The water had the appearance of a dark plate-glass mirror, and the brilliancy of the starry reflection from its surface, bounded in its outlines by the banks of the river, gave it the appearance of a "milky way" far more beautiful than the real one in the heavens above. Nothing could surpass the loveliness of this midnight landscape scenery, diversified with water and prairie, woods and villages, farms and flower-patches. As the small hours of the night were passing away, we saw the gray of the morning making a faint appearance on the eastern horizon. The view at first resembled that as seen in mid-ocean on a calm summer morning before sunrise. The sky was cloudless, and the wind upon which we were riding was one of those peculiar high-barometer winds that course across our continent from west to east, a little northeast. These are the carriers, if not the propagators, of our cyclones, and they give rise to the torna-

does and hurricanes we experience through the hot summer months. We realized this, much to our discomfort, as the sequel will show, in effecting our landing on the second day of our voyage.

A little while before the sun made its appearance, and when the dawn of the morning was changing the night scene of the voyage to that of day, we passed by the city of Fort Wayne, leaving it a little to the south. We were low enough to see several railroads converging toward the western extremity of Lake Erie. The country around, as far as the eye could reach distinctly,—and that was over an area of forty or fifty miles in diameter,—was filled with farm-houses, and the fields were well stocked with horses and cattle. In order to get an earlier view of the sun, the balloon was lightened of a quantity of ballast sufficient to raise it four or five thousand feet higher. It was not many minutes before a scene of the rarest beauty began to unfold itself in the eastern heavens. Phœbus was being ushered in, clad in his most gorgeous apparel. Words will entirely fail to depict the grandeur of the sunrise. The mind became overwhelmed with the intensity and brilliancy of the spectacle, as the sun was being quickly lifted out of the fiery deep by the rapid ascension of our point of view. We had now approached near enough to Lake Erie to receive the full force of reflected and refracted light from its great surface. Various conjectures were given by our party in explanation of this singular phenomenon before we saw the lake. One surmised that the heavens were on fire, and that the phosphorescent illumination of the bygone night had been the harbinger of the world's conflagration. Indeed, the heat of this powerful reflection was smarting our faces. It seemed as though we were running right into the sun. The horizon appeared to be bounded by a lake of white-hot metal, and it was

some time before I could find a sufficient explanation for the wonder before us. I finally suggested that it must be the illumination of Lake Erie, as we must be approaching it rapidly. To this the general assent of the party was given, especially when I stated that I had seen its reverse in a sunset scene while over the lake with a balloon, although in that case the effect was not nearly so brilliant.

This warmth of direct and reflected sunbeams soon began to tell on the balloon; and, finding it to swell out rapidly, causing such a sudden unfolding of its great pleats as to make it sound like ripping open a heavy canvas, I made a liberal use of the valve. This brought the air-ship to a lower level, with the sun several degrees above the horizon, and with it a corresponding expansion of the lake of fire before us. Now, since balloons are very sensitive bodies as to atmospheric density and to heat and cold, and thus very easily disturbed in their equilibriums, so that in the discharge of a little too much gas a retrograde motion is given downward, we found ourselves approaching the earth again, and the sun sinking down with us, until its immensely-expanded disk looked ten times larger than usual, as it was resting a little above the horizon. In the mean time a bank of bright purple striated clouds had settled around the god of the morning, and we were thus relieved from the heat and reflection incident to a higher altitude. The scenery below had now become remarkably fine. The mellow, early sunlight made immensely-elongated shadows of the woods and isolated trees in the fields, as well as the buildings and the stacks of the crops that were garnered by the husbandmen. It was a glorious morning scene; and although something had been whispered about a warm breakfast, that formality was dispensed with from the

idea that the time was too precious, and that each one might lunch according to his personal convenience. . . .

At a quarter before seven in the morning we passed out over Lake Erie, with Toledo to the northwest and Sandusky to the southeast of our course. Before us the lake was dotted with islands, and its shores presented a ragged appearance. Heavy clouds were forming to the south and east of us. Ballast enough was now discharged to carry us up above the cloud-level. This obscured from our view the southern shore of the lake. Beyond its northern margin the land looked inhospitable, so we were contented to make almost a bee-line down over the middle of this interesting sheet of water. Its surface was ruffled with spray, and the waves were heaving on its bosom. At the rate at which we were now sailing, about sixty miles an hour, we calculated to reach Buffalo about eleven o'clock A.M. We could discern but few vessels moving on the water. Passing nearly over one, the captain hailed us with his speaking-trumpet, asking where we were from and whither we were bound. I answered him that we were from St. Louis, and that we were bound for Buffalo direct, and then as much farther as we could get. He continued the conversation, but we had so far outstripped him that it was impossible to make out what he was uttering, as we rose to a greater height.

Sailing at an altitude of ten thousand feet contracted our area of visible surface below so much that we thought it would be more interesting if we would lower the airship to within a thousand feet or less of the water's surface. So down we came until we nearly touched the waves. Overhauling a steamboat that was moving in the same direction with us, we struck up a conversation. The steam-whistle was sounded, the boat-bell rung, and a speaking-trumpet conversation ensued. "How do you

do, captain? A fine morning for boating." The captain immediately responded, "Good-morning, my brave fellows; but where in the heavens did you come from?" "From St. Louis, sir, last evening." "And pray where are you going?" "Going eastward, captain,—first to Buffalo, and then to Europe, if we can." "Good luck to you!" said the captain: "you are going like thunder."

We were now only about five hundred feet high, and in half an hour after our colloquy with the captain of the steamer we beheld his craft dancing in the verge of the western horizon. He was travelling about twelve miles per hour, and we at least sixty; and as we parted, leaving him behind, it seemed as though he was sailing to the west, while we were moving eastward.

IMPORTANCE OF LITERARY STYLE.

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

[We should be glad to transcribe the whole of this instructive and valuable essay, had we the requisite space. It will suffice to say that Mr. Mathews does not preach without practising, and that he himself possesses a clear, fluent, and attractive style, to which much of the high popularity of his works is due. The author is a native of Maine, where he was born in 1818. His principal books are "Getting On in the World," "The Great Conversers," "Words, their Use and Abuse," "Hours with Men and Books," "Oratory and Orators," "Literary Style," etc. These are mainly compendiums of very neatly framed anecdotes. Our selection is from the last-named work.]

WITHIN a few years a fresh interest has been awakened, among writers and critics, in literary style. It is beginning to be felt more keenly than for a long time before, that, as the value of the materials of a building, whatever

their cost, depends mainly upon the skill with which they are put together, so in literary architecture it is the manner in which the ideas are fitted together into a symmetrical and harmonious whole, as well as adorned and embellished, that, quite as much as the ideas themselves, constitutes the worth of an essay, an oration, or a poem. As the diamond or the emerald—even the Kohinoor itself—has little beauty as it lies in the mine, but must be freed from its incrustations, and cut and polished by the lapidary, before it is fit to blaze in the coronet of a queen or to sparkle on the breast of beauty, so thought in the ore has little use or charm, and sparkles and captivates only when polished and set in cunning sentences by the literary artist. But there is another and more potent reason for the growing estimation of style. As an instrument for winning the public attention, for saving the reader all needless labor, and for keeping a hold on the grateful memory, its value cannot be easily exaggerated. A hundred years ago, in the days of stage-coaches and Ramage presses, when literature did not come to us in bales, and to be a man of one book was no disgrace, style might have been regarded as a luxury; but in this age of steam-presses and electrotype-printing, with its thousand distractions from study, and its deluge of new publications that must be skimmed by all who would keep abreast with the intelligence of the time, this element of literature is swiftly acquiring a new utilitarian value. When we consider that Germany alone prints fifteen thousand books a year; that one library only—the National at Paris—contains one hundred and fifty thousand acres of printed paper; that in one ramified science, *e.g.*, chemistry, the student needs fourteen years barely to overtake knowledge as it now stands,—while, nevertheless, the two lobes of the human brain are not a whit larger to-day than in

the days of Adam; that, even after deducting all the old books which the process of "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest" has spared us from reading, the remnant even of literary and other masterpieces, which cannot be stormed by the most valiant reader, but must be acquired by slow "sap," is simply appalling; and, finally, that even the labor-saving machinery of periodical literature, which was to give us condensations and essences in place of the bulky originals, is already overwhelming us with an inundation of its own,—it is easy to see that the *manner* in which a writer communicates his ideas is hardly less important than the ideas themselves.

But what, it may be asked, do we mean by style? We shall not attempt any technical definition, but simply say that by it we understand, first of all, such a choice and arrangement of words as shall convey the author's meaning most clearly and exactly, in the logical order of the ideas; secondly, such a balance of clause and structural grace of sentence as shall satisfy the sense of beauty; and, lastly, such a propriety, economy, and elegance of expression as shall combine business-like brevity with artistic beauty. All these qualities will be found united in styles of the highest order; and therefore style has been well defined as an artistic expedient to make reading easy, and to perpetuate the life of written thought.

Style, in this sense, is, and ever has been, the most vital element of literary immortality. If we look at the brief list of books which, among the millions that have sunk into oblivion, have kept afloat on the stream of time, we shall find that they have owed their buoyancy to this quality. More than any other, it is a writer's own property, and no one, not even time itself, can rob him of it, or even diminish its value. Facts may be forgotten, learning may grow commonplace, startling truths dwindle into

mere truisms, but a grand or beautiful style can never lose its freshness or its charm. It is the felicity and idiomatic *naïveté* of his diction that has raised the little fishing-book of Walton, the linen-draper, to the dignity of a classic, and a similar charm keeps the writings of Addison as green as in the days of Queen Anne. Even works of transcendent intellectual merit may fail of high success through lack of this property; while works of second- and even third-rate value—works which swarm with pernicious errors, with false statements and bad logic—may obtain a passport to futurity through the witchery of style. The crystal clearness and matchless grace of Paley's periods, which were the envy of Coleridge, continue to attract readers, in spite of his antiquated science and dangerous philosophy; and a similar remark may be made of Bolingbroke. The racy, sinewy, idiomatic style of Cobbett, the greatest master of Saxon-English in this century, compels attention to the arch-radical to-day as it compelled attention years ago. Men are captivated by his style who are shocked alike by his opinions and his egotism and offended by the profusion of italics which, like ugly finger-posts, disfigure his page and emphasize till emphasis loses its power. For the pomp and splendor of his style, "glowing with Oriental color, and rapid as a charge of Arab horse," even more than for his colossal erudition, is Gibbon admired; it is the "ordered march of his lordly prose, stately as a Roman legion's," that is the secret of Macaulay's charm; and it is the unstudied grace of Hume's periods which renders him, in spite of his unfairness and defective erudition, in spite of his toryism and infidelity, the popular historian of England. . . .

What would De Quincey be without his style? Rob him of the dazzling fence of his rhetoric, his word-painting and rhythm,—strip him of his organ-like fugues, his

majestic swells and dying falls,—leave to him only the bare, naked ideas of his essays,—and he will be De Quincey no longer. It would be like robbing the rose of its color and perfume, or taking from an autumnal landscape its dreamy, hazy atmosphere and its gorgeous dyes. Take the finest English classic, The Fairy Queen, L'Allegro or Il Penseroso, Midsummer Night's Dream, strip it of music, color, wit, alliteration,—the marriage of exquisite thoughts to exquisite language,—all that belongs to form as distinguished from the substance,—and what will the residuum be? All the ideas in these works are as old as creation. They were everywhere in the air, and any other poet had as good a right to use them as Milton, Spenser, and Shakespeare. That critical mouser, the Rev. John Mitford, in his notes to Gray's poems, has shown that hardly an image, an epithet, or even a line in them originated with the ostensible author. Gray cribbed from Pope, Pope from Dryden, Dryden from Milton, Milton from the Elizabethan classics, they from the Latin poets, the Latin from the Greek, and so on till we come to the original Prometheus, who stole the fire directly from heaven. But does this lessen the merit of these authors? Grant that the finest passages in poetry are to a great extent but embellished recollections of other men's productions; does this detract one jot or tittle from the poet's fame? The great thinkers of every age do not differ from the little ones so much in having different thoughts, as in sifting, classifying, and focalizing the same thoughts, and, above all, in giving them to the world in the pearl of exquisite and adequate expression. Give to two painters the same pigments, and one of them will produce a "Transfiguration," and the other will exhaust his genius upon the sign-board of a country tavern; as out of the same stones may be reared the most beautiful

or the most unsightly of edifices,—the Parthenon of Athens, or an American court-house. . . .

Perhaps no other writer of the day has more powerfully influenced the English-speaking race than Carlyle. Beyond all other living men he has, in certain important respects, shaped and colored the thought of his time. As a historian he may be almost said to have revolutionized the French Revolution, so different is the picture which other writers have given us from that which blazes upon us under the lurid torch-light of his genius. To those who have read his great prose epic it will be henceforth impossible to remember the scenes he has described through any other medium. As Helvellyn and Skiddaw are seen now only through the glamour of Wordsworth's genius,—as Jura and Mont Blanc are transfigured, even to the tourist, by the magic of Byron and Coleridge,—so to Carlyle's readers Danton and Robespierre, Mirabeau and Tinville, will be forever what he has painted them. No other writer equals the great Scotchman in the Rembrandt-like lights and shadows of his style. While, as Mr. McCarthy says, he is endowed with a marvellous power of depicting stormy scenes and rugged, daring natures, yet "at times strange, wild, piercing notes of the pathetic are heard through his fierce bursts of eloquence, like the wail of a clarion thrilling beneath the blasts of a storm." His pages abound in pictures of human misery sadder than poet ever drew, more vivid and startling than artist ever painted. In his conflict with shams and quackeries he has dealt yeoman's blows, and made the bankrupt institutions of England ring with their own hollowness. What is the secret of his power? Is it the absolute *novelty* of his thoughts? In no great writer of equal power shall we find such an absolute dearth of new ideas. The gospel of noble manhood which he so passionately preaches is as

old as Solomon. Its cardinal ideas have been echoed and re-echoed through the ages till they have become the stalest of truisms. That brains are the measure of worth; that duty, without reward, is the end of life; that "work is worship;" that a quack is a falsehood incarnate; that on a lie nothing can be built; that the victim of wrong suffers less than the wrong-doer; that man has a soul which cannot be satisfied with meats or drinks, fine palaces and millions of money, or stars and ribbons;—this is the one single peal of bells upon which the seer of Chelsea has rung a succession of changes, with hardly a note of variation, for over half a century. . . .

Why, to take an opposite illustration, has John Neal, in spite of his acknowledged genius, been so speedily forgotten by the public whose eye he once so dazzled?—why, but because, holding the absurd theory that a man should write as he talks, and despising the niceties of skill, he bestows no artistic finish on his literary gems, but, like the gorgeous East,

> "showers from his lap
> Barbaric pearls and gold,"

with all their incrustations "thick upon them"? With less prodigality of thought and more patience in execution, he might have won a broad and enduring fame; but, as it is, he is known to but few, and by them viewed as a meteor in the literary firmament, rather than as a fixed star or luminous planet. Washington Irving has probably less genius than Neal; but by his artistic skill he would make more of a Scotch pebble than Neal of the crown-jewel of the Emperor of all the Russias.

That we have not exaggerated the value of style—that it is, in truth, an alchemy which can transmute the basest metal into gold—will appear still more clearly if we compare the literatures of different nations. That there are

national as well as individual styles, with contrasts equally salient or glaring, is known to every scholar. Metaphors and similes are racy of the soil in which they grow, as you taste, it is said, the lava in the vines on the slopes of Ætna. As *thinkers*, the Germans have to-day no equals on the globe. In their systems of philosophy the speculative intellect of our race—its power of long, concatenated, exhaustive thinking—seems to have reached its culmination. Never content with a surface-examination of any subject, they dig down to the "hard pan," the eternal granite which underlies all the other strata of truth. As compilers of dictionaries, as accumulators of facts, as producers of thought in the ore, their book-makers have no peers. The German language, too, must be admitted to be one of the most powerful instruments of thought and feeling to which human wit has given birth. But all these advantages are, to a great extent, neutralized by the frightful heaviness and incredible clumsiness of the German literary style. Whether as a providential protection of other nations against the foggy metaphysics and subtle scepticism of that country, or because to have given it a genius for artistic composition as well as thought would have been an invidious partiality, it is plain that, in the distribution of good things, the advantages of form were not granted to the Teutons. In Bacon's phrase, they are "the Herculeses, not the Adonises, of literature." They are, with a few noble exceptions, the hewers of wood and drawers of water for all the other literatures of the world. The writers of other countries, being blessed more or less with the synthetic and artistic power which they lack, pillage mercilessly, without acknowledgment, the storehouses which they have laboriously filled, and, dressing up the stolen materials in attractive forms, pass them off as their own property. It is one of the paradoxes

of literary history, that a people who have done more for the textual accuracy and interpretation of the Greek and Roman classics than all the other European nations put together—who have taught the world the classic tongues with pedagogic authority—should have caught so little of the inspiration, spirit, and style of those eternal models.

The fatigue which the German style inflicts upon the human brain is even greater than that which their barbarous Gothic letter, a relic of the fifteenth century, blackening all the page, inflicts upon the eye. The principal faults of this style are involution, prolixity, and obscurity. The sentences are interminable in length, stuffed with parentheses within parentheses, and as full of folds as a sleeping boa-constrictor. Of paragraphs, of beauty in the balancing and structure of periods, and of the art by which a succession of periods may modify each other, the German prose-writer has apparently no conception. Instead of breaking up his "cubic thought" into small and manageable pieces, he quarries it out in huge, unwieldy masses, indifferent to its shape, structure, or polish. He gives you real gold, but it is gold in the ore, mingled with quartz, dirt, and sand, hardly ever gold polished into splendor or minted into coin. . . .

In direct contrast to the heavy, dragging German style is the brisk, vivacious, sparkling style of the French. All the qualities which the Teutons lack—form, method, proportion, grace, refinement, the stamp of good society—the Gallic writers have in abundance; and these qualities are found not only in the masters, like Pascal, Voltaire, Courier, or Sand, but in the second- and third-class writers, like Taine and Prevost-Paradol. Search any of the French writers from Montaigne to Renan, and you will have to hunt as long for an obscure sentence as in a German author for a clear one. Dip where you will into their pages, you

find every sentence written as with a sunbeam. They state their meaning so clearly that not only can you not mistake it, but you feel that no other proper collocation of words is conceivable. It is like casting to a statue: the metal flows into its mould, and is there fixed forever. If in reading a German book you seem to be jolting over a craggy mountain-road in one of their lumbering *eilwagen*, ironically called "post-haste" chaises, in reading a French work you seem to be rolling on C springs along a velvety turf, or on a road that has just been macadamized. The only drawback to your delight is that it spoils your taste for other writing: after sipping Château-Margaux at its most velvety age, the mouth puckers at Rhine wine or Catawba. This supremacy of the French style is so generally acknowledged that the French have become for Europe the interpreters of other races to each other. They are the Jews of the intellectual market,—the money-changers and brokers of the wealth of the world. The great merits of Sir William Hamilton were unknown to his countrymen till they were revealed by the kindly pen of Cousin; and Sydney Smith hardly exaggerated when he said of Dumont's translation of Bentham that the great apostle of utilitarianism was washed, dressed, and forced into clean linen by a Frenchman before he was intelligible even to English Benthamites. It is sometimes said that French literature is all style; that its writers have labored so exclusively to make the language a perfect vehicle of wit and wisdom that they have nothing to convey. If in a German work the meaning is entangled in the words, and "you cannot see the woods for the trees," in the French work the words themselves are the chief object of attention. But the critic who says this is surely not familiar with Pascal, Bossuet, D'Alembert, De Staël, De Maistre, Villemain. In these, and many other writers

that we might name, there is such a solidity of thought with an exquisite transparency of style, so subtle an interfusion of sound and sense, so perfect an equipoise of meaning and melody, as to satisfy alike the artistic taste of the literary connoisseur and the deeper cravings of the thinker and the scholar. . . .

To define the charm of style—to show why the same thought when conveyed in one man's language is cold and commonplace, and when conveyed in another's is, as Starr King says, "a rifle-shot or a revelation"—is impossible. It is easy to see how a magnetic presence, an eagle eye, a commanding attitude, a telling gesture, a siren voice, may give to truths when spoken a force or a charm which they lack in a book. "But how it is," as the same writer says, "that words locked up in forms, still and stiff in sentences, will contrive to tip a wink; how a proposition will insinuate more scepticism than it states; how a paragraph will drip with the honey of love; how a phrase will trail an infinite suggestion; how a page can be so serene or so gusty, so gorgeous or so pallid, so sultry or so cool, as to lap you in one intellectual climate or its opposite,—who has fathomed this wonder?" There is a mystery in style of which we cannot pluck out the heart. Like that of beauty, music, or a delicious odor, its spell is subtle and impalpable, and baffles all our attempts to explain it in words. Like that of fine manners, it is indefinable, yet all-subduing, and is the issue of all the mental and moral qualities, bearing the same relation to them that light bears to the sun, or perfume to the flower. Not even the writer himself can explain the secret of his art. In the works of all the great masters there are certain elements which are a mystery to themselves. In the frenzy of creation they instinctively infuse into their productions that of which they would be utterly puzzled to

give an account. By a subtle, mysterious gift, an intense intuition, which pierces beneath all surface-appearances and goes straight to the core of an object, they lay hold of the essential life, the inmost heart, of a scene, a person, or a situation, and paint it to us in a few immortal words. A line, a phrase, a single burning term or irradiating word, flashes the scene, the character, upon us, and it lives forever in the memory. It is so in sculpture, in painting, and even in the military art. When Napoleon was asked by a flatterer of his generalship how he won his military victories, he could only say that he was *fait comme ça.*

THE SONGS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

H. W. PRESTON.

[One of the most attractive and valuable books upon Provençal literature is "The Troubadours and Trouveres" of Harriet W. Preston, from which we select a brief general description of the troubadours and their times. The era of the troubadours was one in which the condition of society and the movement of thought were unlike those of any other period of human history, and the literature thence resulting had a very marked character of its own. Miss Preston's work is one of the best and most interesting expositions of this literature and state of society. In addition she has written "Aspendale," "Love in the Nineteenth Century," and "Merèio," a translation from Frederick Mistral.]

IT is not easy to say how much of the interest of the new Provençal literature is due to the ancient dignity of its name, and to a kind of reflected lustre which it receives from the far-away glories of the old. Yet when we come to look carefully for the connection and resemblance between the two, we shall be surprised to find how slight

these are. Nearly all the modern literatures of Europe owe as much to the early Provençal poetry as does the literature of the troubadours' own land. Nay, it has seemed, until very lately, as if France had been the smallest heir to the rich legacy of modern song, if not completely disinherited. The truth is, that the literature of the troubadours, childish in spirit but precociously mature and beautiful in form, perished early by violence and without issue. Aliens had already caught the spirit of it, and imitated its music with more or less success; but six hundred years were to elapse before a school of poetry would arise in which we might reasonably look for a true family likeness to this the first untutored outburst of modern minstrelsy. The likeness may be traced, no doubt, but it is faint and fleeting. The early Provençal literature stands before us as something unique, integral, immortally youthful, and therefore unconscious of its own range and limitations, pathetic from the brevity of its course, a development of art without an exact parallel in the world's history. . . .

It is possible, although by no means certain, that the first idea of those terminal rhymes which were destined to play so important a part in the new poetry may have been derived from Oriental compositions, of which they were a conspicuous ornament. But at all events it was in the cell of the Christian monk that the seeds of poetic as of all other culture were kept and fostered, as carefully as the flowers of the convent-garden, through the troubled season of the first Christian millennium. During that most dreary time of transition, Christianity was slowly spreading among the half-savage races which had replaced the Romans and their colonists in the south of Europe, and adopting and assimilating to itself certain of the native barbarian ideas. Prominent among these was that serious, almost super-

stitious, respect for woman which seems a birthright of the northern nations. It was a notion wholly at variance with the view of classic paganism, but one which the spirit of Christianity favored. The grand primitive passion—the love of man for woman—received a sort of theoretic consecration, and the virgin mother of Jesus Christ became one of the chief objects of public worship. And then in the period of reaction and exhilaration which followed the close of the tenth century, and the relief from that harrowing presentiment of the end of the world and the last judgment which had prevailed almost everywhere as the first millennial year approached, at the time also of the final repulse of the Saracens in the southwest,—then, if ever, chivalry, or the adventurous service of God and womankind, took systematic shape, and the Crusades were its first outgrowth in action, and the love-poetry of the troubadours, or minstrels of the south, its first symmetrical expression in art.

Many volumes have been written on the position and profession of the troubadour,—charming volumes, too, which are accessible to almost every reader. Yet, when all is gathered which can be certainly known, how strange a phenomenon he remains to our modern eyes! How much is still left to the imagination! We know that he was usually attached to the household of a great seignior or the court of a reigning sovereign, and was a frequent, though, as it would seem, voluntary, attendant on their distant expeditions. We know that it was his *métier*, or at any rate a principal part of it, to select some lady as the object, for the time being, of his formal worship, and to celebrate her charms and virtues in those melodious numbers, the secret of whose infinitely variable beauty he himself never ceased to regard as a kind of miraculous discovery or revelation. We know that while the singer

was sometimes even of kingly rank, oftener a poor cavalier who had need to live upon his skill in *finding*, and oftener yet a man of humble birth whom genius was readily allowed to ennoble, the lady-love was almost always of exalted station; frequently, by the operation of the Salic law, a great heiress in her own right; and that hence her hand was certain to have been disposed of for prudential or political reasons before she had any choice in the matter. There were reasons, therefore, besides total depravity, why she was regularly a married woman. We know that, theoretically, chivalric love was a something mystical and supersensual, but that the courts of love sanctioned much which the courts of law, even of those days, forbade. We know that a seignior and a husband could regard with complacency, not to say pride, the ceremonial devotion of his vassal to his wife, yet that he was liable to be visited, when all things appeared most picturesque and prosperous, by movements of what we cannot help regarding as a natural jealousy, and impulses to deadly revenge. We know that in the great majority of cases there came a "sombre close" to the troubadour's "voluptuous day," and that his life of amatory adventure and artificially-stimulated emotion was apt to end in the shadow of the cloister. We seem, in fine, to see him as an airy, graceful, *insouciant* figure, who sports and sings along a dainty path, skirting the sheer and lofty verge of the great gulf of human passion; and the student will probably decide, from his own knowledge of human nature, in what proportion of cases he kept his perilous footing upon the flowery heights, and in what he plunged headlong into the raging deeps below.

So much for the man; and now a word or two more about his work. Let it be understood that we are to speak of the *chansons*, or love-songs, chiefly. There is another great body of troubadour literature, coming under

the general head of *sirventes* and comprising narrative and satirical poems, which, though full and overfull of suggestions about the manners of the time, have, as a rule, no great literary merit. The chief wonder of the *chansons* is, and must ever be, the contrast between the consummate beauty and immense variety of their forms, and the simplicity, the sameness, and the frequent triviality of their sentiments. In this respect troubadour poetry is like Greek sculpture. The technical excellence of it is so incredible that we cannot help regarding it as something spontaneous, half unconscious,—*found*, as the troubadours themselves so strikingly said, rather than learned,—which no care and patience of deliberate effort could ever quite have attained. Sismondi complains of the monotony of the troubadour compositions,—that they begin by amazing and end by disappointing the student. But they can disappoint, it seems to us, only him who is predetermined to seek for more than is in them. It is little to say that they show no depth of thought. They contain hardly any thought at all. The love of external nature is represented in them alone by the poet's perennial rapture at the return of spring; spring, which terminated his winter confinement and set him free to wander over the sunny land; spring, with its mysterious but everlastingly intimate association with thoughts of love. Of sensuous imagery of any kind these poems contain very little, which is another reason for distrusting the theory of Arabian origin and influence. They are "all compact" of primary emotion, of sentiment pure and simple; and, as such, they rank in the scale of expression between music and ordinary poetry, partaking almost as much of the nature of the former as of the latter; which again is one reason why, although the rules of their language are simple, these lyrics are often so very obscure,—so elusive, rather, and intangible

in their meaning. Their words are like musical notes, not so much signs of thought as symbols of feeling, which almost defy an arbitrary interpretation, and must be rendered in part by the temperament of the performer.

[We should be glad to give, as a sequel to Miss Preston's charmingly-written introduction to her critical remarks upon the troubadours and their songs, some examples of this mediæval poetry. But we must content ourselves with a single poem, which, as paraphrased rather than translated by our author, is worthy of the pen of a modern poet, and might well have given the cue to the balcony-scene in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." It belongs to the class of the *aubado*, or morning counterpart of the serenade. It is probably of very early date, and by an unknown author, and, in Miss Preston's opinion, is the "most perfect flower of Provençal poetry."]

Under the hawthorns of an orchard-lawn,
She laid her head her lover's breast upon,
Silent; until the guard should cry the dawn.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

I would the night might never have passed by!
So wouldst thou not have left me, at the cry
Of yonder sentry to the whitening sky.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

One kiss more, sweetheart, ere the melodies
Of early birds from all the fields arise!
One more, without a thought of jealous eyes!
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

And yet one more under the garden wall;
For now the birds begin their festival,
And the day wakens at the sentry's call.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

'Tis o'er! He's gone. Oh, mine in life and death!
But the sweet breeze that backward wandereth,
I quaff it, as it were my darling's breath.
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

Fair was the lady, and her fame was wide,
And many knights for her dear favor sighed;
But leal the heart out of whose depths she cried,
Ah God! Ah God! Why comes the day so soon?

THE DEATH OF THE WHALE.

H. MELVILLE.

["Moby Dick, the Whale," from the pen of Herman Melville, is the source of our present selection, and as an accurate, detailed, and vivid description of the whale-fishery could not well be surpassed. It has much value also as a novel, its characters being drawn with striking force and originality. Mr. Melville is the author of many other romances, chief among which is "Typee," the earliest and most vivid description of life in the South Sea Islands. The works here mentioned were the result of personal observation. The author, who was born in New York in 1819, made a voyage to the Pacific, in which he gained his close and exact knowledge of sea-life and of the whale-fishery. Leaving his ship, he spent several months on one of the Marquesas Islands, in semi-captivity to the natives. His life there is described, with imaginative addenda, in the attractively-written chapters of "Typee." Among his other works we may name "Omoo," "White Jacket," and "Redburn."]

THE next day was exceedingly still and sultry, and, with nothing special to engage them, the Pequod's crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea. For this part of the Indian Ocean through

which we then were voyaging is not what whalemen call a lively ground; that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying-fish, and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters, than those off the Rio de la Plata, or the in-shore ground off Peru.

It was my turn to stand at the foremast-head; and, with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds, to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body; though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will, long after the power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me, I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizzen mast-heads were already drowsy. So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars, and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman. The waves, too, nodded their indolent crests; and across the wide trance of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vices my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And, lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back, of an Ethiopian hue, glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea, and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapory jet, the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into

wakefulness; and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel, simultaneously with the three notes from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air.

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And, obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes.

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that, thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So, seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along; the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as we thus glided in chase, the monster perpendicularly flirted his tail forty feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and, being now in advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into play. And, still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive

to his jeopardy, he was going "head out;" that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunderclaps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her, now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy—start her, all; but keep cool, keep cool—cucumbers is the word—easy, easy—only start her like grim death and grinning devils, and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys—that's all. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war-whoop to the skies, as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forwards and backwards on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb, retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard—"Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increasing rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the

steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead, so, also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand-cloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub), who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places,—stem for stern,—a staggering business, truly, in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harp-string, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows, a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed, each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam, and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering-oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his centre of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman; and, facing round towards the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed

on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again, by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowsman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. Then, reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long, sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that frenzied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now, abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole, with sharp, cracking, agonized respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees of red wine, shot into the frighted air, and, falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and, withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water, and for a moment stood thoughtfully eying the vast corpse he had made.

GERMAN IDEAS ABOUT AMERICA.

J. R. BROWNE.

[One of the most amusing and entertaining of American writers of travel is John Ross Browne, said to have been born in Ireland in 1817, but whose life was spent in the United States, with the exception of his intervals of travel. His journeys covered a considerable portion of the earth's surface, one of the earliest being a whaling-voyage, which is described in his "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise," a work containing much valuable information about the whaling industry. A subsequent journey to Palestine is humorously described in his "Yusef; or, The Journey of a Frangi." Other works are "Crusoe's Island," "The Land of Thor," and "An American Family in Germany," from which last we make an amusing selection. He died in 1875.]

THE crude ideas respecting the United States entertained in this country, even by persons otherwise intelligent, are sometimes very amusing. One would suppose that the

constant transmission of letters from emigrants to their relatives would result in a more perfect understanding of our country and its institutions. In the principal cities usually visited by Americans this peculiarity is perhaps not so striking, but throughout the more unenlightened parts of Germany the simplicity of the people on the subject of "America"—as they call the United States—is quite surprising.

Within three or four miles of Frankfort are villages and districts as far behind the age in point of civilization, and apparently as primitive in all respects, as if the city of Frankfort were distant a thousand miles, or never visited. I will not undertake to say, as some of the American correspondents of the Atlantic papers often do in detailing their experience in Europe, that Americans are supposed to be a race of Indians; but this much is true, that they are supposed to be a very uncivilized race of white men. Those who appear on this side of the water are most generally taken for English, because they speak that language; and when it is discovered that they are Americans, it is always a matter of surprise that they are so docile, and many of them even partially civilized. The Germans prefer the Americans to the English. The latter are considered self-sufficient, stingy, disagreeable, and unmannerly; while the free-and-easy way of the Americans —their prodigal disregard of money, their readiness to adopt the civilized habits of the country and make themselves at home wherever they go—pleases the worthy Germans amazingly. They are always disposed to be kind and sociable to Americans; will go out of their way or take any amount of trouble to make them enjoy their visit, and evidently have some hope that, in the course of time, those savage traits of character derived from long experience of savage life and want of culture in civilized

society will disappear, and the Americans become as polished a race as the Germans. They consider that the constant emigration from Germany to the United States has produced a sensible difference in this respect within the past ten years; and if it continues for ten years more, there can be no doubt, in their opinion, almost every trace of barbarism will have disappeared. By that time, it is confidently expected, Sunday afternoon recreations will be introduced; gentlemen will take off their hats to one another in the streets, and quit chewing tobacco; lager-beer saloons will become places of general resort; con ductors of railroads, clerks in public office, and family servants will wear some honorable badge of distinction; children will not be allowed to dress like butterflies, and women generally will understand their position, and get out of the way when distinguished officers and civilians pass along the streets; wives will show proper deference to their husbands, sit up for them of nights when they go to clubs, and not depend upon them as escorts to theatres and other public places; old ladies will wear silks, satins, flashy ribbons, and filigree appropriate to their advanced age, and young ladies will modestly content themselves with pudding-bowl hats, black worsted stockings, and dingy-colored dresses. Music, too, will be cultivated; public gardens will be established, where one can pass a social evening of a Sunday, and where respectable families can drink their beer, while pretty young girls and innocent little children swear "Ach Gott!" and "Gott in Himmel!" upon every trivial occasion, without exciting vulgar comment. Housekeepers will abolish carpets and scrub their floors once a day, instead of saving all the dirt to be breathed by themselves and their visitors; big houses will be built, and families will live sweetly together like Christians, and not isolate themselves like selfish heathens.

When people talk to one another, they will use becoming signs and gestures, shrug their shoulders at proper intervals, and express themselves with some enthusiasm by shouting out what they have to say, so that it can be heard at the reasonable distance of half a mile. Instead of wearing out their bodies and souls at the counting-house or in the political arena, grave and sensible men will take a promenade in the open air every afternoon, with a brood of little poodles running after them, and ladies will hire numerous servants to take care of their children, and pay proper attention themselves to their own lapdogs. Instead of imposing the heavy labors of the field and public highway upon men, who have the right to choose their own occupation, these unpleasant duties will be performed by able-bodied women, assisted by cows. The best blood-horses will be used for soldiers and gentlemen to ride upon, and women, aided by small dogs, will pull the carts containing milk and vegetables to market; and all heavy burdens, such as geese, pigs, apples, and the like, will be carried on their heads in large baskets. Should a man be too lazy to walk up a hill, he will get into a wheelbarrow and smoke his meerschaum comfortably while his good wife wheels him over the hill.

These improvements in our customs will entitle us to rank with Germany in point of civilization, and it affords me great satisfaction to find that sanguine hopes are entertained of our capacity for refinement. Great allowance should be made for our uncouth manners and ignorance of the polite usages of society. Living among negroes and Indians, constantly quarrelling about elections, compelled to defend our individual rights with pistols and bowie-knives, surrounded by deserts and mountains, almost out of the world, as it were, in a new and but partially-explored country, it is remarkable that we are even far

enough advanced to publish newspapers, and there is much to commend in the rapidity of our progress. It is true, there is something shocking and repugnant to humanity in our disregard of life; the horrible manner in which people are burst up in steamboats and mutilated on public railways; the ferocious fights that take place in our principal cities, and the prevalence of lynch law; the frequency of murder, and the cruel practice of hanging men by the neck like dogs, instead of clipping their heads off with a sword. All these are relics of barbarism, which in some respects arise from the condition of the country, and in others from natural recklessness common to all who have not enjoyed the benefits and restraints of civilization.

The perfect simplicity with which an intelligent German will sit down with you over a schoppen of beer and give you his views on all these points is charming. In the course of his miscellaneous reading he has caught at some truths, as may be seen from the above synopsis, while a good many others have escaped him. But it is not so much his want of correct knowledge that is amusing, as the entire self-satisfaction with which he compares the civilization of Germany with the barbarism of America. It is quite useless to undertake to change his views on these points. He is no more susceptible of receiving the impress of new ideas when his mind has once been made up, than if the old ones were pinned and riveted through every partition of his brain. A new idea forced in by power of persuasion would act like a wedge and split his skull. Politeness often induces him to agree with you that there is much to be said in our favor, but you can plainly see that he remains true to his early convictions, and doesn't believe it. And yet there are no people who emigrate to the United States and become citizens, more ready to adapt themselves to the customs of the country.

They retain their own prejudices a long time, it is true, and never quite get over their love for the Faderland. but the facility with which they accommodate themselves to circumstances is remarkable. There is considerable practical philosophy, after all, about these people: it seems to be a predominating element in their faith never to make themselves unhappy when they can reasonably avoid it.

A very general misconception prevails in reference to the "North" and "South,"—terms which so frequently appear in the newspapers of the United States. The North is supposed to mean North America, and the South, South America. It is the prevailing impression that in North America the people are all free; in South America most of them are supposed to be slaves. Dates, cocoanuts, oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits are the principal articles of food upon which the Southerners are supposed to subsist; and of the Northerners, a considerable number of them, not residing in the principal cities and more settled parts of the States, are supposed to procure a scanty and somewhat precarious livelihood by chasing buffalo on the prairies, subsisting mainly upon their meat and selling their skins. A lady of considerable intelligence remarked to me the other day that she would not go to "America" for anything in the world. She was afraid of the Indians. She had read about them in Cooper's novels, and they seemed to be a very savage sort of people, often coming upon the houses of the settlers in the dead of night, and killing men, women, and children. She couldn't enjoy a moment's peace in such a country. Besides, she understood the houses were very badly built, and often tumbled down on the occupants and crushed them to death. I told her there was reasonable ground for apprehension on all these points. The Indians were very bad in some parts of the country, but it was a pretty large

country, and there was plenty of room to keep out of their way. In New York, Philadelphia, and Washington they were not considered dangerous. The only dangerous people there were politicians,—especially in Washington, where the members of Congress frequently carry pistols and large knives and kill people. On the other point, the flimsy and imperfect manner in which houses are constructed, there was too much truth in what she said. It was scandalous the way in which houses were built there. I knew whole towns to be built up in a week, and abandoned by the citizens in another week. At the great city of Virginia, in Washoe, many of the inhabitants lived in houses built of flour-bags. Even in the city of New York, where people ought to know better, the walls of the houses were so thin that it was dangerous to lean against them. Two cases in point occurred within a few years past,—one that of a man who, while sitting in the front room of a hotel, leaned his chair backward and fell through the wall, alighting on a lady's back as she was walking on the pavement below; the other that of a man who, while sleeping with his head against the partition between his own and neighbor's house, was killed by a nail hammered through the wall by a lodger on the other side, who wanted something to hang his hat upon. It was quite true what she said about American houses, as a general thing, but there were exceptions. The people of California, who were farther advanced in the science of architecture than those of any other State in the Union, having had experience in all kinds of material from potato-bags to red-wood boards, and from that all the way up to Suisun marble (the finest in the world), and being likewise in possession of various improvements derived from the aborigines and the learned men of China, built houses very superior to those of which she had read in the books.

This was especially the case in the city of Oakland, where I myself had erected a residence far surpassing anything in that particular style of architecture to be found in Germany. I had seen the villa of the Rothschilds near Frankfort, the palace of the grand duke at Biebrich, the king's palace at Wurtzburg, and many other handsome establishments upon which a great deal of money had been expended, but they were of very different material and construction from my villa in Oakland.

Amusing as these impressions of the United States are, they derive something of piquancy from the fact that they are not wholly unfounded. Sometimes a home truth emerges from a mass of error; and it is expressed with so much simplicity and such entire unconsciousness of its satirical force that it requires some dexterity to parry the thrust. I generally get over the difficulty by covering it up with a complication of information in no way connected with the subject.

THE FAMINE.

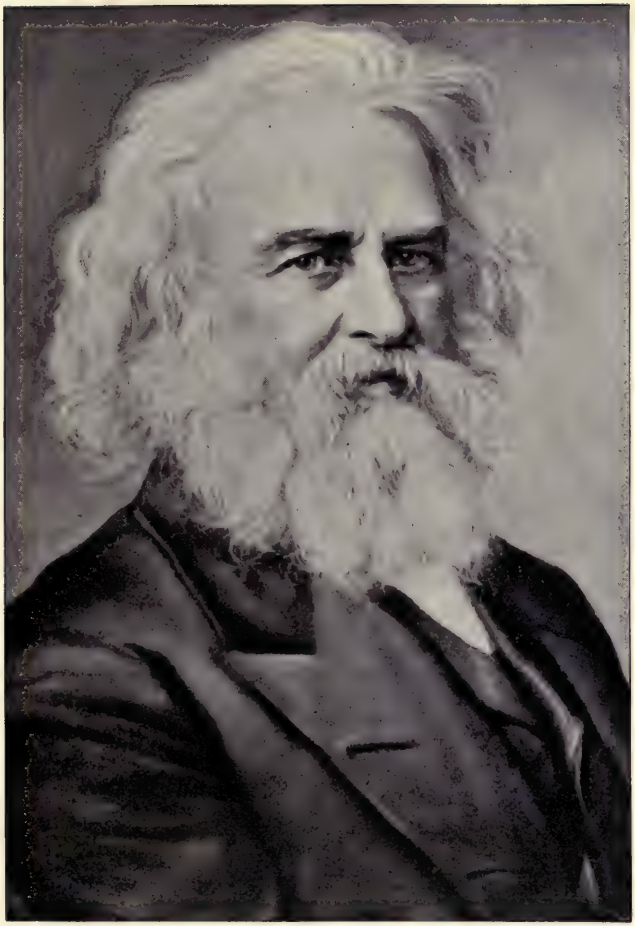
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[Whatever be the final decision of critical authorities and arbiters of taste as to the comparative merit of American poets, Longfellow will probably live longest in the hearts of the reading community. His popularity, indeed, is by no means confined to America, and he can scarcely fail to have an enduring fame among all English-speaking peoples. For this the tenderness and depth of feeling which he displays, and the transparent clearness of his verse, in which not a shadow of obscurity rests upon the thoughts, are better elements than breadth of conception and vigor of handling, when combined, as is often the case, with lack of simplicity of language and sympathetic warmth. No other poet of our era has the evenness of Longfellow. Though he

may seldom or never rise to the greatest heights, he rarely descends below a certain lofty level. Many of his shorter poems have become household words, both in America and in England. To his skill in versification, and the charm of his simple and picturesque diction, is added an unusual facility in the use of imagery. His wealth of apposite and original metaphors has seldom been equalled, and the whole course of his poetry seems to be lit up with a succession of golden lamps, which brilliantly illuminate its thoughts. The metaphor is often the life of a poem, and many of Longfellow's verses owe their vitality mainly to this side-light of illumination.

His longer works consist of "The Spanish Student," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the drama of "Michael Angelo," and the prose works "Hyperion," "Outre-Mer," and "Kavanagh." Of these "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are much the most popular. The latter, from which we select one of its most eloquent sections, endeavors, with great skill and beauty, to give in poetic form some of those Indian legends of which no small store exists among the American aborigines. This poem is couched in a peculiar metre, not very attractive at first reading, but, as is here evidenced, susceptible of much beauty of handling. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was, when quite young, appointed professor of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin College. In 1835 he took the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard. This position he resigned in 1854, when he was succeeded by Lowell. He died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882.]

O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the door-way,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said, "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said, "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,

Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
  Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
  Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
  "Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
  Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
  All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,

Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said, with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his door-way,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,

Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his door-way Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the door-way,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell," said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

INCIDENTS OF ARCTIC TRAVEL.

E. K. KANE.

[Elisha Kent Kane, who is known to the world principally through his connection with Arctic exploration, was one of the most active of American travellers. Previous to his Arctic journeys he had visited China, India, Ceylon, and the Philippines, made an excursion to the Himalayas, ascended the Nile to Nubia, and explored Greece on foot. He served in the Mexican war, was surgeon in the first United States expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and commanded the second expedition. The first journey he described in a volume entitled "The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin;" the second in a highly-interesting work entitled "Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853, '54, and '55." From the first-named we make a brief extract, illustrative of some of the discomforts of Arctic life. Dr. Kane was born in Philadelphia in 1820. He died in Havana in 1857, a victim to the hardships of his adventurous life.]

I EMPLOYED the dreary intervals of leisure that heralded our Christmas in tracing some Flemish portraitures of things about me. The scenes themselves had interest at the time for the parties who figured in them; and I believe that is reason enough, according to the practice of modern academics, for submitting them to the public eye. I copy them from my scrap-book, expurgating only a little.

"We have almost reached the solstice; and things are so quiet that I may as well, before I forget it, tell you something about the cold in its sensible effects, and the way in which as sensible people we met it.

"You will see, by turning to the early part of my journal, that the season we now look back upon as the perfection of summer contrast to this outrageous winter was in fact no summer at all. We had the young ice forming round us in Baffin's Bay, and were measuring

snow-falls, while you were sweating under your grass-cloth. Yet I remember it as a time of sunny recreation, when we shot bears upon the floes, and were scrambling merrily over glaciers and murdering rotges in the bright glare of our day-midnight. Like a complaining brute, I thought it cold then,—I, who am blistered if I touch a brass button or a ramrod without a woollen mit.

"The cold came upon us gradually. The first thing that really struck me was the freezing up of our water-casks, the drip-candle appearance of the bung-holes, and our inability to lay the tin cup down for a five-minutes' pause without having its contents made solid. Next came the complete inability to obtain drink without manufacturing it. For a long time we had collected our water from the beautiful fresh pools of the icebergs and floes; now we had to quarry out the blocks in flinty, glassy lumps, and then melt it in tins for our daily drink. This was in Wellington Channel.

"By and by the sludge which we passed through as we travelled became pancakes and snow-balls. We were glued up. Yet even as late as the 11th of September I collected a flowering Potentilla from Barlow's Inlet. But now anything moist or wet began to strike me as something to be looked at,—a curious, out-of-the-way production, like the bits of broken ice round a can of mint-julep. Our decks became dry, and studded with botryoidal lumps of dirty foot-trodden ice. The rigging had nightly accumulations of rime, and we learned to be careful about coiled ropes and iron-work. On the 4th of October we had a mean temperature below zero.

"By this time our little entering hatchway had become so complete a mass of icicles that we had to give it up and resort to our winter door-way. The opening of a door was now the signal for a gush of smoke-like vapor;

every stove-pipe sent out clouds of purple steam; and a man's breath looked like the firing of a pistol on a small scale.

"All our eatables became laughably consolidated, and after different fashions, requiring no small experience before we learned to manage the peculiarities of their changed condition. Thus, dried apples became one solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcedony. Dried peaches the same. To get these out of the barrel, or the barrel out of them, was a matter impossible. We found, after many trials, that the shortest and best plan was to cut up both fruit and barrel by repeated blows with a heavy axe, taking the lumps below to thaw. Saur-kraut resembled mica, or rather talcose slate. A crow-bar with chiselled edge extracted the *laminæ* badly; but it was perhaps the best thing we could resort to.

"Sugar formed a very funny compound. Take *q. s.* of cork raspings, and incorporate therewith another *q. s.* of liquid gutta-percha or caoutchouc, and allow to harden; this extemporaneous formula will give you the brown sugar of our winter cruise. Extract with the saw; nothing but the saw will suit. Butter and lard, less changed, require a heavy cold-chisel and mallet. Their fracture is conchoidal, with hæmatitic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Flour undergoes little change, and molasses can at —28° be half scooped, half cut, by a stiff iron ladle.

"Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan: crow-bar and handspike! for at —30° the axe can hardly chip it. A barrel sawed in half, and kept for two days in the caboose-house at +76°, was still as refractory as flint a few inches below the surface. A similar bulk of lamp oil,

denuded of the staves, stood like a yellow sandstone roller for a gravel walk.

"Ices for the dessert come, of course, unbidden, in all imaginable and unimaginable variety. I have tried my inventive powers on some of them. A Roman punch, a good deal stronger than the noblest Roman ever tasted, forms readily at —20°. Some sugared cranberries, with a little butter and scalding water, and you have an impromptu strawberry ice. Many a time at those funny little jams that we call in Philadelphia "parties," where the lady hostess glides with such nicely regulated indifference through the complex machinery she has brought together, I have thought I noticed her stolen glance of anxiety at the cooing doves whose icy bosoms were melting into one upon the supper-table before their time. We order these things better in the Arctic. Such is the "composition and fierce quality" of our ices that they are brought in served on the shaft of a hickory broom,—a transfixing rod which we use as a stirrer first and a fork afterward. So hard is this terminating cylinder of ice that it might serve as a truncheon to knock down an ox. The only difficulty is in the processes that follow. It is the work of time and energy to impress it with the carving-knife, and you must handle your spoon deftly, or it fastens to your tongue. One of our mess was tempted the other day by the crystal transparency of an icicle to break it in his mouth; one piece froze to his mouth, and two others to his lips, and each carried off the skin: the thermometer was at —28°.

"Thus much for our Arctic grub. I need not say that our preserved meats would make very fair cannon-balls, canister-shot."

THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS.

MRS. E. A. WALKER.

[It is remarkable with what impish malignity, if you drop a penny or a button to the floor, it at once makes its way to some remote corner of the room, and defies search for an exasperating measure of valuable time. The placid, sleepy, dull-faced thing seems to overflow with mischievous life the instant it leaves the fingers, and when you stoop, "good, easy soul, full sure" to pick it up at your feet, the chances are a hundred to one that it has scampered away into some mysterious nook, where it does its best to hide itself by "protective resemblance." This is only one phase of the total depravity of the inanimate. It takes on a thousand forms, and most of us have experienced as full a share of its vagaries as those which Mrs. Walker so amusingly depicts. A lady friend relates that on one occasion she was amusing a child with a small rubber ball, flinging it into the air and letting it rebound on the floor. At the final upward fling that ball did not visibly descend again. The room was thoroughly searched for it in vain. The yard, on which the window looked, was searched with equal thoroughness and equal uselessness. Days, months, years passed on, house-cleaning seasons came and went, but the vanished ball has never yet been found. If it had been snatched by the hand of some invisible *afrit* in the air it could not have disappeared in a more mysterious manner. Instances of this depravity of inanimate things might be innumerably duplicated. But we must yield the floor to Mrs. Walker.]

I AWOKE very early in life to the consciousness that I held the doctrine which we are considering.

On a hapless day when I was perhaps five years old, I was, in my own estimation, intrusted with the family dignity, when I was deposited for a day at the house of a lordly Pharisee of the parish, with solemnly-repeated instructions in table-manners and the like.

One who never analyzed the mysteries of a sensitive child's heart cannot appreciate the sense of awful respon-

sibility which oppressed me during that visit. But all went faultlessly for a time. I corrected myself instantly each time I said "Yes, ma'am" to Mr. Simon and "No, sir" to madam, which was as often as I addressed them; I clinched little fists and lips resolutely, that they might not touch, taste, handle, tempting *bijouterie;* I even held in check the spirit of inquiry rampant within me, and indulged myself with only one question to every three minutes of time.

At last I found myself at the handsome dinner-table, triumphantly mounted upon two "Comprehensive Commentaries" and a dictionary, fearing no evil from the viands before me. Least of all did I suspect the vegetables of guile. But deep in the heart of a bland mealy-mouthed potato lurked cruel designs upon my fair reputation.

No sooner had I, in the most approved style of nursery good-breeding, applied my fork to its surface, than the hard-hearted thing executed a wild pirouette before my astonished eyes, and then flew on impish wings across the room, dashing out its malicious brains, I am happy to say, against the parlor door, but leaving me in a half-comatose state, stirred only by vague longings for a lodge with "proud Korah's troop," whose destination is unmistakably set forth in the "Shorter Catechism."

* * * * * * * * *

Time and space would, of course, be inadequate to the enumeration of all the demonstrations of the truth of the doctrine of the absolute depravity of things. A few examples only can be cited.

There is melancholy pleasure in the knowledge that a great soul has gone mourning before me in the path I am now pursuing. It was only to-day, in glancing over the pages of Victor Hugo's great work, I chanced upon the

following: "Every one will notice with what skill a coin let fall upon the ground runs to hide itself, and what art it has in rendering itself invisible: there are thoughts that play us the same trick."

The similar tendency of pins and needles is similarly understood and execrated,—their base secretiveness when searched for, and their incensing intrusion when off guard.

I know a man whose sense of their malignity is so keen that, whenever he catches a gleam of their treacherous lustre on the carpet, he instantly draws his two and a quarter yards of length into the smallest possible compass, and shrieks until the domestic police come to the rescue and apprehend the sharp little villains. Do not laugh at this. Years ago he lost his choicest friend by the stab of just such a little dastard lying in ambush.

So also every wielder of the needle is familiar with the propensity of the several parts in a garment in the process of manufacture to turn themselves inside out, and down side up; and the same viciousness cleaves like leprosy to the completed garment so long as a thread remains.

My blood still tingles with a horrible memory illustrative of this truth.

Dressing hurriedly and in darkness for a concert one evening, I appealed to the Dominie, as we passed under the hall-lamp, for a toilet inspection.

"How do I look, father?"

After the sweeping glance came the candid statement,—

"Beau-tifully!"

Oh, the blessed glamour which invests a child whose father views her with a "critic's eye"!

"Yes, *of course;* but look carefully, please: how is my dress?"

Another examination of apparently severest scrutiny.

"All right, dear. That's the new cloak, is it? Never saw you look better. Come; we shall be late."

Confidingly I went to the hall; confidingly I entered; since the concert-room was crowded with rapt listeners to the Fifth Symphony, I gingerly, but still confidingly, followed the author of my days, and the critic of my toilet, to the very uppermost seat, which I entered, barely nodding to my finically-fastidious friend Guy Livingston, who was seated near us with a stylish-looking stranger, who bent eyebrows and glass upon me superciliously.

Seated, the Dominie was at once lifted into the midst of the massive harmonies of the Adagio; I lingered outside a moment, in order to settle my garments and—that woman's look. What! was that a partially-suppressed titter near me? Ah, she has no soul for music! How such ill-timed merriment will jar upon my friend's exquisite sensibilities!

Shade of Beethoven! A hybrid cough and laugh, smothered decorously, but still recognizable, from the courtly Guy himself! What can it mean?

In my perturbation, my eyes fell, and rested upon the sack, whose newness and glorifying effect had been already noticed by my lynx-eyed parent.

I here pause to remark that I had intended to request the compositor to "set up" the coming sentence in explosive capitals, by way of emphasis, but forbear, realizing that it already staggers under the weight of its own significance.

That sack was wrong side out!

Stern necessity, proverbially known as "the mother of invention," and practically the step-mother of ministers' daughters, had made me eke out the silken facings of the front with cambric linings for the back and sleeves. Accordingly, in the full blaze of the concert-room I sat,

"accoutred as I was," in motley attire,—my homely little economies patent to admiring spectators; on either shoulder budding wings composed of unequal parts of sarcenet-cambric and cotton-batting; and in my heart—*parricide*, I had almost said, but it was rather the more filial sentiment of desire to operate for cataract upon my father's eyes. But a moment's reflection sufficed to transfer my indignation to its proper object,—the sinful sack itself, which, concerting with its kindred darkness, had planned this cruel assault upon my innocent pride.

A constitutional obtuseness renders me delightfully insensible to one fruitful source of provocation among inanimate things. I am so dull as to regard all distinctions of "rights" and "lefts" as invidious; but I have witnessed the agonizing struggle of many a victim of fractious boots, and been thankful that "I am not as other men are," in ability to comprehend the difference between my right and left foot. Still, as already intimated, I have seen wise men driven mad by a thing of leather and waxed ends.

A little innocent of three years, in all the pride of his first boots, was aggravated, by the perversity of the right to thrust itself on the left leg, to the utterance of a contraband expletive.

When reproved by his horror-stricken mamma, he maintained a dogged silence.

In order to pierce his apparently indurated conscience, his censor finally said, solemnly,—

"Dugald! God knows that you said that wicked word."

"Does he?" cried the baby victim of reral depravity, in a tone of relief: "then *he* knows it was a doke" (*Anglicé*, joke).

But, mind you, the sin-tempting boot intended no "doke."

The toilet, with its multiform details and complicated machinery, is a demon whose surname is Legion.

Time would fail me to speak of the elusiveness of soap, the knottiness of strings, the transitory nature of buttons, the inclination of suspenders to twist, and of hooks to forsake their lawful eyes and cleave only to the hairs of their hapless owner's head. (It occurs to me as barely possible that, in the last case, the hooks may be innocent, and the sinfulness may lie in capillary attraction.)

And, O my brother or sister in sorrow, has it never befallen you, when bending all your energies to the mighty task of doing up your back-hair, to find yourself gazing inanely at the opaque back of your brush, while the hand-mirror which had maliciously insinuated itself into your right hand for this express purpose came down upon your devoted head with a resonant whack?

I have alluded, parenthetically, to the possible guilt of capillary attraction, but I am prepared to maintain against the attraction of gravitation the charge of total depravity. Indeed, I should say of it, as did the worthy exhorter of the Dominie's old parish in regard to slavery, "It's the wickedest thing in the world, except sin!"

* * * * * * * * *

But a peremptory summons from an animated nursery forbids my lingering longer in this fruitful field. I can only add an instance of corroborating testimony from each member of the circle originating this essay.

The Dominie *loq.*—"Sha'n't have anything to do with it! It's a wicked thing! To be sure, I do remember, when I was a little boy, I used to throw stones at the chip-basket when it upset the cargo I had just laded, and it was a great relief to my feelings, too. Besides, you've told stories about me which are anything but true. I don't remember anything about the sack."

Lady visitor *loq.*—"The first time I was invited to Mr. ——'s (the Hon. —— ——'s, you know), I was somewhat anxious, but went home flattering myself I had made a creditable impression. Imagine my consternation, when I came to relieve the pocket of my gala-gown, donned for the occasion, at discovering among its treasures a tea-napkin, marked gorgeously with the Hon. —— ——'s family crest, which had maliciously crept into its depths in order to bring me into disgrace! I have never been able to bring myself to the point of confession, in spite of my subsequent intimacy with the family. If it were not for Joseph's positive assertion to the contrary, I should be of the opinion that his cup of divination conjured itself deliberately and sinfully into innocent Benjamin's sack."

Student *loq.* (Testimony open to criticism.)—"Met pretty girl on the street yesterday. Sure I had on my 'Armstrong;' had when I left home,—sure as fate; but when I went to pull it off,—by the crown, of course,—to bow to the pretty girl, I smashed in my beaver! How it got there, don't know. Knocked it off. Pretty girl picked it up and handed it to me. Confounded things, anyway!"

Young divine *loq.*—"While I was in the army, I was in Washington 'on leave' for two or three days. One night at a party I became utterly bewildered in an attempt to converse, after a long desuetude, with a fascinating woman. I went stumbling on, amazing her more and more, until finally I covered myself with glory by the categorical statement that in my opinion General McClellan could 'never get across the peninsula without a *fattle;* I beg pardon, madam! what I mean to say is, without a *bight.*'"

School-girl *loq.*—"When Uncle —— was President, I was at the White House at a state dinner one evening. Senator —— came rushing in frantically after we had been at the table some time. No sooner was he seated

than he turned to aunt to apologize for his delay; and, being very much heated, and very much embarrassed, he tugged away desperately at his pocket, and finally succeeded in extracting a huge blue stocking, evidently of home manufacture, with which he proceeded to wipe his forehead very energetically and very conspicuously. I suppose the truth was that the poor man's handkerchiefs were 'on a strike,' and thrust forward this homespun stocking to bring him to terms."

School-girl No. 2 *loq.*—"My last term at F., I was expecting a box of 'goodies' from home. So when the message came, 'An express-package for you, Miss Fannie!' I invited all my specials to come and assist at the opening. Instead of the expected box, appeared a misshapen bundle, done up in yellow wrapping-paper. Four such dejected-looking damsels were never before seen as we, standing around the ugly old thing. Finally Alice suggested,—

"'Open it!'

"'Oh, I know what it is,' I said: 'it is my old thibet, that mother has made over for me.'

"'Let's see,' persisted Alice.

"So I opened the package. The first thing I drew out was too much for me.

"'What a funny-looking basque!' exclaimed Alice. All the rest were struck dumb with disappointment.

"No! not a basque at all, but a man's black satin waistcoat! and next came objects about which there could be no doubt,—a pair of dingy old trousers, and a swallow-tailed coat! Imagine the chorus of damsels!

"The secret was, that two packages lay in father's office, —one for me, the other for those everlasting freedmen. John was to forward mine. He had taken up the box to write the address on it, when the yellow bundle tumbled off the desk at his feet and scared the wits out of his

head. So I came in for father's second-hand clothes, and the Ethiopians had the 'goodies.'"

Repentant Dominie *loq.*—"I don't approve of it at all, but then, if you must write the wicked thing, I heard a good story for you to-day. Dr. —— found himself in the pulpit of a Dutch Reformed church the other Sunday. You know he is one who prides himself on his adaptation to places and times. Just at the close of the introductory services, a black gown lying over the arm of the sofa caught his eye. He was rising to deliver his sermon, when it forced itself on his attention again.

"'Sure enough,' thought he, 'Dutch Reformed clergymen do wear gowns. I might as well put it on.'

"So he solemnly thrust himself into the malicious (as you would say) garment, and went through the services as well as he could, considering that his audience seemed singularly agitated, and indeed on the point of bursting out into a general laugh, throughout the entire service. And no wonder! The good Doctor, in his zeal for conformity, had attired himself in the black cambric duster in which the pulpit was shrouded during the week-days, and had been gesticulating his eloquent homilies with his arms thrust through the holes left for the pulpit-lamps!"

THE MAN IN THE RESERVOIR.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

[The subjoined story, with its detailed exactness of probable incident, is one of that realistic class which almost convince us of their actual occurrence. We follow the weary circling of the hopeless swimmer with some such holding of the breath as if we actually gazed upon his midnight gyrations. Charles Fenno Hoffman, the author, was born in

New York in 1806. His first published work was "Winter in the West." Much of his literary work was in the domain of poetry, and "as a song-writer," says R. W. Griswold, "no American is comparable to him." He wrote one novel, "Greyslaer," and several stories, of which the one we here give gained great popularity. He died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1884.]

You may see some of the best society in New York on the top of the Distributing Reservoir, any of these fine October mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial-looking mothers with young children, pacing the parapet, as we basked there the other day in the sunshine,—now watching the pickerel that glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murmured an idling sophomore, who had found his way thither during recitation-hours, "but the Croton in passing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten-Duyvil, and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean Sea to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis! But the painted foliage on these crags!—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their grayish olive-groves, or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. Did you see that pike break, sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! his silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you," we observed in reply to the rattlepate.

"It is, indeed, for I have done a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation,—the middle of the reservoir!"

"You look incredulous, sir, but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell, until he is tried, in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though?"

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot, I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stone-work in yonder corner?"

"That ladder?" said the young man, brightening at the question; "why, the position, perhaps the very existence, of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Pray do."

"Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once, as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it, of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip-noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

"I chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors, I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking-cane rod with me

which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond if necessary. To this was attached the wire, about fifteen inches in length.

"I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade, that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. 'Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish? for thus alone can I hope to see one.' The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

"If you look around you will see now that there are some half-dozen weeds growing here and there, amid the fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring, I planted a foot, and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

"In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril: as I live now, I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight, as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone caldron, where I must swim for my life heaven only could tell how long!

"I am a capital swimmer; and this naturally gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain at

least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it.

"I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Surely, I thought, there must be some fissure like those in which that ill-omened weed had found a place for its root!

"There was none. My fingers became sore in busying themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleet upon which I could stay myself.

"Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half-filled hogshead? how he swims round, and round, and round, and, after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim as if he would *look himself* out of his watery prison.

"I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched thus his dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir; boys, women, and savages. All childlike things are cruel; cruel from a want of thought and from perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to his own young as a boy is to a favorite puppy,—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought, then, I say, of the rat drowning in a half-filled cask of water, and lifting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and, floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

"The moon is well enough, in her way, however you

may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him" (the young man smiled bitterly as he said this, and shuddered once or twice before he went on musingly). "The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me; I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the Reservoir. She said little of the scene, but, as we talked of our old childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

"There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and, as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall! Strange girl! did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while Nature withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of 'the gone forever'? 'They will all renew themselves, dear Mary,' said I, encouragingly; 'and there is one that will ever keep tryst alike with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou wilt but be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of Nature.'

"A tear sprang to her eye, and then, searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock!

"And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears

I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

"And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet! Who will revel with her amid those old superstitions? Who, from our own unlegended woods, will evoke their yet undetected haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into Nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily over the stupid guess-work of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of Nature through love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we have? Poor girl! she will be companionless.

"Alas! companionless forever,—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

"How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!

"I felt chilly as this last reflection crossed my mind,—partly at thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis.

"The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to hold

steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of that night. I think, indeed, I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated did pass through my brain even as I have detailed them.

"But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action.

"I will begin at that corner (said I), and swim around the whole enclosure. I will swim slowly and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well-directed though exhausting effort, not sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief.

"The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course beneath them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow it looked to me more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well; there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry; and they had such space to move in. I was alone, sad to despair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion.

"I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically, once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world of which I as yet formed a part, my poor Mary herself, was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with faculties illimit-

able, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought together for my undoing. The Eternal could never have willed this thing! I could not and I would not perish thus. And I grew strong in insolence of self-trust; and I laughed aloud as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side.

"Then came an emotion of pity for myself,—of wild, wild regret; of sorrow, oh, infinite, for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant, to redeem another fellow-creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating; while one in parting grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

"And then I prayed!

"I prayed, why or wherefore I know not. It was not from fear. It could not have been in hope. The days of miracles are past, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. *I* did not pray: it prayed of itself, my soul within me.

"Was the calmness that I now felt, torpidity?—the torpidity that precedes dissolution to the strong swimmer who, sinking from exhaustion, must at last add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention as it dashed through the water by me! I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, came again to the surface, and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last, driven towards the southeast corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen

butt, which, every time the fish sounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the other end must be fast. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

"The water is low now, and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip-noose, however, but, standing upon the ledge, handled the rod in a workmanlike manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy, strong bass rod which I had borrowed in the 'Spirit of the Times' office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape; and for fear of similar accidents they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir."

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance, and, although strongly tempted to "work it up" after the fantastic style of a famous German namesake, prefer that the reader should have it in its American simplicity.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

ANONYMOUS.

[It is very desirable that, to the extracts we have given descriptive of American scenery, and of interesting points in modern American history, some brief account of the aboriginal civilization of this country should be appended,—that known as the civilization of "The Mound-Builders." It was not, indeed, a civilization in the modern sense, but only as compared with the savagery found to exist among the Indians of the Northern States. There is abundant evidence that at one time a much more cultivated people occupied this region. This people had vanished ere the discovery of America by the whites. Yet plentiful indications of their former existence persist, and the study of these, and of their far-reaching relations, has given rise to what is almost a complete branch of science, that of American archæology. Many able writers have treated this subject, but somewhat too technically for our present purpose, and we transcribe instead a portion of an article on "The Mound-Builders" from the "American Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica," in which the subject is handled more briefly and generally. We omit most of the descriptive portions of this article, but give its historical and theoretical portions in full.]

THE pioneer settlers of the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio failed to discover indications of any human culture in these regions beyond that of the savage tribes with whom they contended for the possession of their new territory. Only when men with aptitude for scientific research made their way thither was it discovered that this whole region was thickly covered with the relics of a more ancient and more civilized race, who had apparently been completely supplanted by the modern Indians. The most apparent of these relics consisted of mounds of earth, varying greatly in shape, size, and probable purpose. This fact, while of interest, was not in itself particularly striking. Earth mounds are found in all parts

of the world, and seem to have been a general means adopted by savage and barbarous tribes for the burial and the commemoration of their leading men. But the mounds of the United States are by no means confined to purposes of burial, like those of Asia and of other regions, but are of greatly-varied design, and in many of their forms have no counterpart elsewhere upon the earth. While many of them are sepulchral, others are evidently defensive, others religious, and of many the design is, and perhaps will always remain, mysterious. They exist, moreover, in extraordinary abundance, being found throughout the whole region from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and to some small extent beyond these limits. The State of Ohio alone contains more than ten thousand mounds, besides one thousand or fifteen hundred defensive works and enclosures. They are also very abundant in Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri. It is said that within a radius of fifty miles from the mouth of the Illinois River, in the State of Illinois, about five thousand of these ancient works exist. They existed so abundantly on the site of St. Louis as to gain for that city the name of the "Mound City." If we go south it is to find them in similar abundance. The Gulf States are full of them. From Florida to Texas they everywhere abound of the greatest diversity in size and shape. Nor are they restricted to the limits here given. Occasional small examples exist east of the Alleghanies. West of the Rocky Mountains, and throughout Mexico and Central America, they are found, though nowhere so abundantly as in the Mississippi Valley. These mounds are usually from six to thirty feet high, and forty to one hundred in diameter, though some are much larger. To the vanished race to whose labor they are due has been given the name of the "Mound-Builders."

[We have not space to give in full the extended description of these mounds which follows, and must very briefly epitomize it. Many of them consist of defensive earthworks, situated usually on hills and river-bluffs, and indicating an extensive population in the valleys below. There are indications of a continuous line of such fortifications extending from Western New York into Ohio, while many isolated ones exist, often of great extent and showing much military skill in their erection.

Other works are extensive enclosures on the valley levels, forming very regular circles, squares, and other figures, and containing mounds supposed to have been used for religious purposes. Of the so-called "Temple mounds" some are of enormous size, that at Cahokia, Illinois, measuring seven hundred by five hundred feet at base, and ninety feet in perpendicular height. It was probably surmounted by a temple. Other small mounds are supposed to have been used as altars; but the most numerous class were used for burial, and in these skeletons are often found. Perhaps the strangest mounds are those imitating the shape of animals, which are found numerously in Wisconsin, and to some extent elsewhere. These are large and crude representations of a considerable variety of animals, the "Snake mound" of Ohio being seven hundred feet in length.

The mounds contain very numerous relics of the art of their builders, consisting of many articles of pottery, stone pipes of very skilful manufacture, in imitation of animal forms, stone implements in great variety, articles of beaten copper, pearls, plates of mica, fragments of woven fabrics, and other articles, indicative of much industry and a considerable advance in the simpler arts. With this digest we may permit our author to resume his narrative.]

The question now arises, Who were the Mound-Builders? What vestiges of their history, if any, yet exist? These are questions which archæologists are not prepared to answer definitely, though they seem approaching a settled conclusion. Much study has been given to the skulls taken from the mounds, in quest of race characteristics. They vary considerably, but there is nothing to indicate an essential difference in race from modern Indians. And the arts of the Mound-Builders have not quite died out in

the existing Indian tribes. The latter, when discovered, were to some extent agricultural, protected their villages by stockades and other defensive works, and were expert in the manufacture of stone implements and in some other industrial pursuits. But all this is insignificant as compared with the varied industries and the magnitude of the works of the Mound-Builders. These attest a population very much greater than that of the hunting tribes, and therefore necessarily in the main agricultural; and one possessed of a compact governmental organization and a developed religious system. Either the power of a despot over a large body of obedient people, or the influence of a strong religious sentiment, or perhaps both, were needed to erect the great earthworks so widely disseminated, and which were not built without enormous labor, with the simple means at their command. An Indian of the North, with his independent spirit and his crude religious ideas, would laugh to scorn the chief or medicine-man who bade him perform such labors.

But when we go south, a different state of organization and different religious ideas appear, and we seem to be treading closely on the footsteps of the vanished Mound-Builders. When the Spanish explorers landed in Florida and made their way to the Mississippi, they found tribes existing in a very different condition from that of the tribes of the North. These tribes inhabited well-built and protected villages, and were skilful agriculturists and possessed of many manufacturing arts, while they still used the mounds in their vicinity as a base of the chief's dwelling, and perhaps for other purposes. Nor had they quite lost the art of mound-building, though it is questionable if the great mounds of the region were the work of their direct ancestors. Their organization was far in advance of that of the Northern Indians. In the Creek confeder-

acy the chief, or *Mico*, possessed a certain degree of despotic power. He held his post for life, was a religious as well as civil dignitary, and was treated with the greatest homage and respect. Other important officers were the Great War-Chief and the High-Priest, while the Conjurer or Medicine-Man answered to the sole religious dignitary of the Northern tribes. The vague superstitions of the latter were replaced here by a developed sun-worship, which was conducted with much ceremony, there being temples in which a sacred fire was kept up with the greatest assiduity during the year, and relighted once every year with special ceremony.

When the Spanish explorers reached the region of the Mississippi they found there tribes who we have considerable reason to believe were the direct descendants of the Mound-Builders and retained their arts and organization. These were the Natchez and other related tribes. They are now extinct, having been annihilated by the hostility of the French of Louisiana, but what we are told of them is of very great interest. Their language, so far as known, had no affinity with those of the other tribes. Their organization was a more complex and despotic one than that of the Creeks. Their chief was known as the *Sun*, and his power was completely despotic. He had religious as well as civil authority, and was looked upon as a sacred and direct descendant of the sun-god. His family were called *Suns*, and had special privileges. Beneath them was a nobility, while the common people were very submissive. The chiefs' dwellings were on mounds, and the mounds were also the seat of temples, in which the sacred fire was guarded with superstitious care by the priesthood. When these tribes were visited by La Salle, in 1681–82, they are described as living in large, square, adobe dwellings, with dome-shaped roofs of canes, regularly grouped around a

central area. The temple of the sun was adorned with the figures of three eagles, with heads turned to the east. Among the Natchez there was an elaborate cultus, with temples, idols, priests, keepers of sacred things, religious festivals, and the like, and a vigorous control over the people through their superstitions. In one town the Spanish explorers found a large mausoleum, one hundred paces by forty in extent, which held in large chests the bodies of defunct chiefs. At its entrance were gigantic wooden statues, skilfully carved and armed with weapons, while their attitudes were threatening and their looks ferocious. Inside were other statues, and in addition to the chests mentioned were smaller ones containing the valuables of the tribe. These consisted of valuable furs, robes of dressed skins and of handsomely-colored feathers, mats of the inner bark of trees and of a species of grass, together with a great store of pearls. The natives lived in comfortable dwellings, and were well clothed in dressed and painted deer-skins, feather-work clothing, and woven materials. The woman chief of one town, when she met De Soto, was seated on cushions in a canoe which was covered with awnings.

The condition and customs of these tribes are so interesting in respect to their probable relation to the Mound-Builders that one cannot but regret that they did not retain their pristine organization until visited by more observant people than the early Spanish explorers. There are various interesting points in regard to their institutions and habits which may be mentioned in this connection. They nowhere formed large governmental communities, but each town or village was regarded as independent, under its own mico and council. The council met every day in the central square of the village to consider questions of public interest. Over this meeting the mico

presided, and was treated with the utmost respect as a direct representative of the sun, though his power did not seem so absolute in the eastern as in the Mississippi region. He held his post for life, and though the office was elective it generally remained in the one family,—descent being in the female line. Agriculture was the main vocation of these tribes, though hunting was actively engaged in. All the soil was held in common, the only private property being in habitations and in immediate garden-plots. And one interesting feature of the industrial situation was that, while every farmer or hunter had the right to the product of his own labor, every one was obliged to deposit a part of his food-product in the public granary,—a circular building of stone and earth erected in some shady place. This wise provision was intended as a reserve store in case of want, and for the use of the helpless. The contents of the granary were under the absolute disposal of the mico. Capital punishment was administered in the presence of the council, the criminal being executed by the blow of a club on the skull.*

The organization of the Southern Indians, as we have said, reached its ultimate development in the Natchez and their related tribes. Here the *Sun* was at once king and high-priest, and absolute in power, the people being highly submissive. The distinctions of rank were more conspicuous than elsewhere. The great chief every morning performed certain religious ceremonies at the door of his habitation. He acknowledged no superior but the sun, and the tradition was entertained that he and his family were the descendants of a man and woman who originally

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* It may be stated here that skulls have been found in the Northern burial-mounds, crushed in this manner, evidently those of victims immolated at the burial of a deceased chief.

came down from the sun to the earth. The ruler was not succeeded by his son, but by the son of his nearest female relative, who was known as the *Woman Chief*, and who also possessed the power of life and death over the people. So great was the influence over them of their superstitions that the extinguishment of the sacred fire in the temple was deemed the greatest calamity that could possibly befall them. Among the Creeks, and possibly among the Natchez, it was the custom to extinguish it at a fixed period every year, and relight it after an interval, this interval being a period of dread and lamentation by the people.* The death of the *Sun* of the Natchez cost the life of his guards and of many of his subjects, sometimes more than one hundred persons being sacrificed. Few of the principal persons died without human sacrifices, the victims being chosen from their relatives, friends, and servants. Captives taken in war were sacrificed to the sun, and their skulls displayed on the temples.

We have gone into this description of the manners and customs of the Southern Indians from the fact that many archæologists are now satisfied that they were the direct descendants of the Mound-Builders. The governmental and religious system, and the arts, of these tribes agree in many respects with the indications which the mounds reveal, particularly in the traces of human sacrifices performed by crushing the skull, and the superstition and despotism which alone can explain the immensity of the labors performed. Some of the mounds are so great that it would take a thousand men months to erect them with all the aid of the best modern implements. It must have cost their original builders years of the hardest labor, all

* A very similar custom and sentiment existed among the Aztecs of Mexico.

this earth being carried by hand, probably in baskets, often for a considerable distance, and deposited upon the mounds.

Historical.—The history of the Mound-Builders can only be conjectural. Possibly, had the early settlers of America been disposed to archæological inquiry, traces of this vanished people might have been found north as well as south. A. J. Conant, in his "Footprints of Vanished Races," says that the Indian tribes, when first known, had traditions of a superior race whom they had conquered and enslaved. Here and there a solitary individual was found who claimed to be a prophet and the descendant of a long priestly line, a representative of this superior race. To these statements no attention was paid, and only a few of the many traditions which might have been collected are now extant. It is not improbable that the semi-civilization of the Mound-Builders originated in the Mississippi Valley, possibly in the highly-fertile region of the lower Mississippi, and that it gradually extended northward, by a natural process of expansion, to the point of confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio. From this point the colonists seem to have followed several channels. keeping to the rivers, and extending through the valleys of the Ohio, the Missouri, and other streams, until they finally occupied the whole region already indicated. There is reason to believe that the mouth of the Ohio was the central point of their domain, from its lack of defensive works, its abundance of mounds, and the superior character of its objects of art and industry. Eastward and westward they extended far towards the bordering mountain-chains, and northward to Isle Royale and the shores of Lake Superior, where the traces of mining operations are their most northerly indications. It is conjectured that they came here only in the summer, on mining expeditions, and

that they had no regular settlements in this region. The Mississippi and the Ohio seem to have been their main arteries of expansion, and the Missouri somewhat less so, while indications of their occupancy diminish as we pass from this centre towards the north, east, and west.

It is possible that the reverse movement was in somewhat the same lines. If, in their advance, they pushed back the original inhabitants of the country, these seem to have held their own in the mountains, and to have finally retaliated. The many works of defence which exist indicate a fierce and long-continued era of warfare, in which it is probable that the soil of the United States was deeply drenched with human blood, perhaps at the same period that similar fierce conflicts between barbarism and civilization were taking place in Europe and Asia. As the Romans long drove back the German tribes and possessed their country, and yet were in turn overcome by these vigorous tribes, so may the Mound-Builders have outspread and finally been overthrown. Probably they were conquered piecemeal, as there is no probability that they composed a single empire, but rather a congeries of independent tribes, with similar arts and organization. However that be, they vanished from the land which they had long inhabited, and it was left in full possession of the hunting tribes, who were found there as sole inhabitants at the advent of the whites, with only the deserted mounds and their contents in attestation of an earlier and more interesting people. The Mound-Builders, driven from the North, and down the Mississippi Valley to their original seat in the Gulf States, may have there retained their manners and customs and partial civilization, with more or less completeness, till the coming of the whites, and have constituted the tribes found there by La Salle and his followers. Once more they were invaded by a power-

ful foe, before whose assault the last vestige of their ancient organization was to disappear, and their most illustrative tribe, the Natchez, to vanish finally from the earth.

As to the period in which the kingdom of the Mound-Builders flourished in the North, many conjectures have been made. There are some indications which point to a considerable antiquity. Forest trees probably six hundred years old are found on some of the mounds. Traces of decaying trees of yet older date exist. Yet after the abandonment of the mounds a long period must have elapsed ere forest trees could have taken root in their clayey soil, and a much longer period ere they could have been invaded by trees having all the variety of the neighboring forests, as was the case when they were discovered. There are also vegetable accumulations which indicate a considerable lapse of time. In one ditch these accumulations were three feet eight inches deep. The greatly-decayed condition of the skeletons is another evidence of antiquity. Still another is the encroachment of streams upon the abandoned works. The works of the Mound-Builders are not erected upon the present river terrace, but upon a higher one, which may indicate that the rivers have deepened their channels since the date of erection of the mounds, or perhaps that the purpose of this was to avoid inundation. If the era of abandonment of these works was thus remote, that of their erection may have been much more remote, and the slow growth of the civili zation of the Mound-Builders from original savagery may have occupied a vast period, whose duration it would be idle to conjecture. It will suffice to say that in these strange remains we have a revelation of a remarkable and long-continued series of human events upon this portion of the American continent which, but for them, would be lost in total oblivion.

It is not improbable that the Gulf territory of the United States may have been the centre of outflow of the civilization of another region than that of the Mound-Builders. The migrations of the latter may have taken place south as well as north, and given rise to the civilization of Mexico. Or more probably their southward movement before the overwhelming incursions of their Northern foes may have set in train a new movement southward, the Southern tribes yielding as those of the North were pushed back upon them, and migrating through the Mexican region to the seats of the Nahua and Maya empires. This conjecture is based not alone on the traditions of a Northern origin which prevailed in these empires, but on the close conformity of their organization and their architecture to those we have been considering.

Sun-worship was the early faith of the Aztecs. Their ruler was at once chief and high-priest. His power was despotic. The perpetual fire of the temples was guarded as sedulously as in the North, and its extinguishment deemed a dire calamity. The land was held in common, and there were public granaries in which a part of all products had to be deposited. A governing council shared the authority of the ruler. Human sacrifice had grown to frightful dimensions. Other points of community might be named, but these are the most striking.

In architecture a similar community existed. The temples of Mexico were built upon terraced and truncated mounds quite similar in general design to those of the North. In Yucatan these terraced mounds are repeated, and here they bear enormous and profusely-sculptured stone edifices. Here, then, we seem to reach the final outcome of that movement towards civilization which began in the North, and reached its culmination in the American tropics, in all its changes preserving the finger-marks of

its origin. This is conjectural only, yet it is a conjecture based upon striking indications, and it is certainly by no means improbable that the civilization of North America originated in the valley of the lower Mississippi and its adjacent regions, extended northward and left its relics in the works of the Mound-Builders, and afterwards moved south before an irresistible force, finding its final seat in Mexico and Central America, where it may have displaced or mingled with a more archaic native civilization.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

N. P. WILLIS.

MEPHISTOPHELES could hardly have found a more striking amusement for Faust than the passage of three hundred miles in the canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson. As I walked up and down the deck of the packet-boat, I thought to myself that if it were not for thoughts of things that come more home to one's "business and bosom" (particularly "bosom") I could be content to retake my berth at Schenectady and return to Buffalo for amusement. The Erie canal-boat is a long and very pretty drawing-room afloat. It has a library, sofas, a tolerable cook, curtains or Venetian blinds, a civil captain, and no smell of steam or perceptible motion. It is drawn generally by three horses at a fair trot, and gets you through about a hundred miles a day, as softly as if you were witched over the ground by Puck and Mustard-seed. The company (say fifty people) is such as pleases Heaven; though I must say (with my eye all along the shore, collecting the various dear friends I have made and left on

that long canal), there are few highways on which you will meet so many lovely and loving fellow-passengers. On this occasion my star was bankrupt,—Job Smith being my only civilized companion,—and I was left to the unsatisfactory society of my own thoughts and the scenery.

Discontented as I may seem to have been, I remember, through eight or ten years of stirring and thickly-sown manhood, every moment of that lonely evening. I remember the progression of the sunset, from the lengthening shadows and the first gold upon the clouds, to the deepening twilight and the new-sprung star hung over the wilderness. And I remember what I am going to describe, —a twilight anthem in the forest,—as you remember an air of Rossini's, or a transition in the half-fiendish, half-heavenly creations of Meyerbeer. I thought time dragged heavily then, but I wish I had as light a heart and could feel as vividly now!

The Erie Canal is cut a hundred or two miles through the heart of the primeval wilderness of America, and the boat was gliding on silently and swiftly, and never sailed a lost cloud through the abyss of space on a course more apparently new and untrodden. The luxuriant soil had sent up a rank grass that covered the horse-path like velvet; the Erie water was clear as a brook in the winding canal; the old shafts of the gigantic forest spurred into the sky by thousands; and the yet unscared eagle swung off from the dead branch of the pine, and skimmed the tree-tops for another perch, as if he had grown to believe that gliding spectre a harmless phenomenon of nature. The horses drew steadily and unheard at the end of the long line; the steersman stood motionless at the tiller, and I lay on a heap of baggage in the prow, attentive to the slightest breathing of nature, but thinking, with an ache at my heart, of Edith Linsey, to whose feet

(did I mention it?) I was hastening with a lover's proper impatience. I might as well have taken another turn in my "fool's paradise."

The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine-tops and disappeared like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger; the whippoorwill had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor) the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip-trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and capricious blast, like

a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the overblown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the water-fall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the outburst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness), seems an intensitive and a low burden to the general anthem of the earth,—as it were, a single voice among instruments.

I had what Wordsworth calls a "couchant ear" in my youth, and my story will wait, dear reader, while I tell you of another harmony that I learned to love in the wilderness.

There will come sometimes in the spring—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine,—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tent shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eye while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends softly and warm; but with the sunset the clouds

break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine-tassels hold in every four of their fine fingers a drop of rain frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all dropping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had, when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear that it soothed and satisfied then) you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest, and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care. And it is better than the voice of your friend, or the song of your lady-love, for it exacts no gratitude, and will not desert you ere the echo dies upon the wind.

Oh, how many of these harmonies there are!—how many that we hear, and how many that are "too constant to be heard"! I could go back to my youth, now, with this thread of recollection, and unsepulture a hoard of simple and long-buried joys that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled since such things could give me pleasure! Is there no "well of Kanathos" for renewing the youth of the soul?—no St. Hilary's cradle? no elixir to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-tarnishing custom? Find me an alchymy for *that*, with your alembic and crucible, and you may resolve to dross again your philosopher's stone!

LIFE AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

ALBERT BARNES.

[The writer of this interesting description of the feelings, and relations to society, of a septuagenarian, himself lived very little past that life-era. He was born in 1798, and died in 1870, at the age of seventy-two. No theological writer of America has attained greater popularity as an author, his "Notes on the New Testament," comprising eleven volumes, having reached, at the time of his death, a sale of over a million volumes. He wrote numerous other works, and was an earnest advocate of the anti-slavery doctrine long before that doctrine was accepted by the clergy generally. In 1830 he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, a position which he held for more than thirty years.]

A MAN rarely forms any new plans of life at seventy years of age. He enters no new professions or callings, he embarks in no new business, he undertakes to write no new books, he forms no new friendships, alliances, or partnerships; he cannot now feel, as he once could, that on the failure of one plan he may now embark in another with better promise of success.

Hitherto all along the course of his life he has felt that, if he became conscious that he had mistaken his calling, or if he was unsuccessful in that calling, he might embrace another; if he was disappointed or failed in one line of business, he might resume that line, or embark in another, with vigor and hope; for he had youth on his side, and he had, or he thought he had, many years before him. If one friend proved unfaithful, he might form other friendships; if he failed in his chosen profession, the world was still before him where to choose, and there were still many paths that might lead to affluence or to honor; if he lost one battle, the case was not hopeless, for

he might yet be honored on some other field with victory, and be crowned with glory.

But usually, when a man reaches the period of "threescore and ten years," all these things lie in the past. His purposes have all been formed and ended. If he sees new plans and purposes that seem to him to be desirable or important to be executed; if there are new fields of honor, wealth, science, ambition, or benevolence, they are not for him, they are for a younger and more vigorous generation. It is true that this feeling *may* come over a man at any period of life. In the midst of his way, in the successful prosecution of his most brilliant purposes, in the glow and ardor attending the most attractive schemes, the hand of disease or death may be laid on him, and he may be made to feel that all *his* plans are ended,—a thought all the more difficult to bear because he has not been prepared for it by the gradual whitening of his hairs and the infirmities of age. . . .

Most men in active life look forward, with fond anticipation, to a time when the cares of life will be over, and when they will be released from their responsibilities and burdens; if not with an absolute desire that such a time shall come, yet with a feeling that it will be a relief when it does come. Many an hour of anxiety in the counting-room; many an hour of toil in the workshop or on the farm; many an hour of weariness on the bench; many a burdened hour in the great offices of state, and many an hour of exhaustion and solicitude in professional life, is thus relieved by the prospect of rest,—of absolute rest,—of entire freedom from responsibility. What merchant and professional man, what statesman, does not look forward to such a time of repose, and anticipate a season—perhaps a long one—of calm tranquillity before life shall end? and when the time approaches, though the hope

often proves fallacious, yet its approach is not unwelcome. Diocletian and Charles V. descended from their thrones to seek repose, the one in private life, the other in a cloister; and the aged judge, merchant, or pastor welcomes the time when he feels that the burden which he has so long borne may be committed to younger men.

Yet when the time of absolute rest comes, it is different from what has been anticipated. There is, to the surprise, perhaps, of all such men, this new, this strange idea,—an idea which they never had before, and which did not enter their anticipations: *that they have now nothing to live for;* that they have no motive for effort; that they have no plan or purpose of life. They seem now to themselves, perhaps to others, to have no place in the world, no right in it. Society has no place for them, for it has nothing to confer on them, and they can no longer make a place for themselves. General Washington, when the war of Independence was over, and he had returned to Mount Vernon, is said to have felt "lost" because he had not an army to provide for daily; and Charles V., so far from finding rest in the cloister, amused himself, as has been commonly supposed, in trying to make clocks and watches run together, and, so far from actually withdrawing from the affairs of state,—miserable in his chosen place of retreat,—still busied himself with the affairs of Europe, and sought in the convent at Yuste to govern his hereditary dominions which he had professedly resigned to his son, and as far as possible still to control the empire where he had so long reigned. The retired merchant, unused to reading, and unaccustomed to agriculture or the mechanical arts, having little taste, it may be, for the fine arts or for social life, finds life a burden and sighs for his old employments and associations, for in his anticipation of this period he never allowed the idea to enter his mind that he

should then have really closed all his plans of life; that as he had professedly done with the world, so the world has actually done with him.

How great, therefore, is the contrast of a man of twenty and one of seventy years! To those in the former condition the words of Milton in relation to our first parents, when they went out from Eden into the wide world, may not be improperly applied:

> "The world was all before them where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide;"

those in the other case have nothing which they can choose. There is nothing before them but the one path, —that which leads to the grave,—to another world. To them the path of wealth, of fame, of learning, of ambition, is closed forever. The world has nothing more for them; they have nothing more for the world.

I do not mean to say that there *can* be nothing for an aged man to do, or that there *may* not be in some cases a field of usefulness—perhaps a new and large one—for him to occupy. I mean only that this cannot constitute a part of his *plan* of life; it cannot be a result of a purpose formed in his earlier years. His own plans and purposes of life are ended, and whatever there may be in reserve for him, it is usually a new field,—something which awaits him beyond the ordinary course of events; and the *transition* of his own finished plans to this cannot but be deeply affecting to his own mind. I do not affirm that a man may not be useful and happy as long as God shall lengthen out his days on earth, and I do not deny that there may be much in the character and services of an ancient man that should command the respect and secure the gratitude of mankind. The earlier character and the earlier plans of every man should be such that he *will* be useful if his

days extend beyond the ordinary period allotted to our earthly life. A calm, serene, cheerful old age is always useful. Consistent and mature piety, gentleness of spirit, kindness and benevolence, are always useful.

NO USE BEING IN A HURRY.

J. K. PAULDING.

[One of the first of American writers to attain a reputation as a novelist was James Kirke Paulding, born in New York in 1779. In combination with Washington Irving, he published, in 1807, a series of witty and satirical papers, entitled "Salmagundi," which attracted much attention. His satire of "John Bull and Brother Jonathan" is among the most humorous of this class of works in our literature. He wrote several other works, chief among which is "The Dutchman's Fireside," a novel which was long greatly admired. It will not well bear comparison with later achievements in the novelistic field, yet it is of value as giving an interesting picture of colonial life in New York. We select from it a humorous chapter. Mr. Paulding died in 1860.]

MUCH has been sung and written of the charms of the glorious Hudson,—its smiling villages, its noble cities, its magnificent banks, and its majestic waters. The inimitable Knickerbocker, the graphic Cooper, and a thousand less celebrated writers and tourists have delighted to luxuriate in descriptions of its rich fields, its flowery meadows, whispering groves, and cloud-capped mountains, until its name is become synonymous with all the beautiful and sublime of nature. Associated as are these beauties with our earliest recollections and nearest, dearest friends,—entwined as they inseparably are with memorials of the

past and anticipations of the future,—we too would offer our humble tribute. But the theme has been exhausted by hands that snatched the pencil from Nature herself, and nothing is left for us but to expend our emotions in silent musings.

Catalina, accompanied by her father, embarked on board of the good sloop Watervliet, whereof was commander Captain Baltus Van Slingerland, a most experienced, deliberative, and circumspective skipper. This vessel was noted for making quick passages, wherein she excelled the much-vaunted Liverpool packets; seldom being more than three weeks in going from Albany to New York, unless when she chanced to run on the flats, for which, like her worthy owners, she seemed to have an instinctive preference. Captain Baltus was a navigator of great sagacity and courage, having been the first man that ever undertook the dangerous voyage between the two cities without asking the prayers of the church and making his will. Moreover, he was so cautious in all his proceedings that he took nothing for granted, and would never be convinced that his vessel was near a shoal or a sand-bank until she was high and dry aground. When properly certified by ocular demonstration, he became perfectly satisfied, and set himself to smoking till it pleased the waters to rise and float him off again. His patience under an accident of this kind was exemplary; his pipe was his consolation, —more effectual than all the precepts of philosophy.

It was a fine autumnal morning, calm, still, clear, and beautiful. The forests, as they nodded or slept quietly on the borders of the pure river, reflected upon its bosom a varied carpet, adorned with every shade of every color. The bright yellow poplar, the still brighter scarlet maple, the dark-brown oak, and the yet more sombre evergreen pine and hemlock, together with a thousand various trees

and shrubs, of a thousand varied tints, all mingled in one rich, inexpressibly rich garment, with which Nature seemed desirous of hiding her faded beauties and approaching decay. The vessel glided slowly with the current, now and then assisted by a little breeze, that for a moment rippled the surface and filled the sails, and then died away again. In this manner they approached the Overslaugh, a place infamous in all past time for its narrow, crooked channel, and the sand-banks with which it is infested. The vigilant Van Slingerland, in view of possible contingencies, replenished his pipe and inserted it in the buttonholes of his Dutch pea-jacket, to be ready on an emergency.

"Boss," said the ebony Palinurus who presided over the destinies of the good sloop Watervliet,—"boss, don't you t'ink I'd better put about? I t'ink we're close to the Overslaugh, now."

Captain Baltus very leisurely walked to the bow of the vessel, and, after looking about a little, replied, "A leetle furder, a leetle furder, Brom; no occasion to pe in zuch a hurry pefore you are zure of a ting."

Brom kept on his course, grumbling a little in an undertone, until the sloop came to a sudden stop. The captain then bestirred himself to let go the anchor.

"No fear, boss: she won't run away."

"Very well," quoth Captain Baltus, "I'm zatisfied now, berfectly zatisfied. We are certainly on de Overslaugh."

"As clear as mud," answered Brom. The captain then proceeded to light his pipe, and Brom followed his example. Every quarter of an hour a sloop would glide past in perfect safety, warned of the precise situation of the bar by the position of the Watervliet, and adding to the vexation of our travellers at being thus left behind. But Captain Baltus smoked away, now and then ejaculating,

"Ay, ay, de more hashte de lesh shpeed; we shall see py and py."

As the tide ebbed, the vessel, which had grounded on the extremity of the sand-bank, gradually heeled on one side, until it was difficult to keep the deck, and Colonel Vancour suggested the propriety of going on shore until she righted again.

"Why, where's de uze, den," replied Captain Baltus, "of daking all tis drouble, boss? We shall pe off in dwo or dree tays at most. It will pe vull-moon tay after domorrow."

"Two or three days!" exclaimed the colonel. "If I thought so, I would go home and wait for you."

"Why, where's de uze, den, of daking zo much drouble, golonel? You'd only have to gome pack again."

"But why don't you lighten your vessel, or carry out an anchor? She seems just on the edge of the bank, almost ready to slide into the deep water."

"Why, where's de uze of daking zo much drouble, den? She'll get off herzelf one of deze days, golonel. You are well off here, notting to do, and de young woman dare can knid you a bair of stogings to bass de dime."

"But she can't knit stockings," said the colonel, smiling.

"Not knid stogings! Py main zoul, den, what is zhe goot vor? Den zhe must zmoke a bipe; dat is de next pest way of bassing de dime."

"But she don't smoke either, captain."

"Not zmoke, nor knid stogings? Christus! where was zhe prought ub, den? I wouldn't have her vor my wife iv zhe had a whole zloop vor her vortune. I don't know what zhe gan do to bass de dime dill next vull-moon, put go to zleep; dat is de next pest ding to knidding and zmoking."

Catalina was highly amused at Captain Baltus's enu-

meration of the sum-total of her resources for passing the time. Fortunately, however, the next rising of the tide floated them off, and the vessel proceeded gallantly on her way, with a fine northwest breeze, which carried her on with almost the speed of a steamboat. In the course of a few miles they overtook and passed several sloops that had left the Watervliet aground on the Overslaugh.

"You zee, golonel," said Captain Baltus, complacently, —"you zee: where's de uze of peing in a hurry, den? Dey have peen at anghor, and we have peen on a zand-pank. What's de difference, den, golonel?"

"But it is easier to get up an anchor, captain, than to get off a sand-bank."

"Well, zubbose it is; if a man is not in a hurry, what den?" replied Captain Baltus.

At the period of which we are writing, a large portion of the banks of the river, now gemmed with white villages and delightful retreats, was still in a state of nature. The little settlements were "few and far between," and some scattered Indians yet lingered in those abodes which were soon to pass away from them and their posterity forever. The river alone was in the entire occupation of the white man; the shores were still, in many places, inhabited by remnants of the Indian tribes. But they were not the savages of the free wild woods; they had in some degree lost their habits of war and hunting, and seldom committed hostilities upon the whites, from an instinctive perception that they were now at their mercy.

Still, though the banks of the river were for the most part wild, they were not the less grand and beautiful; and Catalina, as she sat on the deck in the evening, when the landscape, bronzed with twilight, presented one unvaried appearance of lonely pomp and majestic repose, could not resist its holy influence. On the evening of the

sixth day the vessel was becalmed in the heart of the Highlands, just opposite where West Point now rears its gray stone seminaries, consecrated to science, to patriotism, and glory. It was then a solitary rock, where the eagle made his abode, and from which a lonely Indian sometimes looked down on the vessels gliding past far below, and cursed them as the usurpers of his ancient domain.

The tide ran neither up nor down the river, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The dusky pilot proposed to Captain Baltus to let go the anchor, but the captain saw "no use in being in such a hurry." So the vessel lay still as a sleeping halcyon upon the unmoving mirror of the waters. Baltus drew forth his trusty pipe, and the negro pilot selected a soft plank on the forecastle, on which he, in a few minutes, found that blessed repose which is the prize of labor, and which a thousand times outweighs the suicide luxuries of the lazy glutton, whose sleep is the struggle, not the relaxation, of nature.

As the golden sun sunk behind the high mountains of the west, that other lesser glory of the heavens rose in full, round, silver radiance from out the fleecy foliage of the forest which crowned them on the east bank of the river. The vessel seemed embosomed in a little world of its own, with nothing visible, but the shimmering water, the half-seen twofold range of undulating mountains, one side all gloom, the other shining bright, and the blue heavens sparkling with ten thousand ever-during glories overhead. Catalina wrapped herself in her cloak, and sat on the quarter-deck alone and abstracted, conscious of the scene and its enchantments only as they awakened those mysterious associations of thought and of feeling that establish the indissoluble union between the Creator and his works. . . .

At this moment a wild, shrill shriek or howl broke from

the shore, echoed among the silent recesses of the mountains, and roused Catalina from her delicious revery. In about a minute it was repeated,—and a third time, after a similar interval.

"Dat is de olt woman," said Captain Baltus, who was sitting on the hatchway smoking his pipe, something between sleeping and waking.

"What old woman?" asked Catalina.

"Why, de olt Inchan woman, what keeps apout de rock yust ashore,—dare: don't you zee it, glose under dat binedree, dare?"

"What Indian woman? and what does she do there, shrieking?" said the young lady.

"What! tid you never hear dat zdory? and ton't you know it's no olt woman after all, put a ghost?"

"A ghost!"

"Ay,—yes,—a spook. I saw it one night when I cot ashore on de vlats yust apove de rog; and you may tepent I was in a great hurry den for onze in my life, I gan dell you. It looked like de very olt Tuyvel, ztanting on de rog, and whetting a great jack-knife, as dey zay."

"Who say?" asked Catalina.

"Why, my fader ant grandfader,—who are bote teat, for dat matter; but dey tolt me de zdory pefore dey tiet. We zhall have zixteen rainy Zuntays, one after de oder, and den it will glear up wid a gread znow-zdorm."

"Yes?"

"Yez; as zure as you zid dare. It always habbens after dat olt woman zhows herself, and sgreams zo, like de very Tuyvel."

"Do you know the story?" asked Colonel Vancour, whose attention had been arrested by the conversation.

"Know it? Why, to be zure I to, golonel. I have heart it a hundred dimes from my fader and grandfader.

He was de firzt man dat zailed in a zloop all de way from Albany to New York."

"We can't have higher authority. Come, captain,—I see your pipe is just filled,—tell us the story, and then I will go to sleep."

The worthy skipper said he was no great hand at telling a story, but he would try, if they would promise not to hurry him, and accordingly began:

"Onze tere was an olt woman—Tuyvel! dare zhe is again!" exclaimed Baltus, as a long quaver echoed from the shore.

"Well, well, never mind her: go on."

"Onze tere was an olt woman——" Here another quaver, apparently from the mast-head, stopped Baltus again, and made Catalina start.

"Tuyvel!" cried Baltus; "put if I ton't pelieve zhe is goming apoard of us!"

"Well, never mind," said the colonel again: "she wants to hear whether you do her full justice, I suppose. Go on, captain."

"Onze tere was an olt woman," he began, almost in a whisper; when he was again interrupted by the black pilot, who came aft with the light and asked Baltus whether it would not be better to haul down the sails, as he saw some appearance of wind towards the northeast, where the clouds had now obscured the moon entirely. "Ton't pe in zuch a hurry, Brom," quoth the skipper; "dime enough when de wind gomes."

"Onze tere was an olt woman——" At that moment Brom's light was suddenly extinguished, and Baltus received a blow in the face that laid him sprawling on the quarter-deck, at the same instant that a tremendous scream broke forth from some invisible being that seemed close at their ears. Baltus roared manfully, and Catalina was not

a little frightened at these incomprehensible manœuvres of the old woman. The colonel, however, insisted that he should go on,—bidding him get up and tell his story.

"Onze tere was an olt woman——" But the legend of honest Baltus, like Corporal Trim's story of "a certain king of Bohemia," seemed destined never to get beyond the first sentence. He was again interrupted by a strange, mysterious scratching and fluttering, accompanied by a mighty cackling and confusion, in the chicken-coop, which the provident captain had stored with poultry for the benefit of the colonel and his daughter.

"Tuyvel! what's dat?" cried Captain Baltus, in great consternation.

"Oh, it's only the old woman robbing your hen-roost," replied the colonel.

"Den I must loog to it," said Baltus, and, mustering the courage of desperation, went to see what was the matter. In a few moments he returned, bringing with him a large owl, which had, from some freak or other, or perhaps attracted by the charms of Baltus's poultry, first lighted on the mast, and then, either seduced or confused by Brom's light, darted from thence into the capacious platter-face of the worthy skipper, as before stated.

"Here is de tuyvel!" exclaimed Baltus.

"And the old woman," said the colonel, laughing. "But come, captain, I am more anxious than ever to hear the rest of the story."

"Onze tere was an olt woman——" A hollow murmur among the mountains again suddenly interrupted him. "There is the old woman again," said the colonel. "'Tis de olt Tuyvel!" said Baltus, starting up and calling all hands to let go the halyards. But, before this could be accomplished, one of those sudden squalls so common in the highlands in autumn struck the vessel and threw her

almost on her beam ends. The violence of the motion carried Colonel Vancour and Catalina with it, and had they not been arrested by the railings of the quarter-deck they must inevitably have gone overboard. The Watervliet was, however, an honest Dutch vessel, of a most convenient breadth of beam, and it was no easy matter to capsize her entirely. For a minute or two she lay quivering and struggling with the fury of the squall that roared among the mountains and whistled through the shrouds, until, acquiring a little headway, she slowly luffed up in the wind, righted, and flapped her sails in defiance. The next minute all was calm again. The cloud passed over, the moon shone bright, and the waters slept as if they had never been disturbed. Whereupon Captain Baltus, like a prudent skipper as he was, ordered all sail to be lowered, and the anchor to be let go, sagely observing that it was "high time to look out for squalls."

"Such an accident at sea would have been rather serious," observed the colonel.

"I ton't know what you dink, golonel," said Baltus, "put, in my obinion, id ton't make much odts wedder a man is trownet in te zea or in a river." The colonel could not well gainsay this, and soon after retired with his daughter to the cabin.

Bright and early the next morning, Captain Baltus, having looked round in every direction, east, west, north, and south, to see if there were any squalls brewing, and perceiving not a cloud in the sky, cautiously ordered half the jib and main-sail to be hoisted, to catch the little land-breeze that just rippled the surface of the river. In a few hours they emerged from the pass at the foot of the great Donderberg, and slowly opened upon that beautiful amphitheatre into which Nature has thrown all her treasures and all her beauties. Nothing material occurred

during the rest of the passage. True it is that Skipper Baltus ran the good sloop Watervliet two or three times upon the oyster-banks of the since renowned Tappan Bay; but this was so common a circumstance that it scarcely deserved commemoration, nor would I have recorded it here but for the apprehension that its omission might at a future period, peradventure, seduce some industrious scribe to write an entirely new history of these adventures, solely to rescue such an important matter from oblivion. Suffice it to say that at the expiration of ten days from the commencement of the voyage the good sloop Watervliet arrived safe at Coenties Slip, where all the Albany sloops congregated at that time. This extraordinary passage was much talked of in both cities, and finally found its way into "The Weekly News-Letter," then the only paper published in the whole New World, as may be seen by a copy now, or lately, in the possession of the worthy Mr. Dustan, of the Narrows. It is further recorded that some of the vessels which passed the Watervliet as she lay aground on the Overslaugh did not arrive until nearly a fortnight after her; owing, as Captain Baltus observed, "to deir peing in zuch a hurry." After so famous an exploit the Watervliet had always a full freight, and as many passengers as she could accommodate; so that in good time this adventurous navigator gave up following the water, and built himself a fine brick house, with the gable end to the street, and the edges of the roof projecting like the teeth of a saw, where he sat on his stoop and smoked his pipe, time out of mind.

A TIGER-HUNT IN INDIA.

W. T. HORNADAY.

[The author of the Half-Hour reading here given, William T. Hornaday, a "mighty hunter" of the modern era, did not dare the perils of the tropic wilderness and face the wild beast in its lair from the ordinary motives of sport. His purpose was a mercantile one, that of collecting skins and skeletons for Ward's Natural History Museum. It would have been difficult to select an abler or more enthusiastic agent for this purpose, and in every chapter of Mr. Hornaday's work, "Two Years in the Jungle," the true spirit of the daring hunter shows itself. We select a description of tiger-hunting in general, with a spirited relation of the author's first victory over "the monarch of the jungle."]

ACCORDING to their habits in procuring their food, tigers are divided by the people of India into three classes.

The least harmful is the "game-killer," who lives in the hills and dense forests where wild game is abundant, and leads the life of a bold, honest hunter. He feeds chiefly upon deer and wild hog, and so long as he remains a game-killer he is a real blessing to the poor ryots, who have hard work to protect their crops from the droves of deer and wild hog which sally forth from the jungle at night-fall to depredate upon them. But the trouble is, there is no knowing when this striped sportsman will take it into his head to try his teeth and claws on cattle or men; in fact, he is not to be trusted for a moment.

The "cattle-lifter" is a big, fat, lazy thief, too indolent to pull down fleet-footed wild animals, who prowls around the villages after nightfall, or the edge of the jungle where the cattle are herded, and kills a bullock every four or five days. The annual loss to the cattle-owners whose herds are thus preyed upon by the cattle-lifter is very



AT HOME IN THE JUNGLE.

great for poor natives to bear, since each tiger destroys in a year cattle worth at least four hundred dollars.

But even the most greedy cattle-lifter sinks into insignificance in the presence of the fierce "man-eater," the scourge and terror of the timid and defenceless natives. Until a tiger has once had his fangs in human flesh, he has an instinctive fear of man, and unless attacked and brought to bay will nearly always retreat from his presence. But with his first taste of human blood that fear vanishes forever. His nature changes, and he becomes a man-eater.

Tigers who prey upon human beings are usually ex-cattle-lifters, who from long acquaintance with man have ceased to fear him, and find him the easiest prey to overcome and carry off. A large proportion of the man-eaters are mangy, superannuated old tigers or tigresses, whose teeth and claws have become blunt with long use, and who find it too great an exertion to kill and drag off bullocks.

The presence of a man-eater causes a perfect reign of terror in the district which he frequents, which lasts until he is slain. It is almost invariably the case that the brute confines his operations to a few square miles of territory, and perhaps a dozen villages, so that each one becomes a walking scourge whose form, habits, and footprints become thoroughly known to the terrified villagers. At first, perhaps, he carries off a herdsman instead of a bullock, by way of experiment, and soon after an unlucky wood-cutter at the edge of the jungle shares a similar fate. Finding that he can easily and with perfect safety kill men, he gradually becomes bolder, until finally he enters the villages after nightfall and seizes men, women, and children from off their own door-steps. No one is safe save when in his house with the door shut and barred.

The herder no longer dares to take his hungry herd to graze in the jungle, and for the wood-cutter to go forth to his task in the forest would be to literally walk into the jaws of death.

The man-eater may be seen in the evening near a certain village, and before morning carry off a man from another five miles away. No one can say that he will not be the next victim. When the people go to sleep at night the last thing they think of is the man-eater, and he is first in their thoughts when they awake in the morning. It is a horrible feeling to live in constant fear of being suddenly pounced upon by a big, hungry, wild beast that can carry you off in his jaws and eat you up clean at one meal.

But, thanks to English sportsmen, improved fire-arms, and the liberal rewards offered by the government, man-eating tigers are now rare compared with what their numbers once were. It is not now possible for a single tigress to cause the desertion of thirteen villages and throw out of cultivation *fifteen square miles* of territory, as once occurred in Central India; nor for another to kill one hundred and twenty-seven person before being laid low. And yet, in spite of breech-loading rifles and zealous British sportsmen, poison, and pitfalls, the man-eaters still devour over eight hundred human beings in India every year.

The tiger inhabits all India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and is hunted in three different ways.

The first, the best, and most interesting plan is howdah-shooting. In this, the hunter is perched on an elephant's back, high up out of harm's way, in a comfortable square box called a howdah, with his weapons and ammunition placed conveniently around him. Of course the elephant is managed by a mahout, who sits astride his

neck with an iron goad in his hand,—a very exposed position, in fact. When it is possible, a large number of elephants are mustered for the hunt, to assist in stirring up the tigers. Now and then a grand party is made up of four or five English sportsmen and twenty or thirty elephants; and perhaps five or six tigers and much other game may be killed in a week. But this is a very expensive method, and cannot be practised except by the wealthy or the influential few. This is an eminently safe method, too, the greatest danger attending it being the running away of one's elephant and the wreck of the howdah. Ladies often attend hunts of this kind, which tends to place this once noble sport upon a level with lawn tennis and badminton.

Tiger-hunting with elephants is most extensively practised in Central India, where the jungle is in low, scrubby patches with bare ground between, and in the Terai, a wide stretch of grassy half-forest skirting the base of the Himalayas. In Southern India there is little chance to employ elephants in this way, because of the wide tracts of dense jungle and forest in which no tiger can be effectually marked down and "flushed." Elephants can be used to great advantage, however, in following up a wounded tiger, a pursuit too dangerous for even the most reckless sportsman to prosecute safely on foot.

The second and most general plan of tiger-hunting is called "machan-shooting." A machan is a platform of poles, fifteen to twenty feet high, erected in the daytime near a recently-killed bullock, a live bait, or a pool of water. Usually it is placed in the top of the tree nearest the spot or object the tiger is expected to visit.

In Central India, where the jungles can be beaten for tigers, the sportsman builds his machan in the most favorable position, takes his place upon it, and waits while the

tigers are actually driven toward him by a grand army of beaters,—from fifty to three hundred native men blowing horns, beating tom-toms, firing guns, and shouting; and then, when the tigers come running past his position, he kills them—if he can. When a tiger kills a bullock, the hunter quietly builds a machan in the top of the nearest tree, takes up his position in the afternoon, and waits patiently until the tiger returns to his feast at nightfall; then he shoots him, or at least shoots at him, in the dark.

It is very seldom that accidents occur in hunting tigers by either of the above methods, for usually the sportsman is not in the least danger.

Shooting on foot is the third method of tiger-hunting, but it is so dangerous that it is not regularly practised except as a last resort, and the most reckless hunter never dares follow it up for any length of time. Nine-tenths of all the tiger "accidents," as they are called in India, occur to sportsmen who are shooting on foot. The Collector of the Coimbatore District acknowledges the superior dangers and risks of this method by paying a reward of one hundred rupees for a tiger shot on foot, whereas he grants only the minimum reward, thirty-five rupees, for a tiger shot from a machan or poisoned. When a hunter attacks the tiger in open ground, he must shoot the animal in the brain or else break his spinal column, for nothing else is sure to stop his furious charge. A tiger is but a gigantic cat, endowed with the traditional nine lives, and even though shot through the heart, the lungs, body, neck, or shoulders, he often has strength enough to spring upon the hunter and give him a terrible mauling or a mortal wound before falling dead. Tigers often become so enraged by the pain of their wounds that they attack the hunting elephants with the greatest fury.

The Animallai slope was one vast, unbroken forest, with

such endless cover that successful beating for game was simply out of the question. There was such an abundance of it that no men or cattle were ever killed by tigers, and hence our only chance for finding them at all was to track them up on foot, or trust to meeting them by chance. Either plan was risky, but I had enough faith in the accuracy of my little Maynard rifle, and my own steadiness, to believe that between us we could floor a tiger if we ever got a fair chance. In tramping through the forest I often wished I could come face to face with a tiger and get just one fair shot. I thought I would like to be a little above him, if possible, so as to get a better view of his face and be more certain of hitting the brain. I spun my theories very finely, and all I asked was a chance to give them a trial.

We often tried to follow up the "pugs" we found in the forest, and it was in this way I finally made the acquaintance of "my first tiger." It was during one of my fever-spells, too, when I was feeling rather low-spirited. I had been seven weeks in the hills, hunting constantly when not down with the fever, but had killed neither elephant nor tiger, and was beginning to think I never would. I had shot nothing for several days, and consequently there was no meat in camp. The old women grumbled, the little children cried for it, and, in fact, I wanted some fresh venison myself.

On that particular day I had an attack of fever due at two P.M., but I thought I could stroll out and shoot an axis deer before it came on. It happened that three of my men had been sent away on various errands, and there remained in camp only Pera Vera, my second tracker, afterwards my head man, Nangen, a very quiet but courageous young fellow, and a small boy. I took along these three for general purposes, my little Maynard rifle

for the deer, and my No. 16 shot-gun, loaded with bird-shot, for jungle-fowl. Not a very heavy "battery," certainly, when compared with the formidable array of double rifles from the 4-bore, throwing a four-ounce ball, down to the double .577 Express rifle as the least deadly weapon which every genuine English sportsman in India possesses and carries with him when after big game. It takes twenty-nine of my Maynard bullets (calibre .40) to make a pound.

We hunted all the forenoon, and found a herd of axis deer feeding in a glade, but I had not enough energy to make a successful stalk, and so that chance was lost. In fact, I did not care much whether school kept or not.

We strolled through the Government Forest until nearly noon, when, just as we were about returning to camp, we heard a fearful growling and roaring a few hundred yards in advance, which set us instantly on the *qui-vive*. We hurried in the direction of the sound, which continued at intervals for some minutes. I said, "Tiger, Vera?" and he replied, "No, sahib, panther. Shall we go for it?" "Of course;" and on we went.

Presently we heard trumpeting and branch-breaking half a mile beyond us, and then Vera said the low roaring, or growling, noise had been made by the elephants. On our way toward the elephants, to have a quiet look at them, we came to a little nullah, and there, in the level, sandy bed of the stream, was the trail of a large tiger.

The men carefully examined the huge tracks in the wet sand, compared notes a moment, and declared the trail was fresh. Then I examined it for myself, looked wise, and said, "Oh, yes, it is; very fresh indeed." Vera looked anxiously about a moment, examined the bore of my rifle doubtfully, tried to measure it with the end of his little finger, and finally asked me very seriously whether

I would dare to fire at a big tiger with that small rifle. I said, "Yes, certainly; just show me one and see." I did not for a moment allow myself to hope for such good luck as a meeting with the animal that made those huge tracks, and a shot at him. But without a moment's delay we started to follow up the trail.

The little creek ran through perfectly level and very open forest. Its bed was about eight feet below the level, forty feet wide, and almost dry. The tiger had gone loafing leisurely along down the bed of the stream, walking in the shallow water every now and then, crossing from side to side, and occasionally sticking his claws into the bank, as if to keep them in practice. Vera led the way, as usual, I followed close at his heels, and we stole along as silently as shadows.

We had followed the trail about a mile, when we came to a clump of bamboos growing in a sharp bend in the stream. Vera stopped short, grasped me by the arm, and pointed through the clump. He had the habit of grasping my arm with one hand, and pointing with the other, whenever he discovered any game, and I could always tell the size and ferocity of the animal by the strength of his grasp. This time he gave my arm such a fierce grip I knew he must have found a tiger.

Sure enough, there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away! The mid-day sun shone full upon him, and a more splendid object I never saw in a forest. His long jet-black stripes seemed to stand out in relief, like bands of black velvet, while the black and white markings upon his head were most beautiful. In size and height he seemed perfectly immense, and my first thought was, "Great Cæsar! He is as big as an ox!"

When we first saw him, he was walking from us, going across the bed of the stream. Knowing precisely what I

wanted to do, I took a spare cartridge between my teeth, raised my rifle, and waited. He reached the other bank, sniffed it a moment, then turned and paced slowly back. Just as he reached the middle of the stream, he scented us, stopped short, raised his head, and looked in our direction with a suspicious, angry snarl. Now was my time to fire. Taking a steady, careful aim at his left eye, I blazed away, and, without stopping to see the effect of my shot, reloaded my rifle with all haste. I half expected to see the great brute come bounding round that clump of bamboos and upon one of us; but I thought it might not be I he would attack, and before he could kill one of my men I could send a bullet into his brain.

Vera kept an eye upon him every moment, and when I was again ready I asked him with my eyebrows, "Where is he?" He quickly nodded, "He's there still." I looked again, and, sure enough, he was in the same spot, but turning slowly around and around, with his head held to one side, as if there was something the matter with his left eye. When he came around and presented his neck fairly I fired again, aiming to hit his neck-bone. At that shot he instantly dropped upon the sand. I quickly shoved in a fresh cartridge, and, with rifle at full cock and the tiger carefully covered, we went toward him, slowly and respectfully. We were not sure but that he would even then get up and come at us. But he was done for, and lay there gasping, kicking, and foaming at the mouth, and in three minutes more my first tiger lay dead at our feet. He died without making a sound.

To a hunter, the moment of triumph is when he first lays his hand upon his game. What exquisite and indescribable pleasure it is to handle the cruel teeth and knife-like claws which were so dangerous but one brief moment before; to pull open the heavy eyelid; to examine the

glazing eye which so lately glared fiercely and fearlessly upon every foe; to stroke the powerful limbs and glossy sides while they are still warm; and to handle the feet which made the huge tracks that you have been following in doubt and danger!

How shall I express the pride I felt at that moment! Such a feeling can come but once in a hunter's life, and when it does come it makes up for oceans of ill luck. The conditions were all exactly right. I was almost alone, and entirely unsupported, and had not even one "proper" weapon for tiger-hunting. We met the tiger fairly, on foot, and in four minutes from the time we first saw him he was ours. Furthermore, he was the first tiger I ever saw loose in the jungle, and we had outwitted him. I admired my men quite as much as I did myself. They were totally unarmed, and they had seen me miss spotted deer at sixty yards; but, instead of bolting, as I should have done had I been in their place, they stood right at my elbow, like plucky men as they were. What if they had been of the timid sort? They would never have consented to follow the trail of that dangerous beast.

I paced the distance from where we stood to the dead tiger, and found it to be just thirty yards. My first was a dead-centre shot, striking him exactly in the left eye, scarcely nicking the edge of the lid. I had intended that that bullet should enter his brain, but, owing to the narrowness of the brain-cavity, it only fractured the left side of the cranium. However, it rendered him quite powerless either to fight or run away, and he would have died very soon from such a terrible wound. In fact, I now think my second shot was really unnecessary. Owing to the position of his head, I could not possibly have placed a bullet in his forehead so that it would have reached the brain, but had I been using a regulation "No. 8-bore rifle,"

throwing a two-ounce ball, I could have blown the whole top of his head off very neatly (!)—and utterly ruined him as a specimen. My second shot struck one of his neck-vertebræ and cut his spinal cord, killing him instantly, a favorite shot with me when I can catch an animal at rest.

He was a splendid specimen every way, just in the prime of tiger-hood, fat, sleek, and glossy. Up to that time I could not make myself believe that a tiger can pick up a man in his mouth and run away with him as easily as a terrier does with a rat. But when I measured that great brute, I saw and realized just how it is done.

POEMS OF HUMOR.

The poetic literature of America is somewhat abundantly supplied with the mirth-provoking element, and, in addition to the versified fund of the "lords of laughter," such as Lowell, Holmes, and Saxe, there are many chips of amusement afloat upon the tide of literature, a few of which we have gathered here. They are perhaps not the best that could have been found, but they are sufficiently diversified in style and subject to make, we hope, a sunny rift in the clouds of life. First comes one of the most popular bits of humorous verse in our literature, Albert G. Greene's funny compound of clothing and philosophy, entitled

OLD GRIMES.

OLD GRIMES is dead,—that good old man;
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
  His feelings were all true:
His hair was some inclined to gray,
  He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
  His breast with pity burned:
The large, round head upon his cane
  From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
  He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
  His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
  In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
  His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
  He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
  For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
  Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest;
  The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
  No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
  And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
  As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
  In trust to Fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
  In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
  His peaceful moments ran:
And everybody says he was
  A fine old gentleman.

The author of the following poem, James Nack, occupies the anomalous position among American poets of having been deaf and dumb from childhood, in consequence of an accident. We could scarcely have expected so neat a bit of Anacreontic sentiment from a person so afflicted.

MARY'S BEE.

As Mary with her lips of roses
  Is tripping o'er the flowery mead,
A foolish little bee supposes
  The rosy lip a rose indeed,
And so, astonished at his bliss,
He steals the honey of her kiss.

A moment there he wantons; lightly
  He sports away on careless wing;

But, ah! why swells that wound unsightly?
The rascal! he has left a sting!
She runs to me with weeping eyes,
Sweet images of April skies.

"Be this," said I, "to heedless misses
A warning they should bear in mind:
Too oft a lover steals their kisses,
Then flies, and leaves a sting behind."
"This may be wisdom, to be sure,"
Said Mary, "but I want a cure."

What could I do? To ease the swelling,
My lips with hers impassioned meet;
And, trust me, from so sweet a dwelling
I found the very poison sweet!
Fond boy! unconscious of the smart,
I sucked the poison to my heart!

The poem given below, though it may be objectionable to some readers on account of its freedom and boldness of language, is redeemed from vulgarity and irreverence by the truth of its sentiment, and by its pathos, which ill adapts it for the class in which it is usually placed, that of humorous poems.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will, and that sort of thing,
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along;
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critters' aid;
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.
* * * * * * *
By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr

Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was soft and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

JOHN HAY.

The above may be fitly followed by a portion of Mrs. R. S. Nichols's satirical poem entitled

THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in a hollow, so damp and so cold,
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,
The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.
Now within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,
A toad has been sitting more years than is known;
And strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems
The world standing still while he's dreaming his dreams,—

Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerful abode
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.
* * * * * * * *
Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like the toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown;
Their streams may go dry, and the wheels cease to ply,
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,
Still they hug to their breast every time-honored guest,
And slumber and doze in inglorious rest;
For no progress they find in the wide sphere of mind,
And the world's standing still with all of their kind,
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,
Or move like a snail in the crust of his shell,
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of stone
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

A poet whose muse is not ordinarily given to gay flights has in the following poem crossed the threshold of humor and furnished us with a very dainty compound of sentimentality and agriculture.

VESTA.

When skies are starless yet when day is done,
When odors of the freshened sward are sweeter,
When light is dreamy round the sunken sun,
At limit of the grassy lane I meet her.

She steals a gracious hand across the gate;
My own its timid touch an instant flatters;
Below the glooming leaves we linger late,
And gossip of a thousand airy matters.

I gladden that the hay is stored with luck;
  I smile to hear the pumpkin-bed is turning;
I mourn the lameness of her speckled duck;
  I marvel at the triumphs of her churning.

From cow to cabbage, and from horse to hen,
  I treat bucolics with my rustic charmer,
At heart the most unpastoral of men,
  Converted by this dainty little farmer.

And yet if one soft syllable I chance,
  As late below the glooming leaves we linger,
The pretty veto sparkles in her glance,
  And cautions in her brown uplifted finger.

O happy trysts at blossom-time of stars!
  O moments when the glad blood thrills and quickens!
O all-inviolable gateway-bars!
  O Vesta of the milking-pails and chickens!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Bret Harte's fame with many readers rests upon his poetic rendition of the trickiness of the "Heathen Chinee." This poem certainly lacks elevation of sentiment and deals with very common people, but it is incontestably amusing, and for this virtue we forgive all its shortcomings.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Which I wish to remark,—
  And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
  Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

From "Mr. Sparrowgrass" we borrow the following ditty, funnily made up of mirth and melancholy.

A BABYLONISH DITTY.

More than several years have faded
Since my heart was first invaded

By a brown-skinned, gray-eyed siren
On the merry old "South-side,"
Where the mill-flume cataracts glisten,
And the agile blue-fish listen
To the fleet of phantom schooners
Floating on the weedy tide. . . .

There, amid the sandy reaches,
In among the pines and beeches,
Oaks, and various other kinds of
Old primeval forest trees,
Did we wander in the noonlight,
Or beneath the silver moonlight,
While in ledges sighed the sedges
To the salt salubrious breeze.

Oh, I loved her as a sister,
Often, oftentimes I kissed her,
Holding prest against my breast
Her slender, soft, seductive hand;
Often by my midnight taper
Filled at least a quire of paper
With some graphic ode or sapphic
"To the nymph of Baby-Land."

Oft we saw the dim blue highlands,
Coney, Oak, and other islands
(Motes that dot the dimpled bosom
Of the sunny summer sea),
Or, 'mid polished leaves of lotus,
Wheresoe'er our skiff would float us,
Anywhere, where none could note us,
There we sought alone to be.

So is woman, evanescent,
Shifting with the shifting present,
Changing like the changing tide,
And faithless as the fickle sea;
Lighter than the wind-blown thistle,
Falser than the fowler's whistle,
Was that coaxing piece of hoaxing—
Amy Milton's love for me. . . .

Yes, thou transitory bubble!
Floating on this sea of trouble,
Though the sky be bright above thee,
Soon will sunny days be gone;
Then, when thou'rt by all forsaken,
Will thy bankrupt heart awaken
To these golden days of olden
Times in happy Babylon!

Thus, till summer was senescent,
And the woods were iridescent,
Dolphin tints and hectic hints
Of what was shortly coming on,
Did I worship Amy Milton;
Fragile was the faith I built on!—
Then we parted, broken-hearted
I, when she left Babylon.

As upon the moveless water
Lies the motionless frigata,—
Flings her spars and spidery outlines
Lightly on the lucid plain,—
But whene'er the fresh breeze bloweth
To more distant ocean goeth,

Nevermore the old haunt knoweth,
Nevermore returns again.

F. S. COZZENS.

"Nothing to Wear" had an extraordinary popularity in its day, and has not yet lost its adaptability to certain phases of fashionable society. From present prospects, indeed, its arrow of satire will not lose its point for several generations to come. The poem is much too long for us to quote entire, but we give sufficient of it to serve as an "awful warning" to the fair McFlimseys of the present day.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

MISS FLORA MCFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me each time she was there
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping,—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, to flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;

All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and in every store.
While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

* * * * * * * * *

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear.

* * * * * * * * *

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress

In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."

* * * * * * * * *

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—
Spoiled children of Fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And, oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretence,

Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love,—
O daughters of Earth, foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

WILLIAM A. BUTLER.

LABOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

CHARLES J. STILLÉ.

[From "Studies in Mediæval History" we extract a portion of an interesting review of the conditions of labor in antiquity and in the Middle Ages, in view of the great prominence to which the modern labor question has now risen. The author, Charles Janeway Stillé, was born in Philadelphia in 1819. In 1866 he was elected professor of the English language and literature in the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1868 he became provost of that institution, which position he resigned in 1880. He is the author of several historical works, of which the one above named is a valuable study, on the general plan of Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe," of the relations of the people of Europe in the mediæval period, and the varied steps of development from the commingled Roman civilization and German barbarism to modern political and social conditions.]

THERE is perhaps no more striking contrast between modern life and the life of antiquity and of the Middle Age than that presented by the different social position and influence of those engaged in trade, and especially in the industrial and mechanic arts, in the two epochs. At the present day, and especially in this country, the successful man of business is king, ruling our society in nearly all its departments with an authority as unchallenged, and often as arbitrary, as that of the most despotic sovereign who ever sat on a throne. With the natural disposition of mankind to worship success, those who

become rich in this way are looked upon as objects of imitation and envy. Not only so, but the methods which they have adopted in becoming rich are considered appropriate for the attainment of very different ends in life from mere money-getting. Self-made men, as they are called,—that is, men without any liberal training, who have thus become rich by their own exertions,—are not only the arbiters of trade and leaders in social influence, but they are too often the guides in the special development of religion, of politics, of education, and of benevolence, and, in short, determine not merely the ideal to which society should aspire, but the methods by which it should be reached.

It may not at once occur to many that this extraordinary all-pervading power of wealth, and the social consideration which it gives, are among the most modern developments of modern times. There were, of course, rich men who were self-made both in antiquity and in the Middle Age; but men grown rich by trade do not seem to have been held in honor in either epoch. Their want of social consideration and influence is abundantly clear from the works of the great writers of the time. Cicero, for instance, in writing to his son, tells him that those who gained their livelihood by mercantile pursuits, as well as those who followed the mechanic arts, were incapable of any noble sentiment; while Seneca, who was one of the two sages of antiquity who, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, needed only baptism to procure them admission to the Christian's heaven, speaks of the useful arts of life as the fitting occupation only of slaves. Such is the uniform testimony of writers who have described the condition of Europe down to a period as late as that of the Reformation, and even later.

In this view of life, so strange to us, there was more

reason than appears on the surface. The source of the contempt felt until modern times for those whose lives were passed in trade or in industrial labor, as very plainly appears, was this, that until a period comparatively recent these pursuits were entirely confined to slaves or to a servile class. The emancipation of labor, then, and its elevation to its condition in our time, when we hear so much of its dignity, was the emancipation of those who labored from slavery, and from that taint which in public opinion in Europe has always affected everything connected with slave labor. The history of the laboring classes in Europe is the history of the progress of the larger portion of the population from slavery to freedom. . . .

In regard to the working classes in the towns, and their relations to the governing power, there are three things to be considered separately if we wish to get an accurate idea of their condition. There is, first, the nature of the government of the towns themselves, which at an early period, comparatively, was withdrawn from the feudal lords and vested in the local magistrates; secondly, there were the trade corporations in the towns, one for each principal branch of industry, whose members were the sole electors of the town magistrates; thirdly, there were the *gildes* or *confréries*, composed of artisans, usually, but not always nor necessarily, forming part of the trade corporations. The mediæval life in the towns rested upon this threefold basis. Out of this city life, and by virtue of the education and experience he gained there, came that prominent figure in our time,—the modern skilled workman. . . .

What, then, were the ideas, what was the policy, which guided these town governments in the exercise of their functions? The best answer is to be found in this consideration, that the political system in the towns was founded upon citizenship, acquired only by virtue of mem-

bership in some one of the trade corporations existing in them. From the beginning it had some of the features of an oligarchy. It was when the inhabitants were working industriously and trying to accumulate property that they felt most keenly the feudal oppression of their seigneurs and strove to form these gildes, or *corps de métiers*, as they were called in France, for their mutual protection. The motive of the desire for the freedom of the towns was the security of their possessions; and the money to purchase that freedom from the lords came from the tradesmen, who wished to insure their property by doing away with any pretext for arbitrary acts. Hence the first thing done by these free towns was to adopt measures, after their own peculiar fashion, to protect the rights of labor. And these rights were not at all the rights belonging in common to all workmen, but the particular rights and privileges of certain workmen formed into trade corporations within the town, not unlike, in many respects, our modern trade-unions. These rights were claimed and strenuously defended for centuries against any interference from outside the town, and were in no way founded upon any theory of the equality of all workmen, but were rather regarded in the nature of privileges. The avowed policy was everywhere to establish monopolies in the fullest sense of the word, to maintain a discrimination against those of the non-privileged class, both outside and inside the town. Their constant efforts, as long as they remained self-governing, were thus directed to the special protection of those of the inhabitants who were members of the trade corporations, and this was done by maintaining their exclusive right to work within the town, by jealously guarding against the intrusion of strangers into the trades carried on there, and, in short, by every measure which made the labor of those they represented more

profitable. They did not even hesitate to reduce the number of the workmen, so as to make the gains of those who had the exclusive privilege of work greater.

For all practical purposes, then, the government of the free towns was merely the government of the trades forming their constituency, and their policy was a policy of trading privilege and monopoly. While this policy, perhaps, was necessary for their own protection against the lawlessness of the time, and while no doubt it taught the lesson which is the first to be learned in a popular government, the habit of mutual aid for mutual protection, yet it is none the less true that the system was wholly out of sympathy with that generous recognition of the universal right of man, as such, to freedom, which is the most characteristic and fruitful truth of our own times.

On what may be called the educational side the government of free cities had some important advantages. Its policy of the jealous exclusion of strangers from the trades of the town made it necessary that those trades should be so organized that their members should produce good work, and that they should come, with that object in view, under the strictest discipline. Each of the trade gildes was provided with an elaborate organization to effect this purpose. The members were divided, as a general rule, into three classes,—the apprentices, the workmen, and the masters. The apprentices, who were of a limited number (and usually the sons of the workmen or of the masters only were admitted to that position), were most carefully trained and instructed in their particular art, or mystery, as it was called. No one was allowed to pass from a lower grade to a higher in the gilde without the strictest examination, not merely as to his capacity as a workman, but as to his moral character also. Those who aspired after this examination to the place of master-

workmen in any particular craft were obliged not only, as I have said, to have passed a long period of severe apprenticeship, but were also required, before their admission to the full privilege of a master, to produce a specimen of their skill in their particular art (called in France a *chef-d'œuvre*), which was rigorously criticised and often found deficient by the examining board, composed of the chiefs of the company. The result of all this education was to produce, necessarily, thoroughly skilled workmen in numbers probably greater than any other system of the organization of labor has been able to do. Again, every piece of work made by any member of the craft at any time, no matter what was his grade in the company, was subjected before it was offered for sale to a minute and thorough inspection by officers of the body. One obvious result of such a system was to maintain among the artisans, members of the same gilde, a strong feeling of pride in their work and of attachment to the company which protected them in it. But it may be readily inferred that this sentiment was not confined in its influence upon the workman merely to his special position as such. It no doubt nourished in him some of the most important characteristics of the true citizen, such as love of industry, and personal independence, and city pride; and all this is to be considered as a compensating circumstance when we remember how completely the system was based upon the monopoly and exclusive privilege of the few.

There was another peculiarity which grew out of the government of the free cities by means of these trading corporations, which had an immense influence upon city life during the Middle Age. Inseparably associated with each of these trade companies, although not always forming part of it, was a charitable organization for the benefit of its members, called in England a *gilde*, and in France a

confrérie. The principle of these organizations, which was that of the mutual aid and protection of its members, is among the oldest and most permanent ideas of the Teutonic race, and was in full operation for certain purposes long before free cities or trade corporations were thought of. In the days before the invasions societies existed in Germany and the North of Europe which were called *gildes.* They were so called because the word signifies a feast, given at the common expense of the society whose members partook of it, and at these feasts it was the custom for those present to take an oath to aid and protect each other. Here we see the first germ of that spirit of association and of mutual and voluntary helpfulness which has always distinguished, and to this day distinguishes, the Teutonic from the Latin races. The aid and protection which these *gildes* were organized to afford were not of that kind which their successors were called upon to give. The ancient Germans, of course, had no mechanic arts and no commercial occupations; but in the absence of anything like law or public order in those rude days they felt the need of seeking by combination with their comrades that protection for their persons and their property which their nominal chief could not or would not give them. The weak, therefore, associated themselves with the strong to make a common resistance to oppression; they bound themselves to each other by a solemn oath; they chose their leaders, and, when they became Christians, a patron saint; they ate and drank together at certain fixed periods; and, emboldened by their numbers, they asserted their power and became in time themselves the lawless oppressors of others.

Out of this ancient and persistent habit of mutual helpfulness grew what was known in England's Saxon days as *frank-pledge,* by which, as I have before explained, a

responsibility for the acts and offences of each member of the society was attached not primarily to himself but to his family, and especially to the *gilde* to which he belonged, and this *frank-pledge* thus became an important instrument of social order in those days. Any member could call upon his *gilde brothers* for assistance in case of violence and wrong; if falsely accused, they appeared in court as his *compurgators;* if poor, they supported, and when dead they buried him. On the other hand, each member was responsible to the gilde, as it was to the State, for order and obedience to the laws. A wrong of brother against brother was also a wrong against the general body of the gilde, and was punished in the last resort by expulsion, which left the offender a lawless man and an outcast. In its main features this was the organization of the *trade gildes* in towns, exclusive monopoly of work, and charitable aid to suffering comrades. But we must not forget that while the regulations of the trade corporations were founded upon the selfishness and cupidity of the citizen and the artisan, those adopted by the gildes or *confréries* were taught by that Divine charity which is the source of the virtues of the man and the Christian.

The members of the *confrérie* concerned themselves about the happiness of their fellow-members, as the burghers did about their privileges. When in danger they invoked the Divine aid, and caused prayers and masses to be said for the benefit not merely of their own souls, but for those of their relations, friends, and benefactors also. Their object was to make of the members of the gilde, who were also generally of the same trade, one family united in one faith under the protection of the same saint and brought into close relations by the enjoyments of a common social intercourse. No one of the members was permitted to live in poverty: the two opposite principles

of pride in their gilde, and the charity which was its ruling motive, alike forbade it. Like some of our modern institutions of charity which are the direct and legitimate successors of the gildes of the Middle Age, such as the Free-Masons, the Odd-Fellows, and kindred associations, a good deal of both time and money may have been wasted in processions, regalia, and the like, while they were carrying on some of their work; and yet we must not forget that the great motive and object of that work was to aid those whom sickness or misfortune had made helpless. When we think of the civilizing power in our days among workmen of mutual aid societies, we may imagine the influence of organizations with the same end in view in the Middle Age. Close union between workers at the same trade, social enjoyments in common, innocent recreation for the workman who was almost constantly penned up in his shop, prayers said in common, a large spirit of charity and mutual succor from the ills of poverty,—such was the ideal life of workmen belonging to the privileged gildes in the free cities of the Middle Age. Could it have been made the real and actual life of such workmen, what a paradise society would have become!

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[The writer of the selection given below, well known for his graceful and attractive essays and descriptive articles, was born in Virginia in 1832. He studied theology, and entered the Methodist ministry, but afterwards became distinguished as a Unitarian pastor and an active opponent of slavery. In 1863 he became pastor of a Unitarian congregation in London, England. Of his works we may men-

tion "Tracts for To-Day," "The Golden Hour," "The Wandering Jew," and "Idols and Ideals," from the latter of which our present extract is taken. No compendium of literature to-day is complete unless it gives some degree of attention to the subject of evolution, which for the past quarter of a century has occupied so prominent a place in scientific literature, and has, in fact, infiltrated all literature and all thought. Mr. Conway has presented this subject, with its bearings upon theological opinion, with a clearness, neatness, and brevity that make his essay particularly suitable for our purpose, as showing in few words just what advanced thinkers mean by the evolution theory. We therefore extract the most pertinent portions of his essay.]

WHAT, then, is the Darwinian theory? It is that all the organic forms around us, from lowest to highest, have been evolved the one from the other by means of natural selection. Natural selection is the obvious law that every power or trait which better adapts an animal to live amid its surroundings enables that animal to survive another which has not the same power or trait. The fit outlives the unfit. And because they outlive their inferiors, they will propagate their species more freely. Their offspring will inherit their advantages,—by the laws of heredity will still further improve upon them; and thus there will be a cumulative storing up of such advantages established. Each form less furnished with resources to maintain itself is crowded out before the increase of forms which are better supplied with hereditary abilities. A sufficient accumulation of slight advantages amounts in the end to a new form or species. An accumulation of specific advantages will be summed up in a new genus.

And thus, as Emerson has said,—

> "Striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form."

Now, to the merely scientific mind evolution is simply

a scientific generalization. In its light he beholds the sprouting leaf hardening to a stem, unpacking itself to a blossom, swelling again to the pulpy leaf called fruit. He inspects the crustacean egg, sees the trilobite in the embryo stretching into a tiny lobster, shortening into a crab, and says trilobite, lobster, and crab pass from one to the other in this little egg-world, as the new theory shows they did in the big world. He will be interested to find out the intervening steps of improvement between one form and another, and will fix upon this or that animal as the one from which a consummate species budded.

But, as I have stated, a truth in any one department of knowledge is capable of being translated into every other We are already familiar with a popular translation of the Darwinian theory in the phrase which explains it as meaning that men are descended from monkeys. And by this common interpretation many conclude that it implies a degradation of the human species. But that phrase does not convey the truth of the theory, any more than if a rough pediment in the Museum were declared to be the splendid temple of Diana of Ephesus. For behind each one of the forms evolving higher, there stretch the endless lines and processions of the forms which combine to produce it. The ape may appear ugly, seen as he is among us, detached from his environment, when contrasted with man; but he is royal when contrasted with the worm in the mud. But neither worm nor ape can be truly seen when detached from the cosmical order and beauty. It matters little what rude form sheathed the first glory of a human brain. It does not rob the opal of its beauty that its matrix was common flint, nor does it dim the diamond's lustre that it crystallized out of charcoal. The ape may be the jest of the ignorant, but the thinker will see behind him the myriad beautiful forms which made

him possible. What wondrous forests of fern and vine grew in voiceless ages, clothing the hard primeval rock! what flowers rich and rare broidered the raiment of the earth! What bright insects flashed through their green bowers, what gorgeous birds lit up the deep solitudes with torch-like plumage! Through a thousand ages the shining swimmers darted through pool or air; for unnumbered generations star-gemmed creatures, lithe and beautiful, sprung through jungle and forest; they browse peacefully on hill and meadow; they slake their thirst at crystal streams; they pursue their savage loves in wood and vale; with mighty roar, with sweetest melody, they chant the music by which the world marches onward and upward,—onward and upward forever! Millions pass away,—millions advance: from every realm of nature they come to add their fibre of strength or tint of beauty to the rising form; beneath every touch, with every tribute, it ascends,—till at last, lodged for a moment in some rugged human-like form for combination, the selected concentrated powers expand into man, the sum of every creature's best!

The right translation of this theory for us is, then, that it shows man to be the offspring, not of the ape, but of the animated universe; the heir of its richest bounties; the consummate work of a matchless artist, a figure of which all preceding forms were but sketches and studies. Admitting —though it is an extreme and questionable concession— that the theory has not yet fortified itself completely by demonstrations in detail of the connecting links between the species, yet it has certainly shown such an immense balance of probabilities in its favor as to command the adhesion of the scientific world to a greater extent than the Newtonian theory of gravitation did within the same time after its discovery. It may be affirmed that there is not a

single great man of science in the world who does not maintain that, in one way or another, species were continuously evolved.

But what effect has this system on religion or moral philosophy? We all know that it has awakened earnest controversies. There are several ways in which it has been regarded. One class of religious teachers, seeing that the verdict of the scientific world in its favor is beyond appeal, have been assuring us that it can have no effect upon religion whatever. Dean Stanley, too liberal and scholarly not to recognize the facts, recently admonished an audience that it mattered nothing at all to them whether it should turn out that man is descended from the animal world, or lower still, as the Bible said, from the inanimate dust of the earth, for right would still be right, and wrong, wrong, and we should still feel that we are individual souls. What he said was true, but the tone of his remark was that this is a question quite aside from the great religious problems of our time. . . .

On the other hand, there are theologians who, instead of indulging the dream that the Darwinian theory will leave religion just where it was before, announce that it is cutting the faith of man up by the roots. They declare that it abolishes God, destroys the hope of immortality, and resolves morality itself into a mere mechanic force. Such phantoms are familiar, but they become more thin with each reappearance. Our fathers heard that the pillars of the universe had fallen again and again, when it only turned out that somebody's little idol had collapsed. "The giving up of the sun's motion is giving up the foundation of religion," said they who burned the book of Copernicus and the body of Bruno. "The giving up of witchcraft is giving up the Bible," said Sir Matthew Hale We have grown accustomed to such alarms, and can con-

sider such things with the assured calmness of long experience. . . .

But does the doctrine of natural selection, then, expel God from the universe? Does it imply that amid all these fair worlds, that amid all this beauty, there is no intimation of a Divine Being? By no means. It has simply broken up an old belief as to the relation of that Being to the universe. As theology had in the far past narrowed him to the seven-planet theory, or again fancied that the sun rose every morning because God waked it up, and declared in each case that God was driven from the universe whenever a law was substituted for his immediate action, so now we see the infirmity of mind which can see no God except as prisoned in its crude notion. Darwinism simply says to the human mind, Once more you have been found wrong in your speculations as to God's relation to the universe. Once more you are proved unable to comprehend the Incomprehensible. Once more you are taught to abstain from dogmatizing where you cannot know, and to learn humility.

But still above our crumbled creeds and vanished speculations the ancient heavens declare a divine glory; still day speaketh unto day, and night unto night showeth knowledge; and man may still reverently raise his reason to contemplate order and beauty in the universe. Out of decay and death springs the flower with its breath of love, and over earthly ruin bends the tender sky. There is nothing whatever in this theory which veils to man a single expression of wisdom or love shining through the mystery around him.

Nay, on the contrary, I will maintain that this theory has added fresh tints of love, brighter beams of reason, to the universe, by opening our eyes to new aspects of it. It has illuminated for the first time the dreary track of pain

and wrong. The pre-Darwinite might say to the suffering, "I hope and trust your pain is for some good end," but the post-Darwinite can say, with confidence, "I know and see that pain is a beneficial agent. Pain has been the spur under which the whole world has progressed. To escape danger, to survive pain, every form has gained its fleetness, its skill, its power; the hardships of nature gave man his arts to conquer it, the cruel elements built his home, and in the black ink of sin were written the laws of morality and civilization."

And if this theory for the first time taught man the sublime uses of evil, none the less has it harmonized nature with the laws of his reason. For in their best statement the old pre-Darwinite views of nature made it discordant with the intellectual history of man. History shows us a continuous moral, mental, and religious development of humanity. The theories, the philosophies, the creeds of mankind have not been distinct and isolated creations; they have been an unbroken series of religions, schools, ideas, each growing out of one preceding, giving birth to another, so that step by step we trace philosophy back from Huxley to Moses, or religion from Christendom to Assyria and India. This unbroken evolution of thought in human history we find repeated in the unfolding intellect of every individual being. We do not think one thing, and then a totally different thing, and feel that there is no link binding our days and our purposes together into a life that represents an individuality. Yet we had been long looking out into nature and seeing it as a set of distinct creations; one form made, then another. We may well reverence the great men who have found in the universe one theme with endless variations. They have enabled us to hear a grand music such as Plato dreamed of as the harmony to which the planets moved.

Finding now that his moral and intellectual history have in their development repeated in higher series the growth of the physical world that bore him, man takes his own brain as his stand-point, and from the summit of his own thought sees the immeasurable thought reflected in nature as far as his intelligence can reach. Nor has the post-Darwinite world lost any rational hope held by the pre-Darwinite,—neither for the present nor for the future For rational man, emancipated from fables, immortality has long been a high hope; and a high hope it will remain, untouched by the fact of his birth out of the organic world. So far as that hope rested upon the dignity of the human being, it is increased by a theory which shows that for millions of ages the forms and forces of the world were all employed in preparing and working on the marvel of a human brain. He may well argue that nature will fitly cherish the gem which it costs æons to produce and myriads of busy hands to polish.

And as to this world, the new theory has caused a hope to dawn over us so dazzling that our eyes can hardly yet bear it. It has revealed that the force which has built up from a zoöphyte to the wondrous frame of man remains still in our hands, ready to lay hold on man himself and build him into a nobler race,—to fossilize deformity and liberate every power,—ready to apply the omnipotent universe for the culture of man and his dwelling-place, causing social deserts to rejoice and blossom like the rose.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

["The Hoosier School-Master," a vivid portrayal of Western life, by one "to the manner born," is the source of our present Half-Hour reading. Edward Eggleston, its author, was born in Indiana in 1837, and entered the Methodist ministry in his native State. He afterwards became pastor of "a church without a creed," in Brooklyn, New York. He has published several other works, but his reputation rests mainly on the one above named, which came upon the public as a fresh and truthful delineation of a phase of American life not before treated by the pen of the novelist.]

"I 'LOW," said Mrs. Means, as she stuffed the tobacco into her cob pipe after supper on that eventful Wednesday evening, "I 'low they'll appint the Squire to gin out the words to-night. They mos' always do, you see, kase he's the peartest *ole* man in this deestrick; and I 'low some of the young fellers would have to git up and dust ef they would keep up to him. And he uses sech remarkable smart words. He speaks so polite, too. But laws! don't I remember when he was poarer nor Job's turkey? Twenty year ago, when he come to these 'ere diggins, that air Squire Hawkins was a poar Yankee school-master, that said 'pail' instid of bucket, and that called a cow a 'caow,' and that couldn't tell to save his gizzard what we meant by *'low* and by *right smart.* But he's larnt our ways now, an' he's jest as civilized as the rest of us. You would-n know he'd ever been a Yankee. He didn't stay poar long. Not he. He jest married a right rich gal! He! he!" and the old woman grinned at Ralph, and then at Mirandy, and then at the rest, until Ralph shuddered. Nothing was so frightful to him as to be fawned on and grinned at by this old ogre, whose few lonesome, blackish

teeth seemed ready to devour him. "He didn't stay poar, you bet a hoss!" and with this the coal was deposited on the pipe, and the lips began to crack like parchment as each puff of smoke escaped. "He married rich, you see," and here another significant look at the young master, and another fond look at Mirandy, as she puffed away reflectively. "His wife hadn't no book-larnin'. She'd been through the spellin'-book wunst, and had got as fur as 'asperity' on it a second time. But she couldn't read a word when she was married, and never could. She warn't overly smart. She hadn't hardly got the sense the law allows. But schools was skase in them air days, and, besides, book-larnin' don't do no good to a woman. Makes her stuck up. I never knowed but one gal in my life as had ciphered into fractions, and she was so dog-on stuck up that she turned up her nose one night at a apple-peelin' bekase I tuck a sheet off the bed to splice out the table-cloth, which was ruther short. And the sheet was mos' clean, too; had-n been slep' on more'n wunst or twicet. But I was goin' fer to say that when Squire Hawkins married Virginny Gray he got a heap o' money, or, what's the same thing mostly, a heap o' good land. And that's better'n book-larnin', says I. Ef a gal had gone clean through all eddication, and got to the rule of three itself, that would-n buy a feather-bed. Squire Hawkins jest put eddication agin the gal's farm, and traded even, an' ef ary one of 'em got swindled, I never heerd no complaints."

And here she looked at Ralph in triumph, her hard face splintering into the hideous semblance of a smile. And Mirandy cast a blushing, gushing, all-imploring, and all-confiding look on the young master.

"I say, ole woman," broke in old Jack, "I say, wot is all this 'ere spoutin' about the Square fer?" and old Jack,

having bit off an ounce of "pigtail," returned the plug to his pocket.

As for Ralph, he wanted to die. He had a guilty feeling that this speech of the old lady's had somehow committed him beyond recall to Mirandy. He did not see visions of breach-of-promise suits; but he trembled at the thought of an avenging big brother.

"Hanner, you kin come along, too, ef you're a mind, when you git the dishes washed," said Mrs. Means to the bound girl, as she shut and latched the back door. The Means family had built a new house in front of the old one, as a sort of advertisement of bettered circumstances, an eruption of shoddy feeling; but when the new building was completed they found themselves unable to occupy it for anything else than a lumber-room, and so, except a parlor which Mirandy had made an effort to furnish a little (in hope of the blissful time when somebody should "set up" with her of evenings), the new building was almost unoccupied, and the family went in and out through the back door, which, indeed, was the front door also, for, according to a curious custom, the "front" of the house was placed toward the south, though the "big road" (Hoosier for *highway*) ran along the northwest side, or, rather, past the northwest corner of it.

When the old woman had spoken thus to Hannah and had latched the door, she muttered, "That gal don't never show no gratitude fer favors;" to which Bud rejoined that he didn't think she had no great sight to be pertickler thankful fer. To which Mrs. Means made no reply, thinking it best, perhaps, not to wake up her dutiful son on so interesting a theme as her treatment of Hannah. Ralph felt glad that he was this evening to go to another boarding-place. He should not hear the rest of the controversy.

Ralph walked to the school-house with Bill. They were friends again. For when Hank Banta's ducking and his dogged obstinacy in sitting in his wet clothes had brought on a serious fever, Ralph had called together the big boys, and had said, "We must take care of one another, boys. Who will volunteer to take turns sitting up with Henry?" He put his own name down, and all the rest followed.

"William Means and myself will sit up to-night," said Ralph. And poor Bill had been from that moment the teacher's friend. He was chosen to be Ralph's companion. He was Puppy Means no longer! Hank could not be conquered by kindness, and the teacher was made to feel the bitterness of his resentment long after, as we shall find. But Bill Means was for the time entirely placated, and he and Ralph went to spelling-school together.

Every family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoopole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoopole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this 'ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I'll appint him. Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk

up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging. The Greeks figured Cupid as naked, probably because he wears so many disguises that they could not select a costume for him.

The Squire came to the front. Ralph made an inventory of the agglomeration which bore the name of Squire Hawkins, as follows:

1. A swallow-tail coat of indefinite age, worn only on state occasions when its owner was called to figure in his public capacity. Either the Squire had grown too large or the coat too small.

2. A pair of black gloves, the most phenomenal, abnormal, and unexpected apparition conceivable in Flat Creek district, where the preachers wore no coats in the summer, and where a black glove was never seen except on the hands of the Squire.

3. A wig of that dirty, waxy color so common to wigs. This one showed a continual inclination to slip off the owner's smooth, bald pate, and the Squire had frequently to adjust it. As his hair had been red, the wig did not accord with his face, and the hair ungrayed was sadly discordant with a face shrivelled by age.

4. A semicircular row of whiskers hedging the edge of the jaw and chin. These were dyed a frightful dead black, such as no natural hair or beard ever had. At the roots there was a quarter of an inch of white, giving the whiskers the appearance of having been stuck on.

5. A pair of spectacles with "tortoise-shell rim." Wont to slip off.

6. A glass eye, purchased of a peddler, and differing in color from its natural mate, perpetually getting out of focus by turning in or out.

7. A set of false teeth, badly fitted, and given to bobbing up and down.

8. The Squire proper, to whom these patches were loosely attached.

It is an old story that a boy wrote home to his father begging him to come West, because "mighty mean men got in office out here." But Ralph concluded that some Yankees had taught school in Hoopole County who would not have held a high place in the educational institutions of Massachusetts. Hawkins had some New England idioms, but they were well overlaid by a Western pronunciation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honor." And the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happifying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavors to sarve the people of Flat Crick deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of a danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left, while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The

front teeth would drop down, so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion," twisting his scalp round, "but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand underlying subterfuge, of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do, raley. I think I may put it ahead of the Bible. For if it wurnt fer spellin'-books and sich occasions as these, where would the Bible be, I should like to know? The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt of his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsey Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide which should have the "first ch'ice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of

surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice, "And *I* take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could, at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long until Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain on the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed.

The champion who now stood up against the schoolmaster was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling, he was of no account. He could not catch well or bat well in ball. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that he was—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—in that he was "a hoss." This genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could "spell like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoopole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is! Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose: it enabled him to

tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young school-master. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had cotched his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or the other of the combatants, except the silent

shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsey Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart, is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words, that they might have some breathing-spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two, which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack

Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster so well known to all who ever thumbed it as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was the buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if "they could see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in at the master's final triumph. But, to their surprise, "ole Miss Meanses' white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet; the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses' Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine, timid

face of the girl so long oppressed flush and shine with interest, as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow and the fresh, white complexion, and saw the rich, womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally. The bull-dog, the stern, relentless setting of the will, had gone, he knew not whither. And there had come in its place, as he looked in that face, a something which he did not understand. You did not, gentle reader, the first time it came to you.

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days,—words not in the spelling-book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye. His black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Mirandy Means that she shuddered and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

Such a buzz followed that Betsey Short's giggle could not be heard, but Shocky shouted, "Hanner beat! my Hanner spelled down the master!" And Ralph went over and congratulated her.

And Dr. Small sat perfectly still in the corner.

And then the Squire called them to order, and said, "As our friend Hanner Thomson is the only one left on her side, she will have to spell against nearly all on t'other side. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of procrastinating

the completion of this interesting and exacting contest until to-morrow evening. I hope our friend Hanner may again carry off the cypress crown of glory. There is nothing better for us than heathful and kindly simulation."

Dr. Small, who knew the road to practice, escorted Mirandy, and Bud went home with somebody else. The others of the Means family hurried on, while Hannah, the champion, stayed behind a minute to speak to Shocky. Perhaps it was because Ralph saw that Hannah must go alone that he suddenly remembered having left something which was of no consequence, and resolved to go round by Mr. Means's and get it. Another of Cupid's disguises.

A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

BRET HARTE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
(I tell the tale as 'twas told to me);
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French:
It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms—poor wench!—
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what golden-laced speech of those modish days
She listened,—the mischief take her!

But she kept the posies of mignonette
That he gave; and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled, as she passes through,
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?
* * * * * * *
I sit in the sad old house to-night,—
Myself a ghost from a farther sea,—
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two;
And there is no sound in the sad old house
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odor of mignonette!

I open the window, and seem almost—
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat
Of its great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is,
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn;
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
  And I see no face at my library door;
For, now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
  She is viewless for evermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
  Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
  She has been with my soul to-night!

THE DEBT OF RELIGION TO SCIENCE.

M. J. SAVAGE.

[Minot J. Savage, one of the most eloquent speakers and agreeable writers of the Unitarian ministry, and the author of numerous works, was born in Maine in 1841. He began his pastoral life as a Congregationalist preacher, but afterwards joined the Unitarian Church, and is now pastor of the Church of the Unity, in Boston. Among his works we may name "Christianity the Science of Manhood," "The Religion of Evolution," "Morals of Evolution," "The Modern Sphynx," "Beliefs about the Bible," etc. The extract here given is from "Modern Unitarianism," embracing the addresses delivered by various divines at the recent dedication of the new building of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. That the artificial wall which has been erected between religion and science must break down before future research and reasoning there can be no doubt, and any movement in this direction may be welcomed. Both religion and science are based on facts, and facts cannot be mutually prohibitory, however different be their provinces. When facts seem to disagree it is really ignorance that is astray, and the growth of knowledge cannot fail in time to reconcile completely these seemingly discordant fields of thought and research.]

1. SCIENCE has revealed to us a universe fit to be the garment of an infinite God.

However crude their thought, men have always had some sort of notion of the world about them, of the gods or god residing in and controlling the heavens and the earth; they have had some notion of their own natures, and of the relation in which they stood to these external and superior powers. And their theology has always been their theory of these relations. All religions, then, root themselves in, spring out of, and are shaped by some cosmology, or theory of things. And the religion can be no grander or more worthy than the cosmology. A grand religion, then, must be housed in a grand conception of the universe. For an infinite God there must be an infinite home.

I need not describe in detail the childish conceptions which the childhood world entertained concerning its dwelling-place; for you are familiar with them. They were the natural fancies of barbaric people. A little flat world, with as many fancied centres as there were nations, with a limited heaven close by, the home of its peculiar gods: it is only fanciful variations of the same general plan.

The heaven and earth of Hebrew tradition, which after-ages consecrated as part of a supposed divine revelation, was shaped almost precisely after the pattern of a modern Saratoga trunk. The surface of the earth was its floor; and the sun, moon, and stars were attached to the under-side of a concave dome, which would answer to the cover. Beyond it on all sides was the primeval chaos. Heaven, the home of God and His angels, was above the dome. The Church added to this conception a cavernous hell beneath,—a sort of false bottom for this trunk,—and thus completed the structure of the universe as it was popularly held, down even to mediæval times.

The Ptolemaic astronomers imagined all sorts of clumsy

contrivances in their vain attempts to account for the movements of the heavenly bodies. Their sky dome was

> "With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

But so unsatisfactory was the arrangement, after all, that the acutest human intellects came to regard it as altogether unworthy of a divine contriver. Prince Alphonso of Castile said that had he been present at the creation he could have suggested a much better plan.

Thus, Religion not only labored under the burden of such clumsy contrivances, but her official representatives fought bitterly, and for ages, against a nobler and more worthy conception. But, against all opposition, Science persisted; and at last the walls of space gave way, the solid dome became the boundless expanse of air, the earth was seen "dancing about the sun," and our solar system took its place as one in the ordered maze of countless galaxies of worlds.

At last, then, we have a universe-house large enough for a God, the outlines of a temple fit to be the seat of a worship to match the boundless aspirations of the human soul. And this, in every part, is the work of Science. And Science has achieved it not only in spite of instituted and official Religion, but for the sake of Religion; that is, Science has given to Religion a temple, one "that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

2. But not only has Science revealed to Religion an infinite universe; it has established beyond question the fact that it *is* a *universe*. It is not a chaos, but an orderly *unity*.

With the old conception of the universe, it was easy enough to believe in two gods or a thousand. No system, no unity, was discovered; and the Titanic forces seemed

to be in everlasting conflict. Light fought the darkness, summer contended with winter; while cloud, wind, lightning, all appeared to be the gigantic play of separate or hostile powers. Religion gave in her adhesion to some one deity, but was never quite sure but that the object of her worship might be some day dethroned, as Jupiter dethroned Saturn, by some other supernal king.

But when Newton demonstrated the law of gravitation, the universe, from dust-grain to Sirius, was seen to be held in the grasp of one almighty power. Then came the proof that all the different forces of the universe were only different manifestations of one eternal force that never was less or more. And at last the spectroscope has revealed the wondrous fact that the dust beneath our feet is of the same material as that of which the glitter ing suns are made.

It is, indeed, true that Religion declared, ages ago, "The Lord our God is one Lord!" But, all the same, a hundred other religions had their "gods many and lords many;" and no one was able to do more than assert the nothingness of all but one. But at last Science has demonstrated

"One law, one element,"

and has made it reasonable for us to complete the line, and make it read,—

"One *God*, one law, one element."

It is one force everywhere; and, if God be at all, He is now known to be only One.

And this result of knowledge is the magnificent gift to Religion of Science. The glory belongs to Science, and to Science alone.

3. Not only is the infinite oneness demonstrated, but, as already hinted,—though I wish to set the point apart and

mark it off by itself,—an infinite order is also revealed; and so we find it rational to believe in an infinite wisdom.

Of course it is but a small part of the universe that has been explored; and even that can be said to be but partially known. But every step so far taken reveals an intelligible order. And, since our judgments are based upon experience, and each new experience reaffirms and deepens the one impression, the conviction is a cumulative one. All the known, then, being orderly, we feel an unshaken confidence that whatever seems chaotic or unwise bears that appearance to us only because it is not better known.

Here, again, as in regard to the oneness, though the religious heart might trust and hope, it is only Science that has bestowed upon Religion the power to demonstrate her magnificent faith.

4. And, once more, this order that Science has revealed is not a fixed and finished order, so that we may not hope for anything better than that which is already seen. It is rather evolution, an orderly progress, the apparent onreaching of a purpose; and so it becomes rational for us to cherish any grandest hope as being within the scope of possibility.

Against the old universe, as a fixed and finished piece of mechanism, wrought by the hand of a supernatural contriver, certain very grave and insuperable objections could be brought. It seems to me that on that theory the serious criticisms of John Stuart Mill, for example, cannot be met. The God of this universe,—regarding it as a finality,—Mr. Mill thinks, cannot be both perfectly good and perfectly powerful at the same time. Either He does not wish to make things better—and, in that case, is not completely benevolent—or else He cannot make them

better; and so either His wisdom or His power is impeached.

But the fact of evolution, the establishment of which is unspeakably the grandest of all the achievements of Science, completely flanks this whole class of objections, and so gives to Religion a firm basis for her noblest trust. Since all things are in process, reaching forth toward some result as yet but dimly seen, it were as illogical to condemn them for present imperfections as it would be to judge the quality of an apple that ripens only in October by tasting its puckery bitterness in July. Such judgment is as unscientific as it is irreligious. We are, then, scientifically justified in singing one verse, at least, of the old hymn of Cowper,—

> "His purposes will ripen fast,
> Unfolding every hour:
> The bud may have a bitter taste,
> But sweet will be the flower."

And, though the old watch-maker type of design may be discredited, a broader, grander, farther-reaching teleology is revealed. Taking in the wider sweep of things; considering the growth of a system from star-dust to planet; noting the upward trend of life from protozoon to man, and, within the human range, from animal to soul; seeing how,

> "Striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form,"—

in this larger survey we are taking no unjustifiable liberty with the facts when we chant our trust in the words of Tennyson,—

> "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

Within this generation, then, for the first time in the

history of the world, Religion is able to feel beneath the feet of her faith in "the eternal goodness" the firm ground of demonstration. And this is the gift of Science.

5. Still another gift of Science to Religion is nothing less than what is essentially a spiritualist conception of the universe. There is a sort of grim irony in the fact that, while Religion has always been stigmatizing Science as materialistic, she herself has never been able to demonstrate the opposite of materialism, and has had to wait for Science to do it for her. For it is Science, at last, that has dealt materialism its death-blow and made it reasonable for us to believe that the world is only the bright and changing garment of the living God. Religion has disbelieved and denounced materialism for ages; but, all the while, she has been haunted by it, as by a ghost which all her conjurations could not lay. But Science has now demonstrated its utter incompetence as a theory for the explanation of the universe. A theory is accepted as valid by as much as it can account for the facts. The most important, the crucial fact with which we have to deal is conscious thought; and, in the face of this, materialism has utterly broken down. On this point I wish to let the great voices of the scientific world be heard for themselves.

In his address on Scientific Materialism ("Fragments of Science," p. 120), Mr. Tyndall expresses the opinion that the materialist has a right to assert an intimate relation between thought and certain molecular motions in the brain. Then he adds, "I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality, they explain nothing. . . . The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages."

Mr. Huxley, in treating of Bishop Berkeley on the Metaphysics of Sensation ("Critiques and Addresses," p. 314), declares, "If I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative."

Instead of quoting long passages on this point from Mr. Spencer, I choose rather to give Mr. Fiske's summing up of his general position. He says, "Mr. Spencer has most conclusively demonstrated that, from the scientific point of view, the hypothesis of the materialists is not only as untenable to-day as it ever has been, but must always remain inferior in philosophic value to the opposing spiritualistic hypothesis." ("Cosmic Philosophy," vol. ii. p. 436.)

And his own position Mr. Fiske sums up in these brief words: "Henceforth we may regard materialism as ruled out, and relegated to that limbo of crudities to which we, some time since, consigned the hypothesis of special creations." ("Cosmic Philosophy," vol. ii. p. 445.)

It is no part of my purpose to trace the processes of scientific reasoning by which this end has been attained. I only wish to note the fact, and to help honest religious thinkers to see and be grateful for the gifts of Science. Materialism, then, is gone by. Henceforth, Religion may gladly look upon all the fair, the magnificent, the terrible forms of matter as only veils that, while they conceal, do still more reveal the features, the outlines, and the movements of the Infinite Life that they only clothe and manifest.

6. As Science holds us by the hand, I think I may safely say that she leads us one step further into the heart of this grand mystery.

The form behind and manifested in and through what we call matter is really spirit, we say. But that is not

enough for Religion. To be—in the words of Spencer—"ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed," this is grand and wonderful. But Religion has dared to hope that this infinite power was Father and Friend. And now, if Herbert Spencer may be allowed to speak for her, Science asserts at least demonstrable kinship between the human soul and this "Infinite and Eternal Energy." These are Mr. Spencer's words: "The final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is that the Power manifested throughout the universe distinguished as material is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." ("Religion: A Retrospect and Prospect.")

And, with more elaboration and in greater detail, the Rev. F. E. Abbot ("Scientific Theism," p. 209) asserts of the universe, as the direct teaching and final result of science, that, "because, as an infinite organism, it thus manifests infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, or thought, feeling, and will in their infinite fulness, and because these three constitute the essential manifestations of personality, it"—the universe—"must be conceived as Infinite Person, Absolute Spirit, Creative Source, and Eternal Home of the derivative finite personalities which depend upon it, but are no less real than itself."

Thus have the patient feet of Science led the way to the heights,

> ". . . through nature up to nature's God."

Such and so magnificent are her gifts to Religion.

7. But the catalogue of her services is not yet ended. Still the work goes on. For it is her spirit and method that are scattering the clouds of superstition and inhuman theology, the still lingering remnants of the primeval

darkness that once overhung the whole earth, so helping Religion to break, like a sun, through the noxious vapors, and illumine the world.

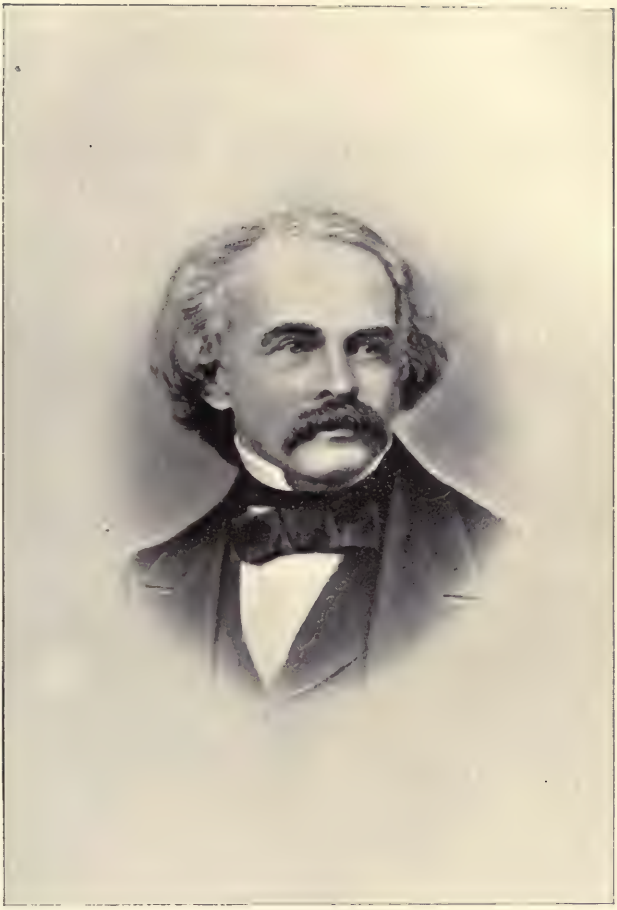
Those who are committed to the impossible task of identifying with Religion dogmas and customs that cannot bear the light may well be jealous of Science and her work. For just so certainly as she is of the race of the immortals, so certainly they must die. It is the old battle between Apollo and the dragons; and the issue is not uncertain. . . . Science can destroy only God's enemies and ours; for she is the very leader of the divine armies of light and truth.

8. One more point I wish to set down, not as an achievement, but as a hope, if not a prophecy. I dare to believe that some day this same Science will discover immortality. However firmly we may believe, we cannot yet say we know. I am aware that many have no question, and say they care for no more proof. But, when any man says, "I know," the utmost that he can honestly mean is that he feels a very strong assurance. I, too, believe.

> "I cannot think the world shall end in naught,
> That the abyss shall be the grave of thought,—
>
> "That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
> O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul."

Neither have I any prying curiosity as to the details of that other life. But, in regard to the simple fact, I should like to feel beneath my feet the solid rock of demonstration. For could we not all bear with bravery and patience the incidents of a journey that leads to such an issue?

Now, if this other life be a fact, and if its realities be not far away, if its activities press close upon us and mingle themselves with our daily lives, I see nothing unreasonable in supposing that one day this may be demon-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

strated to the satisfaction of all candid men. Such, at least, is my hope.

These, then, are some items in the debt of Religion to Science. Religion is man's search after right relations to God and to his fellow-man. Science, distrusted so long, is found to be the unfallen Lucifer, the light-bearer, God's very archangel, come to guide Religion into the discovery of these relations. Let them hereafter work hand in hand in completing the foundations and rearing the homes and temples of the city of God, which is the city of a perfected humanity.

THE FAUN AND THE NYMPH.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[The selection which we here present to our readers is from "The Marble Faun," in the opinion of many the finest of Hawthorne's works. We might readily have selected passages of more dramatic interest, but no part of the work more fully displays the peculiar faculty of its author than that here taken. The picture of the intense delight in and close communion with nature which Donatello displays, and his seeming lack of any powers of thought beyond those of mere physical enjoyment, form a brilliant realization of the Greek conception of the Faun, and the scene would have been fittingly laid under the glowing sunshine of Greece, three thousand years ago. Donatello passes from the antique to the modern world, in the birth of a soul, through the agency of crime, and thenceforth the purity and simplicity of his communion with nature are lost, though he grows to nobler heights.]

DONATELLO, while it was still a doubtful question betwixt afternoon and morning, set forth to keep the appointment which Miriam had carelessly tendered him in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. . . .

The scenery amid which the youth now strayed was such as arrays itself in the imagination when we read the beautiful old myths, and fancy a brighter sky, a softer turf, a more picturesque arrangement of venerable trees, than we find in the rude and untrained landscapes of the Western world. The ilex-trees, so ancient and time-honored were they, seemed to have lived for ages undisturbed, and to feel no dread of profanation by the axe any more than overthrow by the thunder-stroke. It had already passed out of their dreamy old memories that only a few years ago they were grievously imperilled by the Gaul's last assault upon the walls of Rome. As if confident in the long peace of their lifetime, they assumed attitudes of indolent repose. They leaned over the green turf in ponderous grace, throwing abroad their great branches without danger of interfering with other trees, though other majestic trees grew near enough for dignified society, but too distant for constraint. Never was there a more venerable quietude than that which slept among their sheltering boughs; never a sweeter sunshine than that now gladdening the gentle gloom which these leafy patriarchs strove to diffuse over the swelling and subsiding lawns.

In other portions of the grounds the stone-pines lifted their dense clump of branches upon a slender length of stem, so high that they looked like green islands in the air, flinging down a shadow upon the turf so far off that you hardly knew which tree had made it. Again, there were avenues of cypress, resembling dark flames of huge funeral candles, which spread dusk and twilight round about them instead of cheerful radiance. The more open spots were all abloom, even so early in the season, with anemones of wondrous size, both white and rose-colored, and violets that betrayed themselves by their

rich fragrance, even if their blue eyes failed to meet your own. Daisies, too, were abundant, but larger than the modest little English flower, and therefore of small account.

These wooded and flowery lawns are more beautiful than the finest of English park-scenery, more touching, more impressive, through the neglect that leaves Nature so much to her own ways and methods. Since man seldom interferes with her, she sets to work in her quiet way and makes herself at home. There is enough of human care, it is true, bestowed, long ago and still bestowed, to prevent wildness from growing into deformity; and the result is an ideal landscape, a woodland scene that seems to have been projected out of the poet's mind. If the ancient Faun were other than a mere creation of old poetry, and could have reappeared anywhere, it must have been in such a scene as this.

In the openings of the wood there are fountains plashing into marble basins, the depths of which are shaggy with water-weeds; or they tumble like natural cascades from rock to rock, sending their murmur afar, to make the quiet and silence more appreciable. Scattered here and there with careless artifice, stand old altars bearing Roman inscriptions. Statues, gray with the long corrosion of even that soft atmosphere, half hide and half reveal themselves, high on pedestals, or perhaps fallen and broken on the turf. Terminal figures, columns of marble or granite porticos, arches, are seen in the vistas of the wood-paths, either veritable relics of antiquity, or with so exquisite a touch of artful ruin on them that they are better than if really antique. At all events, grass grows on the tops of the shattered pillars, and weeds and flowers root themselves in the chinks of the massive arches and fronts of temples, and clamber at large over their pediments, as if

this were the thousandth summer since their winged seeds alighted there.

What a strange idea—what a needless labor—to construct artificial ruins in Rome, the native soil of ruin! But even these sportive imitations, wrought by man in emulation of what time has done to temples and palaces, are perhaps centuries old, and, beginning as illusions, have grown to be venerable in sober earnest. The result of all is a scene, pensive, lovely, dream-like, enjoyable, and sad, such as is to be found nowhere save in these princely villa-residences in the neighborhood of Rome; a scene that must have required generations and ages, during which growth, decay, and man's intelligence wrought kindly together, to render it so gently wild as we behold it now.

The final charm is bestowed by the malaria. There is a piercing, thrilling, delicious kind of regret in the idea of so much beauty thrown away, or only enjoyable at its half-development, in winter and early spring, and never to be dwelt amongst, as the home-scenery of any human being. For if you come hither in summer, and stray through these glades in the golden sunset, fever walks arm in arm with you, and death awaits you at the end of the dim vista. Thus the scene is like Eden in its loveliness; like Eden, too, in the fatal spell that removes it beyond the scope of man's actual possessions. But Donatello felt nothing of this dream-like melancholy that haunts the spot. As he passed among the sunny shadows, his spirit seemed to acquire new elasticity. The flicker of the sunshine, the sparkle of the fountain's gush, the dance of the leaf upon the bough, the woodland fragrance, the green freshness, the old sylvan peace and freedom, were all intermingled in those long breaths which he drew.

The ancient dust, the mouldiness of Rome, the dead

atmosphere in which he had wasted so many months, the hard pavements, the smell of ruin and decaying generations, the chill palaces, the convent-bells, the heavy incense of altars, the life that he had led in those dark, narrow streets, among priests, soldiers, nobles, artists, and women,—all the sense of these things rose from the young man's consciousness like a cloud which had darkened over him without his knowing how densely.

He drank in the natural influences of the scene, and was intoxicated as by an exhilarating wine. He ran races with himself along the gleam and shadow of the wood-paths. He leapt up to catch the overhanging bough of an ilex, and, swinging himself by it, alighted far onward, as if he had flown thither through the air. In a sudden rapture he embraced the trunk of a sturdy tree, and seemed to imagine it a creature worthy of affection and capable of a tender response; he clasped it closely in his arms, as a Faun might have clasped the warm feminine grace of the nymph whom antiquity supposed to dwell within that rough, encircling rind. Then, in order to bring himself closer to the genial earth, with which his kindred instincts linked him so strongly, he threw himself at full length on the turf, and pressed down his lips, kissing the violets and daisies, which kissed him back again, though shyly, in their maiden fashion.

While he lay there, it was pleasant to see how the green and blue lizards, who had been basking on some rock or on a fallen pillar that absorbed the warmth of the sun, scrupled not to scramble over him with their small feet; and how the birds alighted on the nearest twigs and sang their little roundelays unbroken by any chirrup of alarm; they recognized him, it may be, as something akin to themselves, or else they fancied that he was rooted and grew there; for these wild pets of nature dreaded him no

more in his buoyant life than if a mound of soil and grass and flowers had long since covered his dead body, converting it back to the sympathies from which human existence had estranged it.

All of us, after a long abode in cities, have felt the blood gush more joyously through our veins with the first breath of rural air; few could feel it so much as Donatello, a creature of simple elements, bred in the sweet sylvan life of Tuscany, and for months back dwelling amid the mouldy gloom and dim splendor of old Rome. Nature has been shut out for numberless centuries from those stony-hearted streets, to which he had latterly grown accustomed; there is no trace of her, except for what blades of grass spring out of the pavements of the less-trodden piazzas, or what weeds cluster and tuft themselves on the cornices of ruins. Therefore his joy was like that of a child that had gone astray from home and finds him suddenly in his mother's arms again.

At last, deeming it full time for Miriam to keep her tryst, he climbed to the tiptop of the tallest tree, and thence looked about him, swaying to and fro in the gentle breeze, which was like the respiration of that great, leafy, living thing. Donatello saw beneath him the whole circuit of the enchanted ground; the statues and columns pointing upward from among the shrubbery, the fountains flashing in the sunlight, the paths winding hither and thither and continually finding out some nook of new and ancient pleasantness. He saw the villa, too, with its marble front incrusted all over with bas-reliefs, and statues in its many niches. It was as beautiful as a fairy palace, and seemed an abode in which the lord and lady of this fair domain might fitly dwell, and come forth each morning to enjoy as sweet a life as their happiest dreams of the past night could have depicted. All this he saw, but

his first glance had taken in too wide a sweep, and it was not till his eyes fell almost directly beneath him, that Donatello beheld Miriam just turning into the path that led across the roots of his very tree.

He descended among the foliage, waiting for her to come close to the trunk, and then suddenly dropped from an impending bough and alighted at her side. It was as if the swaying of the branches had let a ray of sunlight through. The same ray likewise glimmered among the gloomy meditations that encompassed Miriam, and lit up the pale, dark beauty of her face, while it responded pleasantly to Donatello's glance.

"I hardly know," said she, smiling, "whether you have sprouted out of the earth or fallen from the clouds. In either case you are welcome."

And they walked onward together.

Miriam's sadder mood, it might be, had at first an effect on Donatello's spirits. It checked the joyous ebullition into which they would otherwise have effervesced when he found himself in her society, not, as heretofore, in the old gloom of Rome, but under that bright soft sky and in those Arcadian woods. He was silent for a while; it being, indeed, seldom Donatello's impulse to express himself copiously in words. His usual modes of demonstration were by the natural language of gesture, the instinctive movement of his agile frame, and the unconscious play of his features, which, within a limited range of thought and emotion, would speak volumes in a moment.

By and by, his own mood seemed to brighten Miriam's, and was reflected back upon himself. He began inevitably, as it were, to dance along the wood-path, flinging himself into attitudes of strange comic grace. Often, too, he ran a little way in advance of his companion, and then stood to watch her as she approached along the shadowy and

sun-fleckered path. With every step she took, he expressed his joy at her nearer and nearer presence by what might be thought an extravagance of gesticulation, but which doubtless was the language of the natural man, though laid aside and forgotten by other men, now that words have been feebly substituted in the place of signs and symbols. He gave Miriam the idea of a being not precisely man, nor yet a child, but, in a high and beautiful sense, an animal,—a creature in a state of development less than what mankind has attained, yet the more perfect within itself for that very deficiency. This idea filled her mobile imagination with agreeable fantasies, which, after smiling at them herself, she tried to convey to the young man.

"What are you, my friend?" she exclaimed, always keeping in mind his singular resemblance to the Faun of the Capitol. "If you are, in good truth, that wild and pleasant creature whose face you wear, pray make me known to your kindred. They will be found hereabouts, if anywhere. Knock at the rough rind of this ilex-tree and summon forth the Dryad! Ask the water-nymph to rise dripping from yonder fountain and exchange a moist pressure of the hand with me! Do not fear that I shall shrink even if one of your rough cousins, a hairy Satyr, should come capering on his goat-legs out of the haunts of far antiquity and propose to dance with me among these lawns! And will not Bacchus,—with whom you consorted so familiarly of old, and who loved you so well,—will he not meet us here, and squeeze rich grapes into his cup for you and me?"

Donatello smiled; he laughed heartily, indeed, in sympathy with the mirth that gleamed out of Miriam's deep, dark eyes. But he did not seem quite to understand her mirthful talk, nor to be disposed to explain what kind of

creature he was, or to inquire with what divine or poetic kindred his companion feigned to link him. He appeared only to know that Miriam was beautiful, and that she smiled graciously upon him; that the present moment was very sweet, and himself most happy, with the sunshine, the sylvan scenery, and woman's kindly charm, which it enclosed within its small circumference. It was delightful to see the trust which he reposed in Miriam, and his pure joy in her propinquity; he asked nothing, sought nothing, save to be near the beloved object, and brimmed over with ecstasy at that simple boon. A creature of the happy tribes below us sometimes shows the capacity of this enjoyment; a man, seldom or never. . . .

As they strayed through that sweet wilderness, she felt more and more the influence of his elastic temperament. Miriam was an impressible and impulsive creature, as unlike herself, in different moods, as if a melancholy maiden and a glad one were both bound within the girdle about her waist, and kept in magic thraldom by the brooch that clasped it. Naturally, it is true, she was the more inclined to melancholy, yet fully capable of that high frolic of the spirits which richly compensates for many gloomy hours; if her soul was apt to lurk in the darkness of a cavern, she could sport madly in the sunshine before the cavern's mouth. Except the freshest mirth of animal spirits, like Donatello's, there is no merriment, no wild exhilaration, comparable to that of melancholy people escaping from the dark region in which it is their custom to keep themselves imprisoned.

So the shadowy Miriam almost outdid Donatello on his own ground. They ran races with each other, side by side, with shouts and laughter; they pelted one another with early flowers, and, gathering them up, twined them

with green leaves into garlands for both their heads. They played together like children, or creatures of immortal youth. So much had they flung aside the sombre habitudes of daily life, that they seemed born to be sportive forever, and endowed with eternal mirthfulness instead of any deeper joy. It was a glimpse far backward into Arcadian life, or, further still, into the Golden Age, before mankind was burdened with sin and sorrow, and before pleasure had been darkened with those shadows that bring it into high relief and make it happiness.

"Hark!" cried Donatello, stopping short, as he was about to bind Miriam's fair hands with flowers and lead her along in triumph, "there is music somewhere in the grove!"

"It is your kinsman Pan, most likely," said Miriam, "playing on his pipe. Let us go seek him, and make him puff out his rough cheeks and pipe his merriest air! Come; the strain of music will guide us onward like a gayly-colored thread of silk."

"Or like a chain of flowers," responded Donatello, drawing her along by that which he had twined. "This way! —Come!"

As the music came fresher on their ears, they danced to its cadence, extemporizing new steps and attitudes. Each varying moment had a grace which might have been worth putting into marble, for the long delight of days to come, but vanished with the movement that gave it birth, and was effaced from memory by another. In Miriam's motion, freely as she flung herself into the frolic of the hour, there was still an artful beauty; in Donatello's there was a charm of indescribable grotesqueness hand in hand with grace; sweet, bewitching, most provocative of laughter, and yet akin to pathos, so deeply did it touch the heart. This was the ultimate peculiarity, the final

touch, distinguishing between the sylvan creature and the beautiful companion at his side. Setting apart only this, Miriam resembled a Nymph, as much as Donatello did a Faun.

There were flitting moments, indeed, when she played the sylvan character as perfectly as he. Catching glimpses of her then, you would have fancied that an oak had sundered its rough bark to let her dance freely forth, endowed with the same spirit in her human form as that which rustles in the leaves; or that she had emerged through the pebbly bottom of a fountain, a water-nymph, to play and sparkle in the sunshine, flinging a quivering light around her, and suddenly disappearing in a shower of rainbow drops.

As the fountain sometimes subsides into its basin, so in Miriam there were symptoms that the frolic of her spirits would at last tire itself out.

"Ah, Donatello," cried she, laughing, as she stopped to take breath, "you have an unfair advantage over me! I am no true creature of the woods; while you are a real Faun, I do believe. When your curls shook just now, methought I had a peep at the pointed ears."

Donatello snapped his fingers above his head, as fauns and satyrs taught us first to do, and seemed to radiate jollity out of his whole nimble person. Nevertheless, there was a kind of dim apprehension in his face, as if he dreaded that a moment's pause might break the spell, and snatch away the sportive companion whom he had waited for through so many dreary months.

"Dance! dance!" cried he, joyously. "If we take breath, we shall be as we were yesterday. There, now, is the music, just beyond this clump of trees. Dance, Miriam, dance!"

They had now reached an open, grassy glade (of which

there are many in that artfully-constructed wilderness), set round with stone seats, on which the aged moss had kindly essayed to spread itself instead of cushions. On one of the stone benches sat the musicians whose strains had enticed our wild couple thitherward. They proved to be a vagrant band, such as Rome, and all Italy, abounds with; comprising a harp, a flute, and a violin, which, though greatly the worse for wear, the performers had skill enough to provoke and modulate into tolerable harmony. It chanced to be a feast-day; and, instead of playing in the sun-scorched piazzas of the city, or beneath the windows of some unresponsive palace, they had bethought themselves to try the echoes of these woods; for, on the festas of the Church, Rome scatters its merry-makers all abroad, ripe for the dance or any other pastime.

As Miriam and Donatello emerged from among the trees, the musicians scraped, tinkled, or blew, each according to his various kind of instrument, more inspiringly than ever. A dark-cheeked little girl, with bright black eyes, stood by, shaking a tambourine set round with tinkling bells, and thumping it on its parchment head. Without interrupting his brisk though measured movement, Donatello snatched away this unmelodious contrivance, and, flourishing it above his head, produced music of indescribable potency, still dancing with frisky step, and striking the tambourine, and ringing its little bells, all in one jovial act.

It might be that there was magic in the sound, or contagion, at least, in the spirit which had got possession of Miriam and himself, for very soon a number of festal people were drawn to the spot, and struck into the dance, singly, or in pairs, as if they were all gone mad with jollity. Among them were some of the plebeian damsels whom we meet bareheaded in the Roman streets, with

silver stilettos thrust through their glossy hair; the contadinas, too, from the Campagna and the villages, with their rich and picturesque costumes of scarlet and all bright hues, such as fairer maidens might not venture to put on. Then came the modern Roman from Trastevere, perchance, with his old cloak drawn about him like a toga, which anon, as his active motion heated him, he flung aside. Three French soldiers capered freely into the throng, in wide scarlet trousers, their short swords dangling at their sides; and three German artists in gray flaccid hats and flaunting beards; and one of the Pope's Swiss guardsmen in the strange motley garb which Michael Angelo contrived for them. Two young English tourists (one of them a lord) took contadine partners and dashed in, as did also a shaggy man in goat-skin breeches, who looked like rustic Pan in person and footed it as merrily as he. Besides the above there was a herdsman or two from the Campagna, and a few peasants in sky-blue jackets, and small-clothes tied with ribbons at the knees: haggard and sallow were these last, poor serfs, having little to eat and nothing but the malaria to breathe; but still they plucked up a momentary spirit and joined hands in Donatello's dance.

Here, as it seemed, had the Golden Age come back again within the precincts of this sunny glade, thawing mankind out of their cold formalities, releasing them from irksome restraint, mingling them together in such childlike gayety that new flowers (of which the old bosom of the earth is full) sprang up beneath their footsteps.

THE LESSONS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

G. C. VERPLANCK.

[Gulian C. Verplanck, a distinguished writer and scholar in the older rank of American authorship, was born in New York in 1786. His first work, published in 1819, was a brilliant satire, called "The State Triumvirate." To the miscellany called *The Talisman*, published by him in conjunction with W. C. Bryant and R. C. Sands, he contributed nearly one-half the articles. His other principal works are "The Early European Friends of America," "Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion," and "Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Art, and Literature." His superb edition of Shakespeare, published in 1846, is one of the best that has ever been issued. As a writer he had great clearness and beauty of style. He died in 1870.]

THE study of the history of most other nations fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly-painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance, and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune,—the orator who was ever

the ready apologist of tyranny,—great scholars who were the pensioned flatterers of power,—and poets who profaned the high gift of genius to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame reared by the imagination of Chaucer and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and "the toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

> "Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
> Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
> Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
> Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo." *

Doubtless this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which, if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

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* "Patriots are here, in Freedom's battles slain,
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards, worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

VIRGIL.—From the MS. of Bryant.

What has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? We have been repeatedly told, and sometimes, too, in a tone of affected impartiality, that the highest praise which can fairly be given to the American mind is that of possessing an enlightened selfishness; that if the philosophy and talents of this country, with all their effects, were forever swept into oblivion, the loss would be felt only by ourselves; and that if to the accuracy of this general charge the labors of Franklin present an illustrious, it is still but a solitary, exception.

The answer may be given confidently and triumphantly. Without abandoning the fame of our eminent men, whom Europe has been slow and reluctant to honor, we would reply that the intellectual power of this people has exerted itself in conformity to the general system of our institutions and manners; and, therefore, that for the proof of its existence and the measure of its force we must look not so much to the works of prominent individuals as to the great aggregate results; and if Europe has hitherto been wilfully blind to the value of our example and the exploits of our sagacity, courage, invention, and freedom, the blame must rest with her, and not with America.

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call

forth on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than a half-century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches, to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom. of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

[We give the main portion of this humorous production, one of the best American poems of mingled fun and pun, of the school of Hood. The writer, John Godfrey Saxe, born in Vermont in 1816, is the author of numerous amusing poems, which have attained high popularity. Among the best-known are "The Rhyme of the Rail," "The Money King," and the one we quote. His writings also include serious poems, of considerable merit, some of his sonnets being said to be "masterpieces of their kind."]

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of Pride,
As she minced along in Fashion's tide
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting:

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandalled in satin, should kiss the street,—
The very same that the vulgar greet
In common leather not over "neat,"—
For such is the common booting;
(And Christian tears may well be shed,
That even among our gentlemen bred
The glorious day of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
On a much inferior footing!)

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,

And proud of fifty matters beside
That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk"
On a very slight inspection.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come,
When she was glad, and when she was glum;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop;
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a brand-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison. . . .

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation,
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise,—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size,—
Was merely a fancy creation.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

That her wit should never have made her vain,
Was, like her face, sufficiently plain;
And as to her musical powers,

Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never endorse
For any acquaintance of ours.

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion,
And in talking about her wealth and worth
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracie:"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers,—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy.

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No modern Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end

By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride;
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,
According to public rumor,
And he lived "up town," in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

An honest mechanic was John MacBride,
As ever an honest calling plied
Or graced an honest ditty;
For John had worked, in his early day,
In "pots and pearls," the legends say,
And kept a shop with a rich array
Of things in the soap and candle way,
In the lower part of the city!

No *rara avis* was honest John
(That's the Latin for "sable swan"),
Though, in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
Called honest John "Old *Phœnix* MacBride,"
Because he rose from his ashes! . . .

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,

And madly rush upon Wall Street rocks,
Without the least apology!
Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce zoology!

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
Of Fortune's undertakers;
And, staking his all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
Among the brokers and breakers.

At his trade again, in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
He follows his ancient calling,—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night
As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas for the haughty Miss MacBride!
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride,
She couldn't recover, although she tried
Her jaded spirits to rally:
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place "up town" to a nook "up stairs,"
From an avenue down to an alley! . . .

And, to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;

He quite regretted the step, 'twas true,—
The lady had pride enough for two,
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride,
The merest ghost of her early pride,
Bewails her lonely position:
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich,—
Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes;
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

THE CONDITION OF CHINA.

W. H. SEWARD.

[William Henry Seward was born at Florida, Orange County, New York, in 1801. He was admitted to the bar in 1822, and soon acquired a high reputation as a lawyer. About 1828 he entered the field of politics, in which he afterwards became so distinguished. He served two terms as Governor of New York, and for a long period as United States Senator from that State. In 1860 he was a candidate for the

Presidency, and from 1861 to 1869 was Secretary of State, under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson. After his retirement from political life he made a tour of the world (1870–71), which he described in "Travels Around the World," a highly interesting work, full of graphic description and philosophical reflection. The valuable review of the political and social condition of China, given below, is from this work. Mr. Seward died at Auburn, New York, in 1872.]

THE Chinese, though not of the Caucasian race, have all its political, moral, and social capabilities. Long ago, they reached a higher plane of civilization than most of the European states attained until a much later period. The Western nations have since risen above that plane. The whole world is anxiously inquiring whether China is to retrieve the advantages she has lost, and if she is to come within the family of modern civilized states. Mr. Burlingame's sanguine temperament and charitable disposition led him to form too favorable an opinion of the present condition of China. In his anxiety to secure a more liberal policy on the part of the Western nations toward the ancient empire, he gave us to understand, especially in his speeches, that, while China has much to learn from the Western nations, she is not without some peculiar institutions which they may advantageously adopt. This is not quite true. Although China is far from being a barbarous state, yet every system and institution there is inferior to its corresponding one in the West. Whether it be the abstract sciences, such as philosophy and psychology, or whether it be the practical forms of natural science, astronomy, geology, geography, natural history, and chemistry, or the concrete ideas of government and laws, morals and manners; whether it be in the æsthetic arts or mechanics, everything in China is effete. Chinese education rejects science; Chinese industry proscribes invention; Chinese morals appeal not to

conscience, but to convenience; Chinese architecture and navigation eschew all improvements; Chinese government maintains itself by extortion and terror; Chinese religion is materialistic,—not even mystic, much less spiritual. If we ask how this inferiority has come about, among a people who have achieved so much in the past, and have capacities for greater achievement in the future, we must conclude that, owing to some error in their ancient social system, the faculty of invention has been arrested in its exercise and impaired.

China first became known to the Western world by the discoveries of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. At that period, and until after the explorations of Vasco de Gama, China appears to have been not comparatively great, prosperous, and enlightened, but absolutely so. An empire extending from the snows of Siberia to the tropics, and from the Pacific to the mountain sources of the great rivers of Continental Asia, its population constituted one-fourth of the human race. Diversified climate and soil afforded all the resources of public and private wealth. Science and art developed those resources. Thus, when European nations came upon the shores of China, in the sixteenth century, they found the empire independent and self-sustaining. The Mantchoos on the north had invaded the empire and substituted a Tartar dynasty at Peking for a native dynasty at Nanking, but the conquerors and the conquered were still Chinese, and the change was a revolution and not a subjugation. China, having thus attained all the objects of national life, came to indulge a sentiment of supercilious pride, under the influence of which she isolated herself from all other nations. Her government from its earliest period was in the hands of a scholastic and pedantic class, a class which elsewhere has been found incapable of practical rule. Since the isolation took place,

that class has effectively exercised all the powers of the state in repressing inquiry and stifling invention, through fear that change in any direction would result in their own overthrow. The long isolation of the empire, and the extirpation of native invention, have ended in reversing the position of China. From being self-sustaining and independent, as she was when found by the European states, she has become imbecile, dependent, and helpless. Without military science and art, she is at the mercy of Western nations. Without the science of political economy, the government is incapable of maintaining an adequate system of revenue; and without the science of Western laws and morals, it is equally incapable of maintaining an impartial and effective administration of justice. Having refused to adopt Western arts and sciences, the government is incapable of establishing and maintaining a beneficial domestic administration. Insurrections and revolutions are therefore unavoidable; nor can the government repress them without the aid of the Western powers. She pays the European nations for making the clothing for her people, and the arms with which they must defend themselves. She imports not only the precious metals, but coal and iron, instead of allowing her own mines to be opened. She forbids the employment of steam and animal power in mechanics, and so largely excludes her fabrics from foreign markets.

Though China would now willingly leave all the world alone, other nations cannot afford to leave her alone. Great Britain must send her cotton fabrics and iron manufactures. The United States must send her steam-engines and agricultural implements, and bring away her coolies. Italy, France, and Belgium must have her silks, and all the world must have her teas and send her their religions. All these operations cannot go on without

steam-engines, stationary as well as marine, Hoe's printing-press, and the electric telegraph.

Now for the question of the prospects of China. Before attempting to answer this, it will be best to define intelligently the present political condition of China. Certainly it is no longer an absolutely sovereign and independent empire, nor has it yet become a protectorate of any other empire. It is, in short, a state under the constant and active surveillance of the Western maritime nations. This surveillance is exercised by their diplomatic representatives, and by their naval forces backed by the menace of military intervention. In determining whether this precarious condition of China is likely to continue, and whether its endurance is desirable, it would be well to consider what are the possible alternatives. There are only three: first, absolute subjugation by some foreign state; second, the establishment of a protectorate by some foreign state; third, a complete popular revolution, overthrowing not only the present dynasty, but the present form of government, and establishing one which shall be in harmony with the interests of China and the spirit of the age. The Chinese people, inflated with national pride, and contempt for Western sciences, arts, religions, morals, and manners, are not prepared to accept the latter alternative. The rivalry of the Western nations, with the fluctuations of the balance of their political powers, renders it dangerous for any foreign state to assume a protectorate. The second alternative is, therefore, out of the question. We have already expressed the opinion that mankind have outlived the theory of universal empire; and certainly the absolute subjugation of China by any Western state would be a nearer approach to universal empire than Greek, or Roman, or Corsican, or Cossack, ever dreamed of. The exercise of sovereignty in China

by a national dynasty, under the surveillance and protection of the maritime powers, is the condition most favorable to the country and most desirable. The maintenance of it seems practicable so far as it depends upon the consent of the maritime surveillant powers. But how long the four hundred millions of people within the empire will submit to its continuance is a question which baffles all penetration. The present government favors and does all it can to maintain it. Prince Kung and Wan-Siang are progressive and renovating statesmen, but a year or two hence a new emperor will come to the throne. The *literati*, no less bigoted now than heretofore, have an unshaken prestige among the people, and, for aught any one can judge, the first decree of the new emperor may be the appointment of a reactionary ministry, with the decapitation of the present advisers of the throne. Let it, then, be the policy of the Western nations to encourage and sustain the sagacious reformers of China, and in dealing with that extraordinary people to practise in all things justice, moderation, kindness, and sympathy.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

CHARLES SUMNER.

I NEED not now dwell on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated

by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters,—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes, or perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista,—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature,—on the Sabbath of peace,—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

"Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on,
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
'Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sister, for them all!'"

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy but truthful answer comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway

of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas proudly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions and in their well-compacted sides, while they look in dimensions like floating happy islands of the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travellers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the mast-head shall give the signal of fellowship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yard-arms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped "the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks,"—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave,—whom the hurricane had spared,—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war,—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murders of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length these vessels—such pageants of the sea, once so stately, so proudly built, but now rudely shattered by cannon-balls, with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose tem-

porary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest,—away from country and home,—where there is no country or home to defend,—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

A NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY COURT.

D. P. THOMPSON.

[Daniel Pierce Thompson, born in Massachusetts in 1795, was the author of several popular novels of New England life. These include "The Money-Diggers," "The Green Mountain Boys," "The Rangers," "The Trappers of Lake Umbagog," and "Locke Amsden," a racily-told story of the experiences of a New England schoolmaster. We extract a scene from this admirable romance, in which one feature of the older life of America is humorously described. Mr. Thompson died in 1868.]

IT was late in the season when our hero returned home; and, having inadvertently omitted to apprise his friends of his intention to engage himself as a teacher of some of the winter schools in the vicinity of his father's residence, he found, on his arrival, every situation to which his undoubted qualifications should prompt him to aspire, already occupied by others. He was therefore compelled, unless he relinquished his purpose, to listen to the less eligible offers which came from such smaller and more backward districts of societies as had not engaged their instructors for the winter. One of these he was on the point of deciding to accept, when he received information of a district where the master, from some cause or other, had been

dismissed during the first week of his engagement, and where the committee were now in search of another to supply his place. The district from which this information came was situated in one of the mountain towns about a dozen miles distant, and the particular neighborhood of its location was known in the vicinity, to a considerable extent, by the name of the *Horn of the Moon*, an appellation generally understood to be derived from a peculiar curvature of a mountain that partially enclosed the place. Knowing nothing of the causes which had here led to the recent dismissal of the teacher, nor indeed of the particular character of the school, further than that it was a large one, and one, probably, which, though in rather a new part of the country, would yet furnish something like an adequate remuneration to a good instructor, Locke had no hesitation in deciding to make an immediate application for the situation. Accordingly, the next morning he mounted a horse, and set out for the place in question.

It was a mild December's day; the ground had not yet assumed its winter covering, and, the route taken by our hero becoming soon bordered on either side by wild and picturesque mountain scenery, upon which he had ever delighted

"To look from nature up to nature's God,"

the excursion in going was a pleasant one. And, occupied by the reflections thus occasioned, together with anticipations of happy results from his expected engagement, he arrived, after a ride of a few hours, at the borders of the romantic-looking place of which he was in quest.

At this point in his journey he overtook a man on foot, of whom, after discovering him to belong somewhere in the neighborhood, he proceeded to make some inquiries relative to the situation of the school.

"Why," replied the man, "as I live out there in the tip of the Horn, which is, of course, at the outer edge of the district, I know but little about the school affairs; but one thing is certain, they have shipped the master, and want to get another, I suppose."

"For what cause was the master dismissed? For lack of qualifications?"

"Yes, lack of qualifications for our district. The fellow, however, had learning enough, as all agreed, but no spunk; and the young Bunkers, and some others of the big boys, mistrusting this, and being a little riled at some things he had said to them, took it into their heads to train him a little, which they did; when he, instead of showing any grit on the occasion, got frightened and cleared out."

"Why, sir, did his scholars offer him personal violence?"

"Oh, no,—not violence. They took him up quite carefully, bound him on to a plank, as I understood and carried him on their shoulders, in a sort of procession, three times round the school-house, and then, unloosing him, told him to go at his business again."

"And was all this suffered to take place without any interference from your committee?"

"Yes: our committee-man would not interfere in such a case. A master must fight his own way in our district."

"Who is your committee, sir?"

"Captain Bill Bunker is now. They had a meeting after the fracas, and chose a new one."

"Is he a man who is capable of ascertaining for himself the qualifications of a teacher?"

"Oh, yes: at least I had as lief have Bill Bunker's judgment of a man who applied for the school as any other in the district; and yet he is the only man in the whole district but what can read and write, I believe."

"Your school committee not able to read and write?"

"Not a word; and still he does more business than any man in this neighborhood. Why, sir, he keeps a sort of store, sells to A, B, and C, and charges on book in a fashion of his own; and I would as soon trust to his book as that of any regular merchant in the country; though, to be sure, he has got into a jumble, I hear, about some charges against a man at t'other end of the Horn, and they are having a court about it to-day at Bunker's house, I understand."

"Where does he live?"

"Right on the road, about a mile ahead. You will see his name chalked on a sort of a shop-looking building, which he uses for a store."

The man here turned off from the road, leaving our hero so much surprised and staggered at what he had just heard, not only of the general character of the school of which he had come to propose himself as a teacher, but of the man who now had the control of it, that he drew up the reins, stopped his horse in the road, and sat hesitating some moments whether he would go back or forward. It occurring to him, however, that he could do as he liked about accepting any offer of the place which might be made him, and feeling, moreover, some curiosity to see how a man who could neither read nor write would manage in capacity of an examining school-committee, he resolved to go forward and present himself as a candidate for the school. Accordingly, he rode on, and soon reached a rough-built but substantial-looking farm-house, with sundry out-buildings, on one of which he read, as he had been told he might, the name of the singular occupant In the last-named building he at once perceived that there was a gathering of quite a number of individuals, the nature of which was explained to him by the hint he had received from his informant on the road. And, tying his

horse, he joined several who were going in, and soon found himself in the midst of the company assembled in the low, unfinished room which constituted the interior, as parties, witnesses, and spectators of a justice's court, the ceremonies of which were about to be commenced. There were no counters, counting-room, or desk; and a few broad shelves, clumsily put up on one side, afforded the only indication observable in the interior arrangement of the room of the use to which it was devoted. On these shelves were scattered, at intervals, small bunches of hoes, axes, bed-cords, and such articles as are generally pur chased by those who purchase little; while casks of nails, grindstones, quintals of dried salt fish, and the like, arranged round the room on the floor, made up the rest of the owner's merchandise, an annual supply of which, it appeared, he obtained in the cities every winter in exchange for the products of his farm,—ever careful, like a good political economist, that the balance of trade should not be against him. The only table and chair in the room were now occupied by the justice; the heads of casks, grindstones, or bunches of rakes answering for seats for the rest of the company. On the left of the justice sat the defendant, whose composed look and occasional knowing smile seemed to indicate his confidence in the strength of his defence as well as a consciousness of possessing some secret advantage over his opponent. On the other hand sat Bunker, the plaintiff in the suit. Ascertaining from the remarks of the by-standers his identity with the committee-man he had become so curious to see, Locke fell to noting his appearance closely, and the result was, upon the whole, a highly favorable prepossession. He was a remarkably stout, hardy-looking man; and although his features were extremely rough and swarthy, they yet combined to give him an open, honest, and very intelli-

gent countenance. Behind him, as backers, were standing in a group three or four of his sons, of ages varying from fifteen to twenty, and of bodily proportions promising anything but disparagement to the herculean stock from which they originated. The parties were now called and sworn; when Bunker, there being no attorneys employed to make two-hour speeches on preliminary questions, proceeded at once to the merits of his case. He produced and spread open his account-book, and then went on to show his manner of charging, which was wholly by hieroglyphics, generally designating the debtor by picturing him out at the top of the page with some peculiarity of his person or calling. In the present case, the debtor, who was a cooper, was designated by the rude picture of a man in the act of hooping a barrel, and the article charged, there being but one item in the account, was placed immediately beneath, and represented by a shaded, circular figure, which the plaintiff said was intended for a cheese, that had been sold to the defendant some years before.

"Now, Mr. Justice," said Bunker, after explaining, in a direct, off-hand manner, his peculiar method of book-keeping, "now, the article here charged the man had,—I will, and do, swear to it; for here it is in black and white. And I having demanded my pay, and he having not only refused it, but denied ever buying the article in question, I have brought this suit to recover my just due. And now I wish to see if he will get up here in court and deny the charge under oath. If he will, let him; but may the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

"Well, sir," replied the defendant, promptly rising, "you shall not be kept from having your wish a minute, for I here, under oath, do swear that I never bought or had a cheese of you in my life."

"Under the oath of God you declare it, do you?" sharply asked Bunker.

"I do, sir," firmly answered the other.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the former, with looks of utter astonishment, "I would not have believed that there was a man in all of the Horn of the Moon who would dare to do that."

After the parties had been indulged the usual amount of sparring for such occasions, the justice interposed, and suggested that, as the oaths of the parties were at complete issue, the evidence of the book itself, which he seemed to think was entitled to credit, would turn the scale in favor of the plaintiff, unless the defendant could produce some rebutting testimony. Upon this hint, the latter called up two of his neighbors, who testified in his behalf that he himself always made a sufficient supply of cheese for his family; and they were further knowing that on the year of the alleged purchase, instead of buying, he actually sold a considerable quantity of the article.

This evidence seemed to settle the question in the mind of the justice; and he now soon announced that he felt bound to give judgment to the defendant for his costs.

"Judged and sworn out of the whole of it, as I am a sinner!" cried the disconcerted Bunker, after sitting a moment working his rough features in indignant surprise; "yes, fairly sworn out of it, and saddled with a bill of costs to boot! But I can pay it: so reckon it up, Mr. Justice, and we will have it all squared on the spot. And, on the whole, I am not so sure but a dollar or two is well spent, at any time, in finding out a fellow to be a scoundrel who has been passing himself off among people for an honest man," he added, pulling out his purse, and angrily dashing the required amount down upon the table.

"Now, Bill Bunker," said the defendant, after very

coolly pocketing his costs, "you have flung out a good deal of your stuff here, and I have bore it without getting riled a hair; for I saw, all the time, that you—correct as folks ginerally think you—that you didn't know what you was about. But now it's all fixed and settled, I am going jist to convince you that I am not quite the one that has sworn to a perjury in this 'ere business."

"Well, we will see," rejoined Bunker, eying his opponent with a look of mingled doubt and defiance.

"Yes, we *will* see," responded the other, determinedly; "we will see if we can't make you eat your own words. But I want first to tell you where you missed it. When you dunned me, Bunker, for the pay for a cheese, and I said I never had one of you, you went off a little too quick; you called me a liar, before giving me a chance to say another word. And then I thought I would let you take your own course, till you took that name back. If you had held on a minute, without breaking out so upon me, I should have told you all how it was, and you would have got your pay on the spot; but——"

"Pay!" fiercely interrupted Bunker; "then you admit you had the cheese, do you?"

"No, sir, I admit no such thing," quickly rejoined the former, "for I still say I never had a cheese of you in the world. But I *did* have a small grindstone of you at the time, and at just the price you have charged for your supposed cheese; and here is your money for it, sir. Now, Bunker, what do you say to that?"

"Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone!" exclaimed the now evidently nonplussed and doubtful Bunker, taking a few rapid turns about the room, and occasionally stopping at the table to scrutinize anew his hieroglyphical charge; "I must think this matter over again. Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone. Ah! I have it; but

may God forgive me for what I have done! It *was* a grindstone, but I forgot to make a hole in the middle for the crank."

Upon this curious development, as will be readily imagined, the opposing parties were not long in effecting an amicable and satisfactory adjustment. And in a short time the company broke up and departed, all obviously as much gratified as amused at this singular but happy result of the lawsuit.

EXCURSION TO SORRENTO.

G. S. HILLARD.

[George Stillman Hillard, the author of our present reading, was born at Machias, Maine, in 1808. He was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1828, subsequently studied law, and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1833. Besides rising to distinction in his profession, he was noted as an eloquent orator and as a finished and graceful writer. He was a contributor to the *North American Review* and other periodicals, and wrote a number of the American biographical articles in the first edition of the "New American Cyclopædia." In 1853 appeared his "Six Months in Italy," a charming record of travel, which had reached its twenty-fifth edition in 1885, and from which our selection is made. Mr. Hillard died in 1879.]

On the morning of March 19th, I left Naples for Sorrento, making one of a party of five. The cars took us to Castellamare, a town beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, much resorted to by the Neapolitans in the heats of summer. A lover of nature could hardly find a spot of more varied attractions. Before him spreads the unrivalled bay, dotted with sails and unfolding a broad canvas, on which the most glowing

colors and the most vivid lights are dashed,—a mirror in which the crimson and gold of morning, the blue of noon, and the orange and yellow-green of sunset behold a livelier image of themselves,—a gentle and tideless sea, whose waves break upon the shore like caresses, and never like angry blows. Should he ever become weary of waves and languish for woods, he has only to turn his back upon the sea and climb the hills for an hour or two, and he will find himself in the depth of sylvan and mountain solitudes, —in a region of vines, running streams, deep-shadowed valleys, and broad-armed oaks,—where he will hear the ring-dove coo, and see the sensitive hare dart across the forest aisles. A great city is within an hour's reach ; and the shadow of Vesuvius hangs over the landscape, keeping the imagination awake by touches of mystery and terror.

From Castellamare to Sorrento a noble road has within a few years past been constructed between the mountains and the sea, which in many places are so close together that the width of the road occupies the whole intervening space. On the right, the traveller looks down a cliff of some hundred feet or more upon the bay, whose glassy floor is dappled with patches of green, purple, and blue,—the effect of varying depth, or light and shade, or clusters of rock overgrown with sea-weed scattered over a sandy bottom. On the left is a mountain wall, very steep, many hundred feet high, with huge rocks projecting out of it, many of them big enough to crush a carriage and its contents, or sweep them into the sea. This was no fanciful imagination; for, not long before, two or three immense masses, each as large as a good-sized cottage, had fallen from the cliff, and were blocking up the road so that it was impossible to get round or over them. The carriages came to a full stop here, and the occupants were obliged

to scramble over the obstructions, and charter a new conveyance on the other side. The road combined rare elements of beauty; for it nowhere pursued a monotonous straight line, but followed the windings and turnings of this many-curved shore. Sometimes it was cut through solid ledges of rock; sometimes it was carried on bridges, over deep gorges and chasms, wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, where a slender stream tripped down to the sea. The sides of these glens were often covered with orange- and lemon-trees; and we could look down upon their rounded tops, presenting, with their dark-green foliage, their bright, almost luminous fruit, and their snowy blossoms, the finest combination of colors which the vegetable kingdom, in the temperate zone at least, can show. The scenery was in the highest degree grand, beautiful, and picturesque,—with the most animated contrasts and the most abrupt breaks in the line of sight,—yet never savage or scowling. The mountains on the left were not bare and scalped, but shadowed with forests, and thickly overgrown with shrubbery,—such wooded heights as the genius of Greek poetry would have peopled with bearded satyrs and buskined wood-nymphs and made vocal with the reeds of Pan and the hounds and horn of Artemis. All the space near the road was stamped with the gentle impress of human cultivation. Fruit-trees and vines were thickly planted; garden vegetables were growing in favorable exposures; and houses were nestling in the hollows or hanging to the sides of the cliff. Over the whole region there was a smiling expression of wooing and invitation, to which the sparkling sea murmured a fitting accompaniment. No pitiless ice and granite chill or wound the eye; no funereal cedars and pines darken the mind with their Arctic shadows; but bloom and verdure, thrown over rounded surfaces, and rich and gay forms of

foliage, mantling gray cliffs or waving from rocky ledges, give to the face of Nature that mixture of animation and softness which is equally fitted to soothe a wounded spirit or restore an overtasked mind. If one could only forget the existence of such words as "duty" and progress," and step aside from the rushing stream of onward-moving life, and be content with being, merely, and not doing,—if these lovely forms could fill all the claims and calls of one's nature, and all that we ask of sympathy and com panionship could be found in mountain breezes and breaking waves,—if days passed in communion with nature, without anxious vigils or ambitious toils, made up the sum of life,—where could a better retreat be found than along this enchanting coast? Here are the mountains, and there is the sea. Here is a climate of delicious softness, where no sharp extremes of heat and cold put strife between man and nature. Here is a smiling and good-natured population, among whom no question of religion, politics, science, literature, or humanity is ever discussed, and the surface of the placid hours is not ruffled by argument or contradiction. Here a man could hang and ripen, like an orange on the tree, and drop as gently out of life upon the bosom of the earth. There is a fine couplet of Virgil, which is full of that tenderness and sensibility which form the highest charm of his poetry, as they probably did of his character, and they came to my mind in driving along this beautiful road:

> "Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
> Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo."

There is something in the musical flow of these lines which seems to express the movement of a quiet life, from which day after day loosens and falls, like leaf after leaf from a tree in a calm day of autumn. But Virgil's

air-castle includes a Lycoris; that is, sympathy, affection, and the heart's daily food. With these, fountains, meadows, and groves may be dispensed with; and without them, they are not much better than a painted panorama To have something to do and to do it, is the best appointment for us all. Nature, stern and coy, reserves her most dazzling smiles for those who have earned them by hard work and cheerful sacrifice. Planted on these shores and lapped in pleasurable sensations, man would turn into an indolent dreamer and a soft voluptuary. He is neither a fig nor an orange; and he thrives best in the sharp air of self-denial and on the rocks of toil.

HOME LIFE AND HOME SENTIMENT.

The poems which properly fall under the title here given are far too many for the limited space which we can devote to them. We must therefore omit many poems of fine quality, while selecting a few of those which have become "familiar as household words," together with some others, chosen almost at random out of the abundant store at our disposal. In most direct consonance with our title is John Howard Payne's beautiful song, a poem which has almost lost its American lineage, through its adoption by the whole English-speaking world.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that come at my call:
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh, give me the pleasures of home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give, oh, give me
The pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam:
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

Another poem, instinct with the same home-clinging feeling, and as fresh and mellow in sentiment as the drip of the pure liquid which it commemorates, is the "Old Oaken Bucket" of Samuel Woodworth

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

A no less attractive instance of the sentiment of affection for the home-scenes of our youthful days we have in George P. Morris's best-known and most popular song, one which has come particularly into notice in these days of "societies for the prevention of cruelty" to our forests.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough:

In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

One of the most beautiful of American poems of which the home sentiment is the inspiring theme is "The Family Meeting" of Charles Sprague, perhaps the finest production of this graceful writer.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled—we're all *at home;*
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour:
We're all—all here.

We're *not* all here!
Some are away,—the dead ones dear
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day:
The quiet graveyard—some lie there;
And cruel Ocean has his share:
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear.
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.

How lifelike, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us as they were of old:
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said:
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all *here!*

A choice gem of American home poetry is that we give below, with its gleeful opening and its pathetic close. The sunshine and shadow of many a household, bereft of its passing angel, are here beautifully depicted.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage-wall:
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall,—
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
  High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells,
  His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
  We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
  And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together
  In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
  With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
  Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
  With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childless moan:
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A much more cheerful picture of babyhood may be found in Holland's "Cradle Song," the choicest fragment of his once very popular poem of "Bittersweet." This work, as a rule, cannot be ranked above a somewhat low level of poetic merit, but its shortcomings are in a measure redeemed by the beauty of this choice tribute to the kingdom of babyhood.

CRADLE SONG.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!
  Unwritten history!
  Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
  And he'll never know
  Where the summers go:—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls,—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,—
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds,—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

In a more sombre key is the following highly pathetic poem, the most popular production of a recent poetess of New England.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes:
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.

Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

Frances Sargent Osgood's familiar poem of "Labor is Worship" will serve to close this series of poetical selections.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest,—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

THE CONTROLLING ELEMENTS OF THE REFORMATION.

C. P. KRAUTH.

[Charles Porterfield Krauth, an accomplished scholar, and one of the ablest of recent theological writers, was born at Martinsburg, Virginia, in 1823. He became ordained as a Lutheran divine, and occupied several pastoral positions. He afterwards edited a religious journal, which was followed by a professorship in the Lutheran Seminary at Philadelphia. In 1868 he was made professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1873 became vice-provost of that institution. He died in 1883. Of his several works "The Conservative Reformation and its Theology" is the most valuable, and is marked at once by fine scholarship, temperate statement, and excellent reasoning. We subjoin an extract from its opening portion.]

THE immediate occasion of the Reformation seemed insignificant enough. Three hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the 31st of October, immense crowds were pouring into an ancient city of Germany, bearing in its name, Wittenberg, the memorial of its founder, Wittekind the Younger. The weather-beaten and dingy little edifices of Wittenberg forbade the idea that the beauty of the

city or its commercial importance drew the masses to it. Within that city was an old church, very miserable and battered, and very venerable and holy, which attracted these crowds. It was the "Church of All Saints," in which were shown, to the inexpressible delight of the faithful, a fragment of Noah's Ark, some soot from the furnace into which the three young Hebrews were cast, a piece of wood from the crib of the infant Saviour, some of St. Christopher's beard, and nineteen thousand other relics equally genuine and interesting. But over and above all these allurements, so well adapted to the taste of the time, His Holiness the Pope had granted indulgence to all who should visit the church on the first of November. Against the door of that church of dubious saints, and dubious relics, and dubious indulgences, was found fastened, on that memorable morning, a scroll unrolled. The writing on it was firm; the nails which held it were well driven in; the sentiments it conveyed were moderate, yet very decided. The material, parchment, was the same which long ago had held words of redemption above the head of the Redeemer. The contents were an amplification of the old theme of glory,—Christ on the cross, the only King. The Magna Charta, which had been buried beneath the Pope's throne, reappeared on the church door. The key-note of the Reformation was struck full and clear at the beginning, Salvation through Christ alone.

It is from the nailing up of these Theses the Reformation takes its date. That act became, in the providence of God, the starting-point of the work which still goes on, and shall forever go on, that glorious work in which the truth was raised to its original purity, and civil and religious liberty were restored to men. That the Reformation is the spring of modern freedom, is no wild assertion of its friends. One of the greatest Roman Catholic writers

of recent times, Michelet, in the Introduction to his Life of Luther, says, "It is not incorrect to say that Luther has been the restorer of liberty in modern times. If he did not create, he at least courageously affixed his signature to that great revolution which rendered the right of examination lawful in Europe. And if we exercise in all its plenitude at this day this first and highest privilege of human intelligence, it is to him we are most indebted for it; nor can we think, speak, or write, without being made conscious, at every step, of the immense benefit of this intellectual enfranchisement;" and he concludes with the remark, "To whom do I owe the power of publishing what I am now inditing, except to this liberator of modern thought?"

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The occasions and cause of so wonderful and important an event as the Reformation have naturally occupied very largely the thoughts of both its friends and its foes. On the part of its enemies the solution of its rapid rise, its gigantic growth, its overwhelming march, has been found by some in the rancor of monkish malice,—the thing arose in a squabble between two sets of friars about the farming of the indulgences,—a solution as sapient and as completely in harmony with the fact as would be the statement that the American Revolution was gotten up by one George Washington, who, angry that the British government refused to make him a collector of the tax on tea, stirred up a happy people to rebellion against a mild and just rule.

The solution has been found by others in the lust of the human heart for change,—it was begotten in the mere love of novelty; men went into the Reformation as they go into a menagerie, or adopt the new mode, or buy up some "novelist's last." Another class, among whom the

brilliant French Jesuit Audin is conspicuous, attribute the movement mainly to the personal genius and fascinating audacity of the great leader in the movement. Luther so charmed the millions with his marvellous speech and magic style that they were led at his will. On the part of some, its nominal friends, reasons hardly more adequate have often been assigned. Confounding the mere aids, or, at most, the mere occasions, of the Reformation with its real causes, an undue importance has been attributed in the production of it to the progress of the arts and sciences after the revival of letters. Much stress has been laid upon the invention of printing, and the discovery of America, which tended to rouse the minds of men to a new life. Much has been said of the fermenting political discontents of the day, the influence of the great Councils in diminishing the authority of the Pope, and much has been made, in general, of the causes whose root is either wholly or in part in the earth. The Rationalist represents the Reformation as a triumph of reason over authority. The infidel says that its power was purely negative; it was a grand subversion; it was mightier than Rome, because it believed less than Rome; it prevailed, not by what it taught, but by what it denied; and it failed of universal triumph simply because it did not deny everything. The insect-minded sectarian allows the Reformation very little merit except as it prepared the way for the putting forth, in due time, of the particular twig of Protestantism on which he crawls, and which he imagines bears all the fruit and gives all the value to the tree. As the little green tenants of the rose-bush might be supposed to argue that the rose was made for the purpose of furnishing them a home and food, so these small speculators find the root of the Reformation in the particular part of Providence which they consent to adopt

and patronize. The Reformation, as they take it, originated in the divine plan for furnishing a nursery for sectarian aphides.

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The Word of God kindled the fire of the Reformation. That Word lay smouldering under the ashes of centuries; it broke forth into flame in Luther and the other Reformers; it rendered them lights which shone and burnt inextinguishably; through them it imparted itself to the nations; and from the nations it purged away the dross which had gathered for ages. "The Word of God," says St. Paul, "is not bound." Through the centuries which followed the corruption of Christianity, the Word of God was still in being. In lonely cloisters it was laboriously copied. Years were sometimes spent in finishing a single copy of it, in the elaborate but half-barbaric beauty which suited the taste of those times. Gold and jewels, on the massive covers, decorated the rich workmanship; costly pictures were painted as ornaments on its margin; the choicest vellum was used for the copies; the rarest records of heathen antiquity were sometimes erased to make way for the nobler treasures of the Oracles of the Most High. There are single copies of the Word, from that mid-world of history, which are a store of art, and the possession of one of which gives a bibliographical renown to the city in whose library it is preserved.

No interdict was yet laid upon the reading of the Word, for none was necessary. The scarcity and costliness of books formed in themselves a barrier more effectual than the interdict of popes and councils. Many of the great teachers in the Church of Rome were devoted students of the Bible. From the earliest writings of the Fathers, down to the Reformation, there is an unbroken line of witnesses for the right of all believers freely to read the

Holy Scriptures. No man thought of putting an artificial limitation on its perusal; on the contrary, there are expressions of regret in the mediæval Catholic writers that, in the nature of the case, so few could have access to these precious records.

In communities separate from the Church of Rome, the truth was maintained by reading and teaching the Holy Scriptures. The Albigensian and Waldensian martyrs were martyrs of the Word:

> "Those slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
> Even those who kept God's truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."

The invention of printing, and, hardly less, the invention of paper made from rags,—for what would printing be worth, if we were still confined to so costly a material for books as parchment?—prepared the way for the diffusion of the Scriptures.

The Church of Rome did not apprehend the danger which lay in that Book. Previous to the Reformation there were not only editions of the Scripture in the originals, but the old Church translation into Latin (the Vulgate) and versions of it into the living languages were printed. In Spain, whose dark opposition to the Word of God has since become her reproach and her curse, and in which no such book as the one of which we are about to speak has come forth for centuries,—in Spain, more than a hundred years before there was enough Hebrew type in all England to print three consecutive lines, the first great POLYGLOT BIBLE, in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and Latin, was issued at Complutum under the direction of Ximenes, her renowned cardinal and chief minister of state. It came forth in a form which, in splendor and value, far

surpassed all that the world had yet seen. We may consider the Complutensian Polyglot the crown of glory to the labors of the Middle Ages. It links itself clearly in historical connection with the GRAND BIBLICAL ERA, the Reformation itself, for, though the printing of it was begun in 1502 and finished in 1517, it was not published till 1522, and in 1522 the FIRST EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in German came from the hand of Luther, fixing the corner-stone of the grand edifice whose foundation had been laid in the Ninety-five Theses of 1517.

This, then, is the historical result of the facts we have presented, that the Middle Ages became, in the wonderful providence of God, the conservators of the Word which they are charged with suppressing, and were unconsciously tending toward the sunrise of the truth, which was to melt away their mists forever.

The earliest efforts of the press were directed to the multiplication of the copies of the Word of God. The first book ever printed was the Bible. Before the first twelve sheets of this first edition of the Scriptures were printed, Gutenberg and Faust had incurred an expenditure of four thousand florins. That Bible was the edition of the Latin Vulgate commonly known by the name of the "Mazarin Bible," from the fact that a copy of it which for some time was the only one known was discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century in the library of the College of the Four Nations, founded at Paris by Cardinal Mazarin. At Mentz and Cologne, the Vulgate translation of the Holy Scriptures was multiplied in editions of various sizes. Some of these Latin Bibles had been purchased for the University Library at Erfurth at a large price, and were rarely shown even to visitors. One of them was destined to play a memorable part in the history of mankind. While it was lying in the still niche of the library,

there moved about the streets of the city and through the halls of the University a student of some eighteen years of age, destined for the law, who already gave evidence of a genius which might have been a snare to indolence, but who devoted himself to study with an unquenchable ardor. Among the dim recesses of the library he was a daily seeker of knowledge. His was a thirst for truth which was not satisfied with the prescribed routine. Those books of which we now think as venerable antiques were then young and fresh; the glow of novelty was on much of which we now speak as the musty and worm-eaten record of old-time wisdom which we have outgrown. There the city of Harlem, through Laurentius, and the city of Mentz, through Faustus, and the city of Strasburg, through Gutenberg, put in their silent claims for the glory of being the cradle of the magic art of printing. There the great masters in jurisprudence and in scholastic philosophy challenged, and not in vain, the attention of the young searcher for knowledge. Some of the most voluminous of the jurisconsults he could recite almost word for word. Occam and Gerson were his favorites among the scholastics. The masters of the classic world, Cicero, Virgil, and Livy, "he read," says a Jesuit author, "not merely as a student whose aim was to understand them, but as a superior intellect, which sought to draw from them instruction, to find in them counsels and maxims for his after-life. They were to him the flowers whose sweet odor might be shed upon the path he had to tread, or might calm the future agitation of his mind and of his heart." Thus passing from volume to volume, seeking the solution of the dark problem of human life, which already gathered heavily upon his deep, earnest soul, he one day took down a ponderous volume hitherto unnoticed. He opens it; the title-page is "Biblia Sacra,"—the Holy Bible.

He is disappointed. He has heard all this, he thinks, in the lessons of the Missal, in the texts of the Postils, in the selections of the Breviary. He imagines that his mother the Church has incorporated the whole Book of God in her services. Listlessly he allows the volume to fall open at another place, in his hand, and carelessly looks down at the page. What is it that arouses him? His eye kindles with amazement and intense interest. He rests the Book on the pile of the works of Schoolmen and of Fathers which he had been gathering. He hangs entranced over it; his dreamy eyes are fixed on the page; hour after hour flies; the shades of night begin to gather, and he is forced to lay the volume aside, with the sigh, Oh that this Book of books might one day be mine!

* * * * * * * * *

That Book was to Luther, henceforth, the thing of beauty of his life, the joy of his soul forever. He read and re-read, and prayed over its sacred teachings, till the place of each passage, and all memorable passages in their places, fixed themselves in his memory. To the study of it all other study seemed tame. A single passage of it would ofttimes lie in his thoughts days and nights together. The Bible seemed to fuse itself into his being, to become a part of his nature. Often in his writings he does not so much remark upon it, as catch its very pulse and clothe his own mind in its very garb. He is lifted to the glory of the reproducer, and himself becomes a secondary prophet and apostle. His soul ceased to be a mere vessel to hold a little of the living water, and became a fountain through which it sprang to refresh and gladden others. As with Luther, so was it with Melanchthon, his noble co-worker, with Zwingle in Switzerland, at a later period with Calvin in France, with Tyndale and Cranmer in England, with Knox in Scotland. The Word of God

was the fire in their souls which purified them into Christians; and the man who became a Christian was already unconsciously a Reformer.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the earliest convictions of Luther was, the people *must* have the Bible, and to this end it must be translated. It is true that, beginning with the Gothic translation of Ulphilas, in the fourth century, there had been various translations of the Scriptures into the Germanic tongues. About 1466 appeared the first Bible printed in German. It came from the press of Eggesteyn, in Strasburg (not, as has been frequently maintained, from the press of Faust and Schöffer, in 1462). Between the appearance of this Bible and that of Luther there were issued in the dialect of Upper Germany some fourteen editions of the Word of God, besides several in the dialect of Lower Germany. These were, without exception, translations of a translation; they were made from the Vulgate, and, however they may have differed, they had a common character which may be expressed in a word: they were abominable. In a copy of one of them, in the library of the writer of this article, there is a picture of the Deluge, in which mermaids are floating around the ark, arranging their tresses with the aid of small looking-glasses, with a most amphibious nonchalance. The rendering is about as true to the idea as the picture is to nature. There is another of these editions, remarkable for typographical errors, which represents Eve, not as a housewife, but as a "kiss-wife," and its typography is the best part of it. How Luther raised what seemed a barbarous jargon into a language which in flexible beauty and power of internal combination has no parallel but in the Greek, and in massive vigor no superior but the English, writers of every school, Protestant and

Romish alike, have loved to tell. The language of Germany has grown since Luther, but it has had no new creation. He who takes up Luther's Bible grasps a whole world in his hand,—a world which will perish only when this green earth itself shall pass away.

AN OLD-TIME VIRGINIA RACE-COURSE.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

[" The Virginia Comedians," by the author here named, is as accurate and interesting a picture of aristocratic life in the colonial days of the " Old Dominion" as could well be desired. In addition to its historical value, it has much merit as a novel, and displays fine powers of characterization. Mr. Cooke is the author of several other novels, of Lives of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, and of a History of Virginia. The selection given below is from the " Virginia Comedians," in which the bluff soldier, Captain Waters, is a character worthy the pen of Scott. Mr. Cooke is a native of Virginia, where he was born in 1830.]

THE races!

That word always produces a strong effect upon men in the South; and when the day fixed upon for the Jamestown races comes, the country is alive for miles around with persons of all classes and descriptions.

As the hour of noon approaches, the ground swarms with every species of the genus homo; Williamsburg and the seafaring village of Jamestown turn out *en masse*, and leave all occupations for the exciting turf.

As the day draws on, the crowd becomes more dense. The splendid chariots of the gentry roll up to the stand, and group themselves around it, in a position to overlook

the race-course, and through the wide windows are seen the sparkling eyes and powdered locks and diamonds and gay silk and velvet dresses of those fair dames who lent such richness and picturesque beauty to the old days dead now so long ago in the far past. The fine-looking old planters, too, are decked in their holiday suits, their pow dered hair is tied into queues behind with neat black ribbon, and they descend and mingle with their neighbors and discuss the coming festival.

Gay youths, in rich brilliant dresses, caracole up to the carriages on fiery steeds, to display their horsemanship, and exchange compliments with their friends, and make pretty speeches, which are received by the bright-eyed damsels with little ogles, and flirts of their variegated fans, and rapturous delight.

Meanwhile the crowd grows each moment, as the flood pours in from the north, the south, the east, the west,—from every point of the compass, and in every species of vehicle. There are gay parties of the yeomen and their wives and daughters, in carryalls and wagons filled with straw, upon which chairs are placed; there are rollicking fast men,—if we may use the word becoming customary in our own day,—who whirl in in their curricles; there are barouches and chairs, spring-wagons and carts, all full, approaching in every way from a sober walk to a furious headlong dash, all "going to the races." There are horsemen who lean forward, horsemen who lean back; furious, excited horsemen, urging their steeds with whip and spur; cool, quiet horsemen, who ride erect and slowly; there are, besides, pedestrians of every class and appearance, old and young, male and female, black and white,—all going to the races.

These latter gather around the booths erected by the stand, and discuss the various mixtures of Jamaica there

displayed in tempting array; and, near by, all varieties of edibles are set out and attacked. Ale foams; healths (and individuals) are drunk; bets are made.

The vulgar blacklegs, if we may speak so disrespectfully of that large and influential class, congregate temporarily around the tables where a dozen games of chance are exhibited; and here they amuse themselves while awaiting the great supreme gambling of the race.

The crowd is all in a buzz, which at times rises to a shout; it undulates like a stormy sea; it rolls and murmurs, and rumbles and laughs: in a word, it has come to see the races.

The hour at last arrives, and, a horn sounding from the judges' stand, the horses are led out in their blankets and head-coverings, and walked up and down before the crowd by their trainers, who are for the most part old gray-headed negroes, born and raised, to the best of their recollection, on the turf. The riders are noble scions of the same ancient stock, and average three feet and a half in height and twenty pounds in weight. They are clad in ornamental garments, wear little close-fitting caps, and, while they are waiting, sit huddled up in the grass, sucking their thumbs, and talking confidentially about "them there hosses."

Let us look at the objects of their attention: they are well worth it.

Mr. Howard enters the bay horse *Sir Archy*, out of Flying Dick, by Roderick.

Mr. James enters *Fair Anna*, a white mare, dam Virginia, sire Belgrave.

Captain Waters enters the Arabian horse *Selim*, descended in a direct line, he is informed, from Al-Borak, who carried the prophet Mahomet up to heaven,—though this pedigree is not vouched for. The said pedigree is

open to the inspection of all comers. NOTE—That it is written in Arabic.

There are other entries, but not much attention is paid to them. The race will be between Sir Archy and Fair Anna, and perhaps the outlandish horse will not be "distanced."

The horses are stripped, and the excited spectators gather round them and commence betting. Two to one is offered on Sir Archy. He takes every eye: he is a noble animal. His training has been excessive, and the sinews web his limbs like cords of steel woven into network; he strides like a giant, his eyes blaze, he bites at his groom.

Fair Anna is a beautiful little creature, as slender and graceful as a deer, with a coat of milky whiteness; and she steps daintily, like a kitten. She is known, however, and those who have seen her run know that she has extraordinary speed and bottom.

The Arabian horse is unknown, and offers few indications of either speed or strength. The ladies say he is lovely, however, and the old jockeys scan the animal attentively and discover some unusual points.

But the ladies, for the most part, admire the white mare above all; and the young damsels and gentlemen of youthful years request their parents to furnish them with some guineas to bet upon the lovely animal. The old planters, having for the most part staked large sums on Sir Archy, decline this request with petulance. Among these juveniles seized with the gambling mania are Master Willie Effingham and Mr. Tommy Alston, who espouse different sides. Tommy admires Fair Anna; Will, Sir Archy. Having no money beyond a crown or so, they content themselves with staking that, and Kate is called upon to hold the stakes, which she does with great good nature.

"Ah! you are betting, I think, petite ma'm'selle!" says a sonorous and good-humored voice.

Kate raises her eyes, and recognizes Captain Ralph, who rides his roan. She smiles, for the kindly honest voice of the soldier pleases her, and says,—

"Oh, no, sir! I was just holding stakes for Willie and Mr. Alston."

"Mr. Alston? Oh—*pardonnez:* I understand."

And the captain laughs, and asks how the betting goes.

"Two to one on Sir Archy," says Kate, quite easily.

"And on Selim?"

"I'm sure he's the prettiest, and I know he'll win, sir," says Kate, "but the bet is on Sir Archy and Fair Anna."

The captain laughs, and rides on: he draws up by Mr. Lee's chariot.

"Ah! good-day, my dear mesdames," he says. "How is the betting, pray?"

"I have bet largely against Selim, sir," says Henrietta. "I know he'll be beaten."

"Beaten, say you, my dear madam?"

"Yes."

"By what?—rods?"

"No, sir, by Sir Archy."

"Ah, you think so?" says the captain, pleasantly. "Well, I do not agree with you, morbleu!"

"He's found his match," says Henrietta, with a mischievous sparkle of her brilliant eye.

"So have I," replies the captain, with a look which makes Miss Henrietta blush.

She endeavors to rally.

"What will you bet, sir?"

"I? I will bet you a thousand pounds to a penny that Selim wins the race. See how infatuated I am! What say you, morbleu! madam?"

Henrietta smiles satirically.

"Suppose we wager something more valuable, sir," she says, "something rare!"

"What shall it be?"

"This ringlet against one of your *morbleus!*"

The captain relishes this pleasantry, and laughs.

"Ah, madam," he says, "the stakes are not even. Suppose I stake the contents of this box against the said ringlet."

And the soldier draws a morocco case from his bosom.

"What is it?" says Henrietta.

"I deny your right to ask," laughs the soldier.

"Unjust!" says Henrietta.

"Why, 'faith?"

"Because, sir, you know what my stake is, while I do not know yours."

"How do I know what it is you offer to bet, madam?"

"Why, it is this ringlet, sir."

And Henrietta twines around her beautiful jewelled hand a glossy curl which reposes on her cheek.

Captain Ralph laughs, and replies,—

"*Ma foi!* I know it is; but I maintain that I am not enlightened yet: the said ringlet may be a wig, my dear madam."

Henrietta pouts: Clare smiles.

"I assure you, sir, that I never wear wigs," says the lady.

"Well, madam, then I will, for the sake of argument—no, for the sake of betting, admit the reality of that exquisite curl; and yet I must be permitted to make a request."

"What is that, sir?"

"That you will let Miss Clare hold my stake, and promise not to open it, or seek to find what it is."

Henrietta takes the morocco case, and looks at it curiously, hesitating.

"Well," says the captain, laughing, "I see our wager is at an end, pardy! You refuse my conditions."

"No, sir, I accept."

And Henrietta hands the case to Clare.

"I suppose I may retain the curl until it is won,—if that ever happens, monsieur?" she says, satirically.

"*Oui! oui!*" responds the soldier, laughing, "assuredly. And now what is our bet, pray? I see the judges about to give the signal to prepare the horses."

"I bet," says Henrietta, "that Sir Archy or Fair Anna will beat Selim."

"The first heat?"

"As you choose, sir."

"Well," says Captain Ralph, "I close. Remember, Ma'm'selle Clare," he adds to her companion, "that Madam Henrietta and myself have laid a wager of that morocco case and its contents, against a curl of her hair, that Sir Archy beats my Arabian the first heat. Do not forget!"

"The first heat, sir?" says Clare, in her mild voice.

"Yes," replies the captain: "there will be three, I am informed,—three of two miles each. The horse which wins two out of these three heats of course beats the field."

Clare nods.

"Prepare the horses!" comes from the judges' stand opposite.

Captain Ralph leaves the ladies with a gallant bow, and pushes his way through the swaying and excited crowd towards the spot where the animals are being saddled.

A tremendous hurly-burly reigns there; men of all classes—boys, negroes, gentlemen, indented servants—all

are betting with intense excitement. The dignified grooms endeavor to keep back the crowd: the owners of the horses give their orders to the microscopic monkeys who are to ride. Mr. Howard, a fine-looking, somewhat supercilious gentleman, says to his rider,—

"Jake, trail on a tight rein the first mile, press gradually on the second, and win the heat by half a length: if you are an inch before that, I'll murder you, you villain."

"Yes, massa," replies Jake, with a satisfied smile, and great cheerfulness. "I gwine to do dat very ting, *I* is."

Mr. James is a solemn-looking Napoleon of the turf, and impresses upon his rider a whole volume of instructions, with gravity, and a serious and affecting earnestness.

"Feel Sir Archy from the word proceed," he says, "and if it appears, from a calm review of all the circumstances, that the mare has got the heels of him, come in half a head before him. If the mare fails to get her speed in the first brush, refrain from pushing her: it is a matter of no importance to win this the first heat; but be sure to come to me before the second."

"Yes, my massa."

Captain Ralph says to his rider,—

"Give me your whip:—good! now take off those spurs. Very well: now remember to keep silent: do not speak to your horse, do not tug at his rein: simply keep him in the track, and aim to keep the inside. Do not trouble yourself to win this heat: the rest, I think, is safe. Remember to lean far forward, and if there is danger of being distanced I permit you to whistle in the horse's ears. Again, do not push to win this heat. Go!"

The riders are raised by one leg into the saddles: they gather up the reins: the drum taps: they are off like lightning.

The course is a mile in circumference, and they go round it before the excited crowd can look at them a dozen times. They whirl past the stand, and push on again.

Sir Archy leads: Fair Anna trails on a hard rein: the Arabian is two lengths behind; but he is not running.

They thunder up the quarter-stretch: Sir Archy is bounding, like some diabolical monster, far before his companions, spite of his owner's cries: the Arabian has come up and locks the mare: they run neck and neck. Sir Archy whirls past the stand, and wins the heat by a hundred yards. The immense crowd utters a shout which shakes the surrounding forest.

The owner of Sir Archy looks with ominous meaning at Jake: that youth begins to tremble, and says that he couldn't hold him. Mr. Howard turns to the horse. Sir Archy's eyes glare; he does not sweat at all: his coat is covered with a dry dusty oil, and he pants dreadfully: he is over-trained.

Fair Anna is as wet as if she had just swam a river; the moisture streams from her: she looks like an ivory statue in a fountain. The grooms rake the sweat off in foamy floods: she breathes regularly.

The Arabian's coat is merely glossier: an imperceptible moisture bathes it, and he is quite still: he does not pant: his breathing is calm.

The horses are again enveloped in their hoods and blankets. Captain Ralph returns to the Riverhead carriage.

"*Parbleu!* you've won, my dear madam!" he says, "behold, here I am very unhappy!"

Henrietta does not quarrel this time with his French, but laughs triumphantly.

"A favor?" continues the unfortunate captain, with a melancholy air.

"Oh, certainly!" cries Henrietta.

"I ask that you will not open the morocco case which —*misérable!*—I have lost, until you return home. Is it very hard?"

"Oh, no, sir; and I promise without hesitation. Give it to me, Clare."

And she takes the case, puts it in her muff, and smiles.

"Any more betting, sir?" she says, satirically.

"Who? I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Assuredly!" says the captain. "Do not think, *chère ma'm'selle*, that I am very much cast down. I am so far from that, I assure you, that I am ready to take the field again."

"Well, sir."

"Then you will bet again, madam?"

"Yes, indeed."

"*Bien!* I now stake all that is left me in the world,—though not quite. I stake my horse, Selim, against the curl and the pair of gloves you wear, with the knot of ribbons at your girdle thrown in,—all upon the final issue."

Henrietta blushes; for, however common such gallant proposals were at that day, she cannot misunderstand the meaning of the soldier's glance, and reddens beneath it.

"That would be unfair, sir," she says.

"Not so, my dear madam; for are you not sure to lose?"

"To lose?"

"Yes, indeed."

"No, sir; I am sure to win."

"Bah! you ladies have such a delicious little confidence in the things you patronize, that it is really astonishing. You think Sir Archy will beat Selim? Pshaw! you know nothing about it."

This piques Madam Henrietta, and she smiles satirically again as she says,—

"Well, sir, I do not want your pretty horse, but, if you insist, why, I cannot retreat. I shall, at least, have the pleasure of returning him to his master."

The captain shakes his head.

"A bet upon such terms is no bet at all, my dearest madam," he says, "for, I assure you, if I win, you will return home curlless, gloveless, and ribbonless. All is fair in war—and love."

With which words Captain Ralph darts a martial ogle at his companion. This piques her more than ever.

"Well, sir," she replies, "if you are determined, have your desire."

"Good!" cries the captain: "we are just in time. There is the horse. Remember, now, Ma'm'selle Clare, that we have lain a wager on the final issue. I bet Selim against a curl, a pair of gloves, and a piece of ribbon, that the Arabian beats the field; Miss Henrietta, that he will not. *Voici*, I do not ask you to hold my stakes," adds the captain with a laugh as he bows, "for I think that will be as much as his rider will be able to do."

And, with another gallant bow, the captain rides away toward the horses.

The boys are again instructed much after the same fashion: the signal is given in the midst of breathless suspense, and the horses dart from their places.

They dart around, Sir Archy again leading; but this position he does not hold throughout the first mile: he gradually falls behind, and when they pass the winning-post he is fifty yards in the rear. His owner tears his hair, but the crowd do not see him: they flush and shout.

The second mile is between Fair Anna and the Arabian, and they lock in the middle of it; but the Arabian gradu-

ally takes the lead, and when they flash up to the stand he is ten yards ahead. Sir Archy is distanced and withdrawn.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement of the crowd,—the tremendous effect produced upon them by this reversal of all their hopes and expectations. They roll about like waves, they shout, they curse, they rumble and groan like a stormy sea.

The horses are the objects of every one's attention. Their condition will go far to indicate the final result; and, Sir Archy being led away and withdrawn, the race now will be between Fair Anna and the Arabian.

Mr. James looks more solemn than ever, and all eyes are turned upon him. Captain Waters is not visible: he is yonder, conversing with the ladies.

But the horses! Fair Anna pants and breathes heavily: her coat is drenched more completely than before with perspiration; her mouth foams; she tosses her head: when the rake is applied to her back a shower falls.

The Arabian is wet all over too: but he breathes regularly: his eye is bright and his head calm. He has commenced running. The first intention of Mr. James is to give up the race; but his pride will not let him. He utters an oath, and gives renewed instructions to his rider. These instructions are to whip and spur,—to take the lead and keep it, from the start.

The moment for the final struggle arrives, and Captain Ralph merely says, "Rein free!"

The boys mount: the crowd opens: the drum taps, and the animals are off like lightning.

Fair Anna feels that all her previous reputation is at stake, and flies like a deer. She passes around the first mile like a flash of white light: but the Arabian is beside her. For a quarter of a mile thereafter they run neck

and neck: the rider of Fair Anna lashes and spurs desperately.

They come to the quarter-stretch in the last mile at supernatural speed: the spectators rise on their toes and shout: two shadows pass them like the shadows of darting hawks: the mare barely saves her distance, and the Arabian has triumphed.

If we could not describe the excitement after the second heat, what possibility is there that we could convey an idea of the raging and surging pandemonium which the crowd now came to resemble? Furious cries, shouts, curses, applause, laughter, and the rattle of coin leaving unwilling hands, are some of the sounds. But here we must give up: as no mere pen can describe the raging of a great mass of water lashed by an angry wind into foam and whistling spray and muttering waves, which rise and fall and crash incessantly, so we cannot trace the outline of the wildly-excited crowd.

The captain wipes Selim's neck with his white handkerchief, and the panting animal raises his head and whinnies.

"See, gentlemen!" says the soldier, laughing, while Mr. Howard scowls proudly at him, "morbleu! my horse is merely a little warm,—just come to his speed! Why did I not stake my whole fortune on him?"

And, uttering this preposterous jest, the soldier caresses Selim, who manifests much pleasure thereat; and, sending him back to the stable, mounts his horse and goes and claims his wager from the mortified Henrietta. She takes off the gloves and hands them to him, with the ribbon-knot, which she detaches from her girdle with a jerk betraying no slight ill-humor.

"There, sir! at least I am honest, and pay my just debts!" she says: "but please leave my curl."

The captain folds up the gloves, wraps them in the ribbon, and places the whole in the pocket of his surtout.

"Leave the curl?" he says, laughing. "Oh, of course! But I assure you, my dear Ma'm'selle Henrietta, that my liberality is only for the moment. I shall claim it some day or other. All is fair in war—and love!"

With which words the captain laughs louder than he was ever known to laugh before.

A LETTER TO A DYSPEPTIC.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

YES, my dear Dolorosus, I commiserate you. I regard your case, perhaps, with even sadder emotion than that excellent family-physician who has been sounding its depths these four years with a golden plummet and has never yet touched bottom. From those generous confidences which, in common with most of your personal acquaintances, I daily share, I am satisfied that no description can do justice to your physical disintegration, unless it be the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds with which Mr. Addison winds up Cato's Soliloquy. So far as I can ascertain, there is not an organ of your internal structure which is in its right place at present, or which could perform any particular service if it were there. In the extensive library of medical almanacs and circulars which I find daily deposited by travelling agents at my front door, among all the agonizing vignettes of diseases which adorn their covers, and which Irish Bridget daily studies with inexperienced enjoyment in the front entry, there is no case which seems to afford a parallel to yours. I found it

stated in one of these works, the other day, that there is iron enough in the blood of twenty-four men to make a broadsword; but I am satisfied that it would be impossible to extract enough from the veins of yourself and your whole family to construct a crochet-needle for your eldest daughter. And I am quite confident that, if all the four hundred muscles of your present body were twisted together by a rope-maker, they would not furnish that patient young laborer with a needleful of thread.

You are undoubtedly, as you claim, a martyr to Dyspepsia; or, if you prefer any other technical name for your disease or diseases, I will acquiesce in any, except, perhaps, the word "Neurology," which I must regard as foreign to etymological science, if not to medical. Your case, you think, is hard. I should think it would be. Yet I am impressed by it, I must admit, as was our adopted fellow-citizen by the contemplation of Niagara. He, you remember, when pressed to admire the eternal plunge of the falling water, could only inquire, with serene acquiescence in natural laws, "And what's to hinder?" I confess myself moved to similar reflections by your disease and its history. My dear Dolorosus, can you acquaint me with any reason, in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, why you should *not* have dyspepsia?

My thoughts involuntarily wander back to that golden period, five years ago, when I spent one night and one day beneath your hospitable roof. I arrived, I remember, late in the evening. The bedroom to which you kindly conducted me, after a light but wholesome supper of doughnuts and cheese, was pleasing in respect to furniture, but questionable in regard to physiology. The house was not more than twenty years old, and the chamber must therefore have been aired within that distance of time, but not, I should have judged, more

recently. Perhaps its close, oppressive atmosphere could not have been analyzed into as many separate odors as Coleridge distinguished in Cologne,—but I could easily identify aromatic vinegar, damp straw, lemons, and dyed silk gowns. And, as each of the windows was carefully nailed down, there were no obvious means of obtaining fresh air, save that ventilator said to be used by an eminent lady in railway-cars,—the human elbow. The lower bed was of straw, the upper of feathers, whose extreme heat kept me awake for a portion of the night, and whose abundant fluffy exhalations suggested incipient asthma during another portion. On rising from these rather unrefreshing slumbers, I performed my morning ablutions with the aid of some three teacupsful of dusty water,—for the pitcher probably held that quantity,—availing myself, also, of something which hung over an elegant towel-horse, and which, though I at first took it for a child's handkerchief, proved on inspection to be "Chamber Towel No. 1."

I remember, as I entered the breakfast-room, a vague steam as of frying sausages, which, creeping in from the neighboring kitchen, obscured in some degree the five white faces of your wife and children. The breakfast-table was amply covered, for you were always what is termed by judicious housewives "a good provider." I remember how the beefsteak (for the sausages were especially destined for your two youngest Dolorosi, who were just recovering from the measles, and needed something light and palatable) vanished in large rectangular masses within your throat, drawn downward in a maelstrom of coffee;—only that the original whirlpool is, I believe, now proved to have been imaginary; "that cup was a fiction, but this is reality." The resources of the house also afforded certain very hot biscuits or bread-

cakes, in a high state of saleratus;—indeed, it must have been from some association with these that certain yellow streaks in Mr. Ruskin's drawing of the rock, at the Athenæum, awakened in me such an immediate sense of indigestion;—also fried potatoes, baked beans, mince-pie, and pickles. The children partook of these dainties largely, but without undue waste of time. They lingered at table precisely eight minutes before setting out for school; though we, absorbed in conversation, remained at least ten; after which we instantly hastened to your counting-room, where you, without a moment's delay, absorbed yourself in your ledger, while I flirted languidly with the "Daily Advertiser."

You bent over your desk the whole morning, occasionally having anxious consultations with certain sickly men whom I supposed to be superannuated book-keepers, in impoverished circumstances, and rather pallid from the want of nutritious food. One of them, dressed in rusty black, with a flabby white neck-cloth, I took for an ex-clergyman; he was absorbed in the last number of the "Independent," though I observed, at length, that he was only studying the list of failures, a department to which, as it struck me, he himself peculiarly appertained. All of these, I afterwards ascertained from your office-boy, were eminent capitalists: something had gone wrong in the market,—not in the meat-market, as I should have supposed from their appearance, but in the money-market. I believe that there was some sudden fall in the price of indigo. I know you looked exceedingly blue as we walked home to dinner.

Dinner was ready the instant we opened the front door. I expected as much; I knew the pale, speechless woman who sat at the head of your table would make sure of punctuality, if she died for it. We took our seats without

a word. Your eldest girl, Angelina, aged ten, one of those premature little grown women who have learned from the cradle that man is born to eat pastry and woman to make it, postponed her small repast till an indefinite future, and sat meekly ready to attend upon our wants. Nathaniel, a thin boy of eight, also partook but slightly, having impaired his appetite, his mother suspected, by a copious luncheon of cold baked beans and vinegar on his return from school. The two youngest (twins) had relapsed to their couches soon after breakfast, in consequence of excess of sausage.

You were quite agreeable in conversation, I remember, after the first onset of appetite was checked. You gave me your whole theory of the indigo crisis, with minute details, statistical and geographical, of the financial condition and supposed present location of your principal absconding creditors. This served for what is called, at public dinners, the intellectual feast; while the carnal appetite was satisfied with fried pork, more and tougher beefsteak, strong coffee, cucumbers, potatoes, and a good deal of gravy. For dessert (at which point Nathaniel regained his appetite) we had mince-pie, apple-pie, and lemon-pie, the latter being a structure of a two-story description, an additional staging of crust being somehow inserted between upper and under. We lingered long at that noon meal,—fifteen minutes, at the very least; for you hospitably said that you did not have these little social festivals very often,—owing to frequent illness in the family, and other causes,—and must make the most of it.

I did not see much of you during that afternoon: it was a magnificent day, and I said that, being a visitor, I would look about and see the new buildings. The truth is, I felt a sneaking desire to witness the match-game on the Com-

mon, between the Union Base-Ball Club, No. 1, of Ward Eleven, and the Excelsiors of Smithville. I remember that you looked a little dissatisfied, when I came into the counting-room, and rather shook your head over my narrative (perhaps too impassioned) of the events of the game. "Those young fellows," said you, "may not *all* be shiftless, dissipated characters *yet*,—but see what it comes to! They ain't content with wasting their time,—they kill it, sir, actually kill it!" When I thought of the manly figures and handsome eager faces of my friends of the "Union" and the "Excelsior,"—the Excelsiors won by ten tallies, I should say, the return match to come off at Smithville the next month,—and then looked at the meagre form and wan countenance of their critic, I thought to myself, "Dolorosus, my boy, *you* are killing something besides time, if you only knew it."

However, indigo had risen again, and your spirits also. As we walked home, you gave me a precise exhibit of your income and expenditures for the last five years, and a prospective sketch of the same for the next ten; winding up with an incidental delineation of the importance, to a man of business, of a good pew in some respectable place of worship. We found Mrs. D., as usual, ready at the table; we partook of pound-cake (or pound-and-a-half, I should say) and sundry hot cups of a very Cisatlantic beverage, called by the Chinese epithet of tea, and went, immediately after, to a prayer-meeting. The church or chapel was much crowded, and there was a certain something in the atmosphere which seemed to disqualify my faculties from comprehending a single word that was spoken. It certainly was not that the ventilators were closed, for there were none. The minister occasionally requested that the windows might be let down a little, and the deacons invariably closed them again when he looked the other way. At intervals, females were car

ried out, in a motionless condition,—not, as it appeared, from conviction of sin, but from faintness. You sat, absorbed in thought, with your eyes closed, and seemed not to observe them. I remember that you were very much shocked when I suggested that the breath of an average sinner exhausted atmospheric air at the rate of a hogshead an hour, and asked you how much allowance the laws of the universe made for the lungs of church-members. I do not recall your precise words, but I remember that I finally found it expedient, as I was to leave for home in the early train, to spend that night at a neighboring hotel, where I indulged, on an excellent mattress, in a slumber so profound that it seemed next morning as if I ought, as Dick Swiveller suggested to the single gentleman, to pay for a double-bedded room.

Well, that is all over now. You have given up business, from ill health, and exhibit a ripe old age, possibly a little overripe, at thirty-five. Your dreams of the forthcoming ten years have not been exactly fulfilled; you have not precisely retired on a competency, because the competency retired from you. Indeed, the suddenness with which your physician compelled you to close up your business left it closed rather imperfectly, so that most of the profits are found to have leaked out. You are economizing rather strictly, just now, in respect to everything but doctors' bills. The maternal Dolorosa is boarding somewhere in the country, where the children certainly will not have more indigestible food than they had at home, and may get less of it in quantity,—to say nothing of more air and exercise to aid digestion. They are not, however, in perfect condition. The twins are just getting up from scarlet fever; Nathaniel has been advised to leave school for a time; and something is thought to be the matter with Angelina's back. Meanwhile, you are haunt-

ing water-cures, experimenting on life-pills, holding private conferences with medical electricians, and thinking of a trip to the Bermudas.

You are learning, through all this, the sagest maxims of resignation, and trying to apply them. "Life is hard, but short," you say; "Providence is inscrutable; we must submit to its mysterious decrees." Would it not be better, my dear Dolorosus, to say instead, "Life is noble and immortal; God is good; we must obey his plain laws, or accept the beneficent penalties"? The rise and fall of health are no more accidental than the rise and fall of indigo; and it is the duty of those concerned in either commodity to keep their eyes open, and learn the business intelligently. Of the three proverbial *desiderata*, it is as easy to be healthy as to be wealthy, and much easier than to be wise, except so far as health and wisdom mean the same thing. After health, indeed, the other necessaries of life are very simple, and easily obtained: with moderate desires, regular employment, a loving home, correct theology, the right politics, and a year's subscription to the "Atlantic Monthly," I have no doubt that life, in this planet, may be as happy as in any other of the solar system, not excepting Neptune and the fifty-five asteroids. . . .

Who can describe the unspeakable refreshment for an overworked brain, of laying aside all cares and surrendering one's self to simple bodily activity? Laying them aside! I retract the expression; they slip off unnoticed. You cannot embark care in your wherry; there is no room for the odious freight. Care refuses to sit behind the horseman, despite the Latin sentence; you leave it among your garments when you plunge into the river, it rolls away from the rolling cricket-ball, the first whirl in the gymnasium disposes of it, and you are left free, as boys

and birds are free. If athletic amusements did nothing for the body, they would still be medicine for the soul. Nay, it is Plato who says that exercise will almost cure a guilty conscience; and can we be indifferent to this, my fellow-sinner?

Why will you persist in urging that you "cannot afford" these indulgences, as you call them? They are not indulgences,—they are necessaries. Charge them, in your private account-book, under the heads of food and clothing, and as a substitute for your present enormous items under the head of medicine. O mistaken economist! can you afford the cessation of labor and the ceaseless drugging and douching of your last few years? Did not all your large experience in the retail business teach you the comparative value of the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure? Are not fresh air and cold water to be had cheap? and is not good bread less costly than cake and pies? Is not the gymnasium a more economical institution than the hospital? and is not a pair of skates a good investment, if it aids you to elude the grasp of the apothecary? Is the cow Pepsin, on the whole, a more frugal hobby to ride than a good saddle-horse? Besides, if you insist upon pecuniary economy, do begin by economizing on the exercise which you pay others for taking in your stead,—on the corn and pears which you buy in the market, instead of removing to a suburban house and raising them yourself,—and in the reluctant silver you pay the Irishman who splits your wood. Or if, suddenly reversing your line of argument, you plead that this would impoverish the Irishman, you can at least treat him as you do the organ-grinder, and pay him an extra fee to go on to your next neighbor.

Dolorosus, there is something very noble, if you could but discover it, in a perfect human body. In spite of all

our bemoaning, the physical structure of man displays its due power and beauty when we consent to give it a fair chance. On the cheek of every healthy child that plays in the street, though clouded by all the dirt that ever incrusted a young O'Brien or M'Cafferty, there is a glory of color such as no artist ever painted. I can take you to-morrow into a circus or a gymnasium, and show you limbs and attitudes which are worth more study than the Apollo or the Antinoüs, because they are life, not marble. How noble were Horatio Greenough's meditations in presence of the despised circus-rider! "I worship, when I see this brittle form borne at full speed on the back of a fiery horse, yet dancing as on the quiet ground, and smiling in conscious safety." . . .

Do not think me heartless for what I say, or assume that, because I happen to be healthy myself, I have no mercy for ill health in others. There are invalids who are objects of sympathy indeed, guiltless heirs of ancestral disease, or victims of parental folly or sin,—those whose lives are early blighted by maladies that seem as causeless as they are cureless,—or those with whom the world has dealt so cruelly that all their delicate nature is like sweet bells jangled,—or those whose powers of life are all exhausted by unnoticed labors and unseen cares,—or those prematurely old with duties and dangers, heroes of thought and action, whose very names evoke the passion and the pride of a hundred thousand hearts. There is a tottering feebleness of old age, also, nobler than any prime of strength; we all know aged men who are floating on, in stately serenity, towards their last harbor, like Turner's Old Téméraire, with quiet tides around them, and the blessed sunset bathing in loveliness all their dying day. Let human love do its gracious work upon all these; let angelic hands of women wait upon their lightest needs,

and every voice of salutation be tuned to such a sweetness as if it whispered beside a dying mother's bed.

But you, Dolorosus,—you, to whom God gave youth and health, and who might have kept them, the one long and the other perchance always, but who never loved them, nor reverenced them, nor cherished them, only coined them into money till they were all gone, and even the ill-gotten treasure fell from your debilitated hands,—you, who shunned the sunshine as if it were sin, and called all innocent recreation time wasted,—you, who stayed under ground in your gold-mine, like the sightless fishes of the Mammoth Cave, till you were as blind and unjoyous as they,—what plea have you to make, what shelter to claim, except that charity which suffereth long and is kind? We will strive not to withhold it: while there is life there is hope. At forty, it is said, every man is a fool or a physician. We will wait and see which vocation you select as your own, for the broken remnant of your days.

COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he announced was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth; and



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of dispute. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer, the time favorable for a voyage, was approaching, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville or elsewhere that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them, by the return of the courier, what was to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the ocean sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the islands discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions requisite, and, having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and

his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward

for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the

islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in Connecticut in 1790. On his mother's side he was descended from John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians." For many years he was employed as a clerk by John Jacob Astor. His later years were mainly passed in his native town of Guilford, where he died in 1867. Mr. Halleck attained a high reputation among the older rank of American poets for the grace and sweetness of his diction, and the occasional vivid energy of his verses. We quote the poem of "Marco Bozzaris," whose force and spirit place it among the finest of martial lyrics. His poetical tribute to the memory of Burns is a beautiful production. His longest poem, "Fanny," a satire, was exceedingly popular in its day, and passed through many editions.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,

On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought,—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come, in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

SELF-CULTURE.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

SELF-CULTURE is practical, for it proposes as one of its chief ends to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger, and trial. But, passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so con-

genial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation! how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature! The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have

hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it images to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence, the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this, that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in himself, but to give it voice and exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in

society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clearer to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends.

The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

THE BATHING OF THE BABY.

SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT.

[The writer who, under the pen-name of "Grace Greenwood," became, many years ago, favorably known to the reading public of America, is Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott, born in Pompey, New York, in 1823, and the author of "Greenwood Leaves," "History of My Pets,"

"Poems," "Recollections of My Childhood," and many other works, including biographies, travels, and tales. In 1853 she was married to Leander K. Lippincott, and became editor of a popular juvenile periodical, published in Philadelphia, called *The Little Pilgrim.* We quote from "Records of Five Years" a favorable instance of her descriptive powers, a cheery word-picture of babyhood at its best which it would be hard to surpass.]

"ANNIE! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!" cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stairway of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morning hue. In an instant there is a stir and a gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noiselessly through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery, and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister's first visit home, with her first baby, and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

"Well, I declare, if here isn't mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-months-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!"

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude ladye* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of

single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic, and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood,—"simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the 'Crouching Venus'? and this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, radiant life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop,—these rosy, plashing feet and hands,—this laughing, roguish face,—these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land,—these ears, like dainty sea-shells,—these locks of gold, dripping diamonds,—and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely. I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity,—of painting her as *Madonna*."

"Why, Cousin Nellie is getting poetical for once, over a baby in a bath-tub!"

"Well, Sophie, isn't it a subject to inspire *real* poets, to call out and yet humble the genius of painters and sculptors? Isn't it an object for the reverence of 'a glorious human creature,'—such a pure and perfect form of physical life, such a starry little soul, fresh from the hands of God? If your Plato teaches otherwise, Cousin Annie, I'm glad I've no acquaintance with that distinguished

heathen gentleman; if your Carlyle, with his 'soul above buttons' and babies, would growl, and your Emerson smile icily at the sight, away with them!"

"Why, Nellie, you goose, Carlyle is 'a man and a brother,' in spite of his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and no ogre. I believe he is very well disposed toward babies in general; while Emerson is as tender as he is great. Have you forgotten his 'Threnody,' in which the sob of a mortal's sorrow rises and swells into an immortal's pæan? I see that baby is very lovely; I think that Louise may well be proud of her. It's a pity that she must grow up into conventionalities and all that,—perhaps become some man's plaything, or slave."

"Oh, *don't*, sister!—'sufficient for the day is the *worriment* thereof.' But I think you and Nellie are mistaken about the *pride*. I am conscious of no such feeling in regard to my little Florence, but only of joy, gratitude, infinite tenderness and solicitude."

Thus the young mother,—for the first time speaking, but not turning her eyes from the bath-tub.

"Ah, coz, it won't go! Young mothers *are* the proudest of living creatures. The sweetest and saintliest among you have a sort of subdued exultation, a meek assumption, an adorable insolence, toward the whole unmarried and childless world. I have never seen anything like it elsewhere."

"*I* have, in a bantam Biddy, parading her first brood in the hen-yard, or a youthful duck, leading her first little downy flock to the water."

"Ha, blasphemer! are you there?" cries Miss Nellie, with a bright smile and a brighter blush. Blasphemer's other name is a tolerably good one,—Edward Norton,—though he is oftenest called "our Ned." He is the sole male representative of a wealthy old New-England family,

—the pride and darling of four pretty sisters, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," who adores him,—"a likely youth, just twenty-one," handsome, brilliant, and standing six feet high in his stockings. Yet, in spite of all these unfavorable circumstances, he is a very good sort of a fellow. He is just home from the model college of the Commonwealth, where he learned to smoke, and, I blush to say, has a cigar in hand at this moment, just as he has been summoned from the garden by his pet sister, Kate, half wild with delight and excitement. With him comes a brother, according to the law, and after the spirit,—a young, slender, fair-haired man, but with an indescribable something of paternal importance about him. He is the other proprietor of baby, and steps forward with a laugh and a "Heh, my little water-nymph, my Iris!" and, by the bath-tub kneeling, catches a moist kiss from smiling baby lips, and a sudden wilting shower on shirt-front and collar, from moister baby hands.

Young collegian pauses on the threshold, essaying the look lofty and sarcastic, for a moment. Then his eye rests on Nellie Lee's blushing face, on the red, smiling lips, the braids of gold, sprinkled with shining drops,—meets those sweet, shy eyes, and a sudden, mysterious feeling, soft and vague and tender, floods his gay young heart. He looks at baby again. "'Tis a pretty sight, upon my word! Let me throw away my cigar before I come nearer: it is incense too profane for such pure rites. Now give me a peep at Dian the Less! How the little witch revels in the water! A small Undine. Jolly, isn't it, baby? Why, Louise, I did not know that Floy was so lovely, such a perfect little creature. How fair she is! Why, her flesh, where it is not rosy, is of the pure, translucent whiteness of a water-lily."

No response to this tribute, for baby has been in the

water more than long enough, and must be taken out, willy nilly. Decidedly nilly it proves; baby proceeds to demonstrate that she is not altogether cherubic, by kicking and screaming lustily, and striking out frantically with her little dripping hands. But Madonna wraps her in soft linen, rolls her and pats her, till she grows good and merry again and laughs through her pretty tears.

But the brief storm has been enough to clear the nursery of all save grandmamma and Auntie Kate, who draw nearer to witness the process of drying and dressing. Tenderly the mother rubs the dainty, soft skin, till every dimple gives up its last hidden droplet; then, with many a kiss, and smile, and coo, she robes the little form in fairy-like garments of cambric, lace, flannel, soft as a moth's wing, and delicate embroidery. The small, restless feet are caught and encased in comical little hose, and shod with Titania's own slippers. Then the light golden locks are brushed and twined into tendril-like curls, and, lo! the beautiful labor of love is finished. Baby is bathed and dressed for the day.

"Well, she *is* a beauty! I don't wonder you and Charles are proud of her. Oh, Louise, if your father could have seen her! She is very like our first baby, the one we lost, at nearly—yes, just about her age." Here grandmamma goes out, tearful, having sped unconscious her Parthian shaft; while, with a quick sob, which is neither for the father long dead nor the sister never known, the young mother clasps her treasure closer, and murmurs, "Oh, my darling, my love, my sweetest, sweetest one! stay with me always, always! Oh, I would that I could guard and shield you from every pain, every grief,—make your sweet life all beauty, love, and joy!"

Baby hardly understands this burst of sensibility, but the passionate embrace reminds her of something. She

asks and receives. Like a bee on a lily-flower, she clings to the fair, sweet breast, murmuring contentedly now and then. Presently the gurgling draughts grow less eager, the little hands cease to wander restlessly over the smooth, unmantled neck. The little head is thrown back, the blue eyes look with a satisfied smile into the brooding mother-face.

Next, her lips all moist with the white nectar, baby is given, with many an anxious injunction, into the eager arms of Auntie Kate, who, followed by a supernumerary nurse, bears her in triumph down hall and stairway, and out into a garden all glorious and odorous with a thousand roses.

Here, on a shawl, gay-colored and soft, spread on the grass, under an acacia-tree, the little Queen of Hearts is deposited at last. Here she rolls and tumbles, and sends out shrill, sweet peals of laughter, as auntie and nurse pelt her with rose-buds and clover-tufts. Sometimes an adventurous spirit seizes her; she creeps energetically beyond shawl-bounds, her little province of Cashmere, makes a raid into the tall, inviting grass, clutches ruthlessly at buttercups, breaks into nunneries of pale pansies, and decapitates whole families of daisies at a grasp. Sometimes, tired of predatory incursions, she lies on her back, and listens in a luxurious, lazy ecstasy to the gush of the fountain and the song of the robin, or watches the golden butterflies, coming from and going to nobody knows where, as though they had suddenly bloomed out of the sunshine and died away into it again.

Away down the garden, in the woodbine arbor, by the little brook, sit the young collegian and fair Nellie Lee, talking very low, but very earnestly, on a subject vastly interesting to them, doubtless, for they seem to have quite forgotten baby. Yet her presence in the garden hallows

the very air for them, gives a new joy and beauty to life, new sweetness to love.

The golden summer morning wears on. Papa is away with his fishing-rod; mamma sits at a window overlooking the garden, embroidering a dainty little robe, and under her cunning fingers the love of her heart and a thousand tender thoughts grow slowly into delicate white shapes of leaf and flower; grandmamma is about her household duties, the tears of sad memory wiped from her eyes, and the light of the Christian's calm hope relit therein; Annie is in the library with Plato, but unusual softness lurks about her mouth, and she looks off her book now and then, and throws about her a strange, wandering glance, dreamy and tender to sadness; her sisters are in the drawing-room at their music, gay as birds; the lovers are we know where; and baby is still under the acacia tree. But the white lids are beginning to droop a little heavily over the sweet blue eyes, and she will soon drop away into baby dream-land.

All nature blooms, and shines, and sounds gently and lovingly, to humor her delicate senses; human love the richest and tenderest is round about her, within reach of her imperious little voice. God breathes himself into her little heart through all things,—love, light, food, sunshine, fragrance, and soft airs. All is well within and without the child, as all should be for all children under the sun, for every sinless, helpless little immortal, the like of whom Christ the Lord took into his tender arms and blessed. But how is it, dainty baby Floy, with thousands of thy brothers and sisters, as lovely and innocent as thou? Are there not such, to whom human love and care is denied, to whom nature seems unkind, of whom God seems forgetful, for whom even Christ's blessing is made of no avail?

THE PALACES AND TEMPLES OF THE INCAS.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

[The story told by the conquerors of Peru of the riches and wonders of the empire of the Incas reads almost like a fairy-tale, and is difficult to credit in all its details, even under the concurrent testimony of various eye-witnesses. Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" presents a gracefully-written and carefully-sifted digest of these narratives, and from this interesting work we extract a description of the lavish adornments of the temples and palaces of that strange realm. The "story-teller" of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" has hardly exceeded in his imaginative fiction the tale of marvels which is given us here as sober history.]

THE royal palaces were on a magnificent scale, and, far from being confined to the capital or a few principal towns, were scattered over all the provinces of their vast empire. The buildings were low, but covered a wide extent of ground. Some of the apartments were spacious, but they were generally small, and had no communication with one another, except that they opened into a common square or court. The walls were made of blocks of stone of various sizes, like those described in the fortress of Cuzco, rough-hewn, but carefully wrought near the line of junction, which was scarcely visible to the eye. The roofs were of wood or rushes, which have perished under the rude touch of time, that has shown more respect for the walls of the edifices. The whole seems to have been characterized by solidity and strength, rather than by any attempt at architectural elegance.

But whatever want of elegance there may have been in the exterior of the imperial dwellings, it was amply compensated by the interior, in which all the opulence of the Peruvian princes was ostentatiously displayed. The sides of the apartments were thickly studded with gold and

silver ornaments. Niches, prepared in the walls, were filled with images of animals and plants curiously wrought of the same costly materials; and even much of the domestic furniture, including the utensils devoted to the most ordinary menial services, displayed the like wanton magnificence! With these gorgeous decorations were mingled richly-colored stuffs of the delicate manufacture of the Peruvian wool, which were of so beautiful a texture that the Spanish sovereigns, with all the luxuries of Europe and Asia at their command, did not disdain to use them. The royal household consisted of a throng of menials, supplied by the neighboring towns and villages, which, as in Mexico, were bound to furnish the monarch with fuel and other necessaries for the consumption of the palace.

But the favorite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distant from the capital. In this delicious valley, locked up within the friendly arms of the sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and toil of the city, they loved to retreat, and solace themselves with the society of their favorite concubines, wandering amidst groves and airy gardens, that shed around their soft, intoxicating odors and lulled the senses to voluptuous repose. Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of crystal water which were conducted through subterraneous silver channels into basins of gold. The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers that grew without effort in this *temperate* region of the tropics, while parterres of a more extraordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable

life skilfully imitated in gold and silver! Among them the Indian corn, the most beautiful of American grains, is particularly commemorated, and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that floated gracefully from its top.

If this dazzling picture staggers the faith of the reader, he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold; that the natives understood the art of working the mines, to a considerable extent; that none of the ore, as we shall see hereafter, was converted into coin, and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign for his own exclusive benefit, whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is that no fact is better attested by the Conquerors themselves, who had ample means of information, and no motive for misstatement. The Italian poets, in their gorgeous pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Morgana, came nearer the truth than they imagined.

Our surprise, however, may reasonably be excited when we consider that the wealth displayed by the Peruvian princes was only that which each had amassed individually for himself. He owed nothing to inheritance from his predecessors. On the decease of an Inca, his palaces were abandoned; all his treasures, except what were employed in his obsequies, his furniture and apparel, were suffered to remain as he left them, and his mansions, save one, were closed up forever. The new sovereign was to provide himself with everything new for his royal state. The reason of this was the popular belief that the soul of the departed monarch would return after a time to reanimate his body on earth; and they wished that he should find everything to which he had been used in life prepared for his reception.

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The worship of the Sun constituted the peculiar care of the Incas, and was the object of their lavish expenditure. The most ancient of the many temples dedicated to this divinity was in the island of Titicaca, whence the royal founders of the Peruvian line were said to have proceeded. From this circumstance, this sanctuary was held in peculiar veneration. Everything which belonged to it, even the broad fields of maize which surrounded the temple and formed part of its domain, imbibed a portion of its sanctity. The yearly produce was distributed among the different public magazines, in small quantities to each, as something that would sanctify the remainder of the store. Happy was the man who could secure even an ear of the blessed harvest for his own granary!

But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of *Coricancha*, or "the Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was of the kind already described in the other public buildings of the country, and was so finely executed that a Spaniard who saw it in its glory assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial and, in some respects, magnificent structure was thatched with straw!

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from

amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrusted. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.

Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the Moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the Sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale, silvery light of the beautiful planet. There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of Stars, who formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third, to the Rainbow, whose many-colored arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were, besides, several other buildings, or insulated apartments, for the accommodation of

the numerous priests who officiated in the services of the temple.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there,—among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was most conspicuous,—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which, in this instance, probably, did not surpass the excellence of the material.

If the reader sees in this fairy picture only the romantic coloring of some fabulous *El Dorado*, he must recall what has been said before in reference to the palaces of the Incas, and consider that these "Houses of the Sun," as they were styled, were the common reservoir into which flowed all the streams of public and private benefaction throughout the empire. Some of the statements, through credulity, and others, in the desire of exciting admiration, may be greatly exaggerated; but in the coincidence of contemporary testimony it is not easy to determine the exact line which should mark the measure of our scepticism. Certain it is that the glowing picture I have given is warranted by those who saw these buildings in their pride, or shortly after they had been despoiled by the cupidity of their countrymen. Many of the costly articles

were buried by the natives, or thrown into the waters of the rivers and the lakes; but enough remained to attest the unprecedented opulence of these religious establishments. Such things as were in their nature portable were speedily removed, to gratify the craving of the Conquerors, who even tore away the solid cornices and frieze of gold from the great temple, filling the vacant places with the cheaper, but—since it affords no temptation to avarice—more durable, material of plaster. Yet even thus shorn of their splendor the venerable edifices still presented an attraction to the spoiler, who found in their dilapidated walls an inexhaustible quarry for the erection of other buildings. On the very ground once crowned by the gorgeous Coricancha rose the stately church of St. Dominic, one of the most magnificent structures of the New World. Fields of maize and lucerne now bloom on the spot which glowed with the golden gardens of the temple; and the friar chants his orisons within the consecrated precincts once occupied by the Children of the Sun.

ODE FOR DECORATION-DAY.

HENRY PETERSON.

[Henry Peterson, the author from whom we make our present selection, is a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1818. For many years he was editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. His published poetical works are "The Modern Job," an original and thoughtful production, and the tragedy of "Cæsar," a finely-conceived dramatic work. He is also the author of "Pemberton," a novel of the Revolutionary era. The poem we give is a grace-

fully-written tribute to an occasion of growing interest and importance to the American people.]

BRING flowers to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead, our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
  When they who sleep beneath
  Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
  Holding in strong right hand
  The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday when ev'n the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock,—
As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
  To view the mighty war,
  And hear the thunderous roar,
While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for won!
Sweeter, I think, their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,

Could they but know their wounds were not in vain,
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,
And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead,—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside,—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son,
Who came not back, or, coming, sank and died:
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
"He fell 'fore Richmond, in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there," one pale, widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
"My boy fell at Fair Oaks," another sighs;
"And mine at Gettysburg," his neighbor cries,
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

O gallant brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day, and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred; let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best!
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a 'broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,

And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen, be ye not outdone
  In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
  And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
  Who died for a lost cause:
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
  Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and sighs,—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share:
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
  Whether he proudly lies
  Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave!
Let the bells toll and wild war-music swell,
  And for one day the thought of all the past—
  Of all those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers, then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

THE METHOD OF HAWTHORNE.

J. C. HEYWOOD.

[The following critical analysis of Hawthorne's characteristics as a literary artist is from Heywood's "How they Strike Me, These Authors,' comprising a portion of the essay on Hawthorne in that volume. It is of interest from its close research into the method by which the novelist produces his mystical, and frequently startling, effects.]

IN one respect only the intellectual power of Hawthorne seems to have been unrestrained by any definable limits. His vocabulary appears boundless. His thoughts, thoroughly elaborated, are presented to the reader in their ut most development; exquisitely shaped, cleanly cut, sharply defined, wanting nothing. A reader of very quick intelligence may, indeed, find this perfectness of expression somewhat wearisome. He must passively receive the exuberant and wholly matured products of his author, foregoing the charm of that kind of co-operation which goes forward when the reader's reason and imagination are called upon in some way to consummate the idea begotten in his mind by the writer's words. Slower apprehensions and less fruitful fancies, however, obtain only satisfaction from Hawthorne's fulness of utterance. In reading all his writings, you will perceive not more than one or two words that appear like pets, such, for instance, as "immitigable;" and this rather from its rarity in other places than from its frequency here. From this mastery of words, this exquisite taste in diction, joined with a keen sense of euphony and of dulcet rhythm, comes no small part of this author's great reputation. His thoughts, his invention, all the operations of his mind, are confined within certain limits that can be indicated with sufficient

exactness. One of these boundaries lies outside of the ordinary range of actual and visible nature. The other is within the sphere of reality, but only comprises so much of this as may work, or, as an artist would say, compose harmoniously, with what he takes from beyond. Or perhaps it would be more exact to allege that he protracts the actual into the unreal so skilfully that no man can discern where was the bourn between the two. Thus he produces effects analogous to caricature. Seizing upon some salient trait of character, he exaggerates it till it becomes the one feature on which the eye rests, and is an index of the whole man. He takes care so to mould or modify the rest of the figure as to avoid even a suggestion of monstrosity, and to preserve so much of natural and logical relation between the parts that the individuality and consistency of the personage so far as indicated shall remain complete. Generally the most exaggerated feature is the one most distinguished for ugliness, visible or invisible to common perceptions. With more than a portrait-painter's eye he discriminates this taint, which no one even suspected till it was brought into view by his firm, delicate, hyperbolic brush. When the figure is completed it is so conventionally consistent as a whole that you are willing to accept it as the genuine man, and to reject the other, which has hitherto passed current, as a counterfeit. In working up this conventional consistency between what was before manifest and what the painter has added, idealizing the original after his fashion, Hawthorne shows his greatest artistic skill. Judging from this alone, you would say he was a consummate artist. This part of his work certainly has a kind of resemblance to that of Bunyan; so it has to that of Swift and De Foe.

It may well be, however, that some parts of a statue or of a sculptured group may show the results of exqui-

site manipulation, while the whole thing may present unshapeliness and incongruities. Whether this author's productions, considered in their entirety, are master-works of art will be discussed further on. Plainly enough, a moral rather than an artistic standard was foremost in his mind. By this foremost standard the plans of his personages were laid out; from it as a base he measured all the degrees of divergence while calculating the effect of following the line of each; by it he determined the fate of all his characters. For characters he composed, men and women of a semi-transparent kind, whose true qualities are visible, however degraded, perverted, or deformed; who appear as they are, not as they would seem to be. Extending beyond what should be fleshly limits, their essences form a sort of spiritual atmosphere about them which is but a part, a continuation, of themselves; something as unsubstantial yet as visible as a penumbra, and holding its relation to the thicker shadows which they are. For, in a way, the denser portions of them are like shades. By making their more material forms appear on the debatable ground between substance and shadow, the real is more easily and gradually tempered to the unreal, and an appearance of homogeneity throughout the whole being is effected.

But do not think that these characters were made simply for the artistic pleasure of creating. Impracticable as some of them may seem, they were designed for a practical end. They are mirrors. Do you not see yourself, or some part of yourself, in some one or more of them? Among the exaggerated features which characterize each, can you not discern your own besetting sin drawn out, perhaps magnified? Do you not observe, as never before, how loathsome is hypocrisy, for instance? Can you not now perceive, no matter what your blindness hitherto, how in-

evitably any divergence from the moral law leads to misery and destruction? how the first step in a wrong way is fatally followed by a second and a third, and so on till there is no turning? Are you not convinced that indulgence in devilish passions will make you a kind of devil? make you feel like one, act like one, look like one? and that in the end you will be disappointed, defeated, punished like one? And, lest so much of the lesson be not effective enough, look how you shall be laughed at in your calamity, and mocked when your fear cometh. Behold Judge Pyncheon, for example. Is he not a worthy man? Does he not sit in honorable places? Has he not been blessed with wealth and comforts and the respect of his kind? Does he not give alms to beggars, and larger donations to fashionable charities? Is he not condescending to inferiors, courteous to equals, reverential to superiors? Has not his smile shone like a noonday sun along the streets or glowed like a household fire in the drawing-rooms of his private acquaintance? Is it not a fact that "neither clergyman nor legal critic, nor inscriber of tombstones, nor historian of general or local politics, would venture a word against this eminent person's sincerity as a Christian, or respectability as a man, or integrity as a judge, or courage and faithfulness as the often-tried representative of his political party"? But we know him better than do his townsfolk. We have seen beneath that heavy and reputable-looking mask of flesh. We have some knowledge of his inmost thoughts, more than we shall tell, a part of which we shall insinuate, not overclearly, though, so that we may keep something enigmatical always before you. Where is the Judge now? Within a dingy, darkening room in yonder house with the seven gables. Why does he stay there so long? The time appointed for that most important meeting is at hand.

The crowning of his ambition depends upon his presence there. His friends are waiting. Why does he not come out? Why does he sit hour after hour in the huge arm-chair with his watch in his hand? Why gazes he so steadily in the direction of its dial, though the darkness long since made it invisible? Ah! all this you shall know, but rather dimly, by and by. Wait till we shall have laughed at him and mocked him and jeered at him and reviled him through a whole long chapter of some eighteen octavo pages. There is mystery about his delay, at least such mystery as an author can make by exciting and not gratifying your curiosity. But while your curiosity is active you will be attentive; and while you are attentive we will preach to you, in our own way, however. To be sure, our way is somewhat like that of a man whose enemy is at last in his power, and who can now safely wag his tongue against him. But the sermon is good for all that, though Judge Pyncheon has not heard a word of it. At any rate, he has not replied, or changed his posture, or made a motion even to wipe away the blood-red stain that from somewhere has come upon his hitherto immaculate bosom. You may think there is a kind of savagery in our treatment of this eminent personage; that our discourse, while he is so passively sitting there, better befits a barbaric triumph than a Christian pulpit or the tribunal of a moralist. But—and now we will partially lift the mystery—note that, at last, we have got the criminal, hypocritical Judge down; at any rate he is down. He can be hypocritical no more. He is dead; that is all there was of it; dead by a rush of blood and apoplexy. Is there not reason for a triumph?

The kind of fictitious mystery wrought about and exhibited in the case of Judge Pyncheon is one of Hawthorne's peculiar and his most characteristic means of ex-

citing his reader's imagination, and his own also. The method is akin to that with which children terrify themselves and one another. He wraps a sheet about some personage, makes him hold it aloft with upstretched arms to give the appearance of ghostly height, causes him to gibber and squeak. Does not your hair rise and your flesh creep a little? His does. Like a child, for the time being he half believes in the actuality of the phantom he has pieced out; and he wins enough of your credence to make you wonder at it. Then, like a child, he tears up his work, perhaps derides it; for he is not without cynicism, though it is generally held in check by more generous feelings. Mr. Higginbotham—has he been murdered? Was it really he that passed the toll-gate just now on horseback? He did not stop to shake hands and chat a little as usual; he gravely nodded, as one who should say, "Charge my toll," and went on. "'I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does,' continued the toll-gatherer. 'Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood.' The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered." You do not quite shiver. Admit, however, that you are in doubt. Sceptical, according to reason, you yet dare not positively assert that this figure is Mr. Higginbotham himself in a sheet woven of dust and twilight, and not Mr. Higginbotham's ghost; especially since you have been told that, wherever he goes, this gentleman must always be at home by a certain hour.

Achieving a kind of effect like that which is produced by supernatural beings, without the actual use of such existences, is this author's most noticeable specialty. His method of accomplishing it is ingenious. He contrives to associate with some character a certain feature or quality, or to subject a personage to some law which superstition has made for such unearthly entities, or with which it has endowed them. A ghost must be home at a given time; so must Mr. Higginbotham,—though, when the truth is known, it is but to mind his business. Mephistopheles is sharp-faced and hump-shouldered; so is Mr. Chillingworth. Phantoms are dim and not clearly defined; so is the Spectre of the Catacombs. And so on. To be plain about it, this manner of treatment produces, not mystery, but mistiness, seen through which objects appear to have unnatural size or unnatural parts. Clear the fog away, so that their outlines can be plainly discerned, and they will assume normal proportions. Or, if you still choose to consider it a mystery, it is very different from that which Shakespeare and Bunyan created. When Bunyan wished to make a giant or a fiend, when Shakespeare wished to bring up a witch or a ghost, they left no chance for a question as to what the thing was. In their hands enigma took shape and individuality: it was dramatic. Hawthorne makes it only theatric. Something analogous to it, as employed by him, may be seen in places where melodramas are represented. *Snug*, the Joiner, as instructed by *Bottom*, burlesqued it: "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are; and then, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is *Snug*, the Joiner." . . .

The strongest bent of Hawthorne's mind was toward analysis, not synthesis; to study results, not to operate

causes. Even the semi-supernatural additions which he applies to some of his characters are used as chemists employ certain agents, the more easily and distinctly to effect a separation of elements, that the base of each particular compound may be completely eliminated and examined. Most of his works were produced by processes similar to those of analytic chemistry. It would appear that during his somewhat retired and meditative life he never freed himself from the strong impressions made upon his mind when a boy by the legends, traditions, and history of his native town; and that his method was to revive these impressions in all their force by becoming again a little child in feeling, after a plan which Macaulay prescribes for great poets, and then to turn them to account with all the matured skill and intellectual power of an experienced man. Crude matter gathered by the infant was by the adult passed through an alembic. The result is a kind of quintessence. The Black Man in the forest, the night rides, cackling and gibbering of the witches, the haunting terrors of Gallows Hill, the Indians lurking in the shadows and in the twilight, the prowling wolves, and especially that wolf's head nailed to the meeting-house, with the splashes of blood beneath, at thoughts of which, doubtless, he had often, when a child, drawn the bedclothes tight over his head, and many other things, all germinated in the favoring soil of his imagination and grew and brought forth raw material for distillation.

Tracing the course and effect of some moral poison was his chief study; warning mankind against it, his literary business. To demonstrate their truth and make his warnings more impressive, he brings his subjects and goes through with his prepared experiments before you. Hester Prynne is contaminated by crime; Dimmesdale is tainted by crime and hypocrisy; Chillingworth is en-

venomed by revenge; Judge Pyncheon, by an inherited virus, breaking out afresh in him; Miriam, by some shadow of wrong-doing, and by a momentary consent to felony; Zenobia, by some great indiscretion; Hollingsworth, by one idea, an overruling purpose which, in the name of charity, makes him most uncharitable; the Man of Adamant, by bigotry; the Seeker for the Great Carbuncle, by avarice; and so on. His conscious duty or his most subtle pleasure was to make known and elucidate, in a dusky way, the workings and fatal results of wickedness, the kind of necessity which springs from wrong-doing, and its all-pervading blight. He seems ever ready to cry out, "Woe is unto me if I preach not this gospel!" "Would that I had a folio to write," he exclaims, "instead of an article of a dozen pages! Then might I exemplify how an influence beyond our control lays its strong hand on every deed we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity." "Ah! now I understand," says Hilda, "how the sins of generations past have created an atmosphere of sin for those that follow. While there is a single guilty person in the universe, each innocent one must feel his innocence tortured by that guilt." . . .

However veiled in allegory, or varied in expression by tones of insinuation, innuendo, or irony, this is the burden of his thought, the theme of his discourse. Doubtless, the desire to unfold it in a folio spurred him to write his longer works, the romances. Throughout them all it is the underlying motive. Running through and with this, as a kind of obligato accompaniment, is a secondary theme that has been treated by many, but rarely with more subtle effect. It is plainly enough indicated by the Italian organ-grinder and his puppets:

"The Italian turned a crank; and, behold! every one of these small individuals started into the most curious activ-

ity. The cobbler wrought upon a shoe; the blacksmith hammered his iron; the soldier waved his glittering blade; the lady raised a tiny breeze with her fan; the jolly toper swigged lustily at his bottle; a scholar opened his book, with eager thirst for knowledge, and turned his head to and fro along the page; the milkmaid energetically drained her cow; and a miser counted gold into his strong box, —all at the same turning of a crank. Yes, and, moved by the self-same impulse, a lover saluted his mistress on her lips! Possibly some cynic, at once merry and bitter, had desired to signify, in this pantomimic scene, that we mortals, whatever our business or amusement,—however serious, however trifling,—all dance to one identical tune, and, in spite of our ridiculous activity, bring nothing finally to pass. For the most remarkable aspect of the affair was that at the cessation of the music everybody was petrified, at once, from the most extravagant life into dead torpor. Neither was the cobbler's shoe finished, nor the blacksmith's iron shaped out, nor was there a drop less of brandy in the toper's bottle, nor a drop more of milk in the milkmaid's pail, nor one additional coin in the miser's strong box, nor was the scholar a page deeper in his book. All were precisely in the same condition as before they made themselves so ridiculous by their haste to toil, to enjoy, to accumulate gold, and to become wise. Saddest of all, moreover, the lover was none the happier for the maiden's granted kiss."

Thus, the limitations of his work are distinctly enough designated. Largely speaking, he wrought upon and aimed to illustrate but one subject. He was rather one-sided than many-sided. He was like a dark-lantern, shining only in one direction, and there not so much to light up space as to make shadows visible. Clearly and minutely as his individual thoughts are worded, his deeper

meaning is not always obvious. He purposely enshrouds it, or purposely leaves it enshrouded, in mists, as, for example, in "The Marble Faun." Whether this quality is the consequence of design or not, he seems, at any rate, conscious of it, and in one place, at least, suggests an excuse for it: "'It is true, I have an idea of the character you endeavor to describe; but it is rather by dint of my own thought than your expression.' 'That is unavoidable,' observed the sculptor, 'because the characteristics are all negative.'" This quality may be agreeable, even fascinating, to some persons; but most readers prefer not to be left in the dark and forced to guess as to the meaning of an author. . . .

Dumas called himself a dramatic poet; Hawthorne claimed to be a writer of fiction. Both were about equally near the truth. Hawthorne invented so much fiction as should serve to illustrate his doctrines; and he invented it for that purpose. It held a secondary rank in his thoughts and in his affections, though it is probable that he was not aware of the fact. He was, indeed, not a dramatic poet, not a novelist, not a historian; he was a moralist, a philosophic moralist, calling upon history, fiction, and poetry to illuminate and enforce his tenets. As an ingenious moral philosopher and essayist, rendering his teachings impressive by the use of fables more or less elaborate, he may well take rank with the most elegant and accomplished writers of his class.

He is emphatically an American author, even in the common and narrower sense of that phrase. He has embellished the legends, traditions, and early history of his native State, and given to certain places a classical interest. He deserved well of his countrymen, and his name is worthily held in honor among them.

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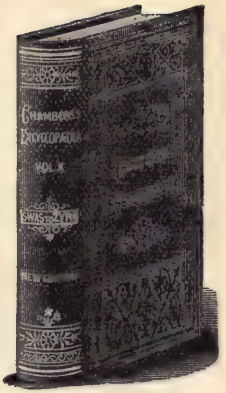
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